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EDITOR OF THE BOSTON COMMERCIAL BULLETIN

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A CHAT ABOUT CELEBRITIES
OR THE STORY OF A BOOK

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CHAT ABOUT CELEBRITIES

STORY OF A BOOK

226. 112

AUTHOR OF "OVER THE OCEAN" "ABROAD AGAIN" "BRITONS
AND MUSCOVITES" "FROM SUNRISE TO SUNSET" ETC.

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1897

A CHAT ABOUT CELEBRITIES

I.

THE author who portrays characters so vividly as to cause us to see them play their parts like real men and women instead of mere creatures of imagination, arousing indignation at the record of their wrongs or our sympathy for their woes, and filling our hearts with joy at their success, must, we often imagine, be different from ordinary mortals.

We are anxious, also, to see if the poet whose grand thoughts excite universal admiration, or whose sweet and simple lays touch the inmost chords of the human heart, does in his ordinary converse with men and women appear like other people, and whether those grand thoughts or beautiful sentiments flow as freely from his lips in ordinary intercourse as in his published volumes.

The same holds true with all celebrities: generals, actors, authors, poets, and orators. We wonder how they seem in private life—the glamour that shines around them in our imagination makes all of us whose thoughts, sympathies, and even passions have been

swayed by their powers curious to come in actual contact with them. Hence it is that the reminiscences of the every-day life of celebrities is read with avidity; the "table talk" of authors becomes a sort of key to their inner nature not revealed in their writings. The worshippers, admirers, supporters, and even mere curiosity seekers, are gratified at being thus brought closer to the object of their attention.

Fifty years ago celebrated authors seemed scarcer than to-day; perhaps this is owing to the fact that readers have become more numerous as well as authors, and possibly, therefore, the same average of celebrity exists now as then. It is pleasant to look back, however, to the early days of some of our American authors, to recall the manner in which their now acknowledged successes were at first received, and note what have been pleasant or interesting incidents in their career.

BOSTON'S BEACON LIGHTS

In Boston, — Boston that has been laughed at for what has been styled its assumption of literary celebrity, — within the period I have named, we find a constellation of men of letters whose names still shine brightly in the literary firmament, and are admitted to be stars of no ordinary magnitude.

Bancroft, Prescott, Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, Hawthorne, Palfrey, Mrs. Stowe, Whipple, Whittier, Emerson and others, readily suggest themselves as those

who have been presented to the public through Boston publishing houses, a majority through one firm as celebrated in our brief career as that of Murray or Moxon in London.

Ticknor & Co. and their Old Corner Bookstore in Boston are familiar to the literary world. So, also, is the name of James T. Fields, who, in his career in the firm, did more to bring author and publisher into happy relation, as much towards the production in attractive form to the public of the work of American authors of merit, and more towards the making of foreign authors favorably acquainted with the American public, than any man of his time.

JAMES T. FIELDS

Fields' tastes led him to the companionship of literary men, with whom he loved to converse and correspond; with them he was always an agreeable man on account of his deference to their tastes, his unfailing *bonhomie*, and especially on account of the grand stock of literary gossip that he always had on hand. In those days there were no personal columns in the newspapers, and even the movements of the greatest of literary lights were not freely circulated in the public journals. Germane to his business as a publisher was this fancy of Fields to be constantly within the literary circles of England and America, and he numbered among his friends and correspondents not only those above mentioned, but Wordsworth, De Quincey, Mrs. Martineau, Miss Mitford,

Barry Cornwall, Dickens, Thackeray, and other celebrated English authors.

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY

Fields, when I first knew him, was a member of an association of young men in Boston, which had for one of its objects improvement in literary knowledge, known as the Mercantile Library Association. That was the day before the establishment of public libraries or science associations or the numerous private literary clubs that are now in existence. Indeed, to the Mercantile Library Association of fifty years ago Boston owes the introduction of some of the most gifted and popular public speakers that ever trod the lecture platform.

Fields was our beau ideal of a literary man, according to the engravings of them seen in younger days: high forehead, rich, luxuriant wavy hair, dark eyes, and broad turn-down collar. By some he was accused of affectation, but those who knew him intimately found him kind-hearted, good-humored, full of pleasantry, and relishing with keen zest genuine wit and a good joke.

Just after he had published a volume which he called "Yesterdays with Authors," made up of lectures upon authors he had known, reminiscences of Dickens and Thackeray, and a collection of letters from them to him, illustrating as it did phases of the inner life of the men, I met him one day, and after a friendly chat of old times and "the old boys," as he was wont to call them,

he put into my hands a copy of his book, with his good wishes inscribed on the fly-leaf.

Of course the volume was treasured with other souvenirs, and when, not long after, a group of sympathizing friends were summoned together in the Old Corner Bookstore in Boston, out of respect to the memory of our friend, who had just been summoned to cross the great river, how vividly were recalled to my mind many of the reminiscences in that volume.

Here we were in the place where he had served as bookseller's boy, clerk, and principal; where he had met Holmes, Emerson, Whittier, and Lowell; from the door of which he looked after Hawthorne on the occasion of his last visit there, as he passed up School Street with feeble steps and almost faltering from weakness.

We who were gathered there spoke of our younger days, of our love for the man, and of the one more contraction of the circle of friends that his loss made. We passed some resolutions, shook hands with one another, turned away with a sigh, and departed once more into the great, busy, bustling world. As I sat that evening in my library glancing over the pages of the volume he had given me a few months previous, memory was busy with the recollection of the earlier days brought to mind by its pages.

There was the old "Knickerbocker Magazine" of New York, which in 1850 was the crack literary production of the country, edited by Louis Gaylord Clarke,

and numbering among its contributors Washington Irving, George P. Morris, Sims, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Bayard Taylor, Fields, and others with whom it was a pride to be associated. I remember when my own verses were printed therein, an immense feeling of satisfaction, pleasant to look back upon as an experience of the past, a feeling lost in later years, when authorship or journalistic work became so much of a regular occupation as to divest it of that egotism and conceit that were attached to crude and early efforts in a field thoroughly and completely occupied by experts, where we were then tolerated as mere tyros. Fields had attained the dignity of having his portrait engraved as one of the contributors of the "Knickerbocker," and it was published in the "Knickerbocker Gallery" with some twenty others.

It was while looking at a proof-plate of his portrait that the thought occurred to me, why not make a memento volume of my friend by "extending" the book that had been given me by the insertion of this portrait as well as one of every author mentioned in its pages? The thought of fancy crystallized into a resolution, and the result achieved by faithfully carrying out the same has been far beyond anything that was thought of at the outset.

EXTRA ILLUSTRATING

Most of my readers understand what the process of extending or "extra illustrating" a book means. John

Hill Burton, in his interesting volume "The Book-Hunter," styles the extenders or extra illustrators "Grangerites," from the fact that the system was not fully developed until the publication of "Granger's Biographical History of England," which called for a vast number of portraits to illustrate the text of its pages.

"Illustrating a volume," says Burton, "consists in inserting or binding up with it portraits, landscapes, and other works of art bearing a reference to its contents. . . . The illustrator is the very Ishmaelite of collectors — his hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against him. He destroys unknown quantities of books to supply portraits or other illustrations to a single volume of his own; and as it is not only known concerning any book that he has been at work on it, many a common book-buyer has cursed him on inspecting his own last bargain and finding it is deficient in an interesting portrait or two."

Burton, after describing the illustrator as "a sort of literary Attila or Genghis Khan, who has spread terror and ruin around him," proposes to show how illustrating is done by taking the following piece of literature to be illustrated:

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

"The first thing to be done," he says, "is to collect

every engraved portrait of the author, Isaac Watts. The next, to get hold of any engravings of the house in which Watts was born, or houses in which he lived, etc. . . . All kinds of engravings of bees, Attic and other, and of beehives will be appropriate, and will be followed by portraits of Huber and other great writers on bees, and views of Mount Hybla and other honey districts," etc.

HOW PORTRAITS ARE GATHERED

The illustrator of to-day who reads the above will smile at its many errors, or fancy that it was either sarcasm on the part of the author, or that the method must have been greatly changed since his time. Few illustrators would pursue the extravagant method above described; a single portrait of Watts, a picture of his residence, and an engraving of a beehive and an autographic letter of the author would be amply sufficient to illustrate the couplet.

Illustrators, or "Grangerites," do not go about mutilating volumes that other unsuspecting collectors afterwards buy for perfect ones.

There are a set of dealers who purvey for their wants by the purchasing of old or damaged books, odd volumes, magazines, and pamphlets containing portraits, which they carefully extract, cleanse, and prepare for sale. They do, indeed, "break up" old volumes of "portraits," "galleries of portraits," etc., which portraits, sold at retail to different "Grangerites," bring a price

in the aggregate often double the value of the original, stupid old volume, and the plates distributed do better service and contribute to further enrich an already interesting and valuable volume by being inserted therein.

THE PASSION OF COLLECTING

These dealers in old prints and old portraits can be found in all the great cities, notably so in London, Paris, and New York. Not only do they get their merchandise from old books or magazines, but they hunt up from the heirs or successors of old publishers, old steel or copper plates, and retouch and reproduce them for the market. Your true collector and illustrator will rarely take such a reproduction. Original impressions and prints, contemporary with the period treated in the work illustrated, are sought for and taken in preference to others. These dealers have reduced their business to such a system that portraits of authors, poets, actors, artists, generals, or divines are kept classified and ready, so that the illustrator can be served at once with from two to a hundred different specimens from which to make his selections.

THE FINAL PRODUCT

The seeking out of rare and curious prints and portraits to illustrate the text exactly, good line-engravings, mezzo-tints, or the graceful old Bartolozzi drawings becomes a fascinating employment, a passion, to the

illustrator. Nay, some of the cheapest of old scrap prints and caricatures, that have somehow or other marvellously escaped destruction and floated down to us on the stream of time, are comparatively valueless in themselves, but put in proper place by the illustrator become of real worth as the best possible example of the age to which they belonged, conveying a meaning or idea that could not by other means be obtained. Then when a good work is thus illustrated, and swelled from one or two to four or six volumes, after it has had special title-pages printed and has been put into a sumptuous dress by some artistic binder, it becomes a wonder to the literary man or book-lover, and gives a delight to the reader that no modern illustrated book of to-day can rival.

But there is another feature that the illustrator of to-day has added, that Burton does not refer to, that enhances the interest of the work as well as vastly increases its cost, and that is the insertion of autographic letters of the characters mentioned in the text, sometimes the very letters mentioned or those bearing upon the subject in hand. The excitement of collecting these references to the subject-matter of a book written twenty, thirty, or a hundred years after the references themselves, and the pleasure of discovering them in some of the most unexpected places, lends a zest to the pursuit.

Thus, in illustrating the "Life of Washington," not only are portraits of the generals and scenes of the battles given, but when the reader finds some of the very

despatches which the great general penned himself, in his tent, the proclamations that were struck off from the printing-presses of 1776, or the actual autographic letters of the American and British generals or statesmen upon their very acts that to-day's historian is describing, then, indeed, he feels he is comparing history with the original documents, and that there can be no money value put upon a good work of that character.

Instead of being an Ishmaelite, therefore, as described by Burton, the illustrator becomes a public benefactor: he has raised in value and importance many a relic of a past age; he has rescued from destruction and preserved for use of the future student much that would have cost weeks of labor to obtain — much, indeed, that it would be impossible to obtain at any cost. An illustrated "Life of Washington," such as that I refer to, for instance, is an illustration of the fact. At this time the production of one such as is before me, with its autographic letters, choice old prints, plans, proclamations, broadsides, and curious Revolutionary documents, would be almost impossible, owing to the present scarcity of these relics, which have been taken by collectors or museums, or have become lost or scattered.

II

YESTERDAYS WITH AUTHORS

THE gift of my friend, the "Yesterdays with Authors," which I purposed to render a souvenir of his memory by the means above described, was swelled from one modest duodecimo to four ample volumes; and it is the story of this book, where we shall be brought face to face with the counterfeit presentments of many of the greatest authors of their time, with their own familiar letters, the actual epistles that were once pressed beneath their palms, placed with the printed descriptions of the volume itself, and also my own personal recollections of some of them, that shall furnish us material for "A Chat about Celebrities."

The first portrait in my volume is one of Fields, engraved by H. W. Smith and previously alluded to as appearing in the "Knickerbocker Gallery" of portraits of the contributors to the "Knickerbocker Magazine," edited by Louis Gaylord Clarke. How well I remember Clarke, a gentleman of the same style, so to speak, as Fields: good-natured, overflowing with cheerfulness, having a high forehead, luxuriant wavy hair, long neck-scarf, and breastpin, as was the fashion of the day.

No one loved a good joke or a good story better than Clarke; and a great many choice spirits and wits of

the day were wont to drop in at his sanctum, downtown, in Nassau Street, New York, and after saluting Father Heuston, the publisher, sit round, chat, and tell stories, I fear to great absorption of the editor’s time, although he said to the contrary. His “Editor’s Table” was in those days a novel feature in the magazine, and was the receptacle of fresh and original wit, drawn from sources all over the country, and from the little gatherings in his sanctum he got many a fresh anecdote and experience, which he elaborated in the pages of the magazine.

“THE EDITOR’S TABLE”

I remember on one occasion, when calling there at about eleven in the forenoon, I found Pierre Irving, nephew of Washington Irving, who was awaiting his arrival, which appeared to have been from some cause delayed, for Clarke came from “Dobbs (his) Ferry,” as he called it, up river. He had a quaint way of writing, as is expressed in one of his letters now before me, dated:

DOBBS HIS FERRY, WODEN HIS DAY.

MY DEAR BOY — Guess I did see that “scene at a police court;” it was read at a little party in Waverley Place, and there was “too much fun in it,” as Lamb says, etc.

While chatting with Irving, who should dash in, all jollity and laughter, but John Brougham, in company with an English actor named Walcott, who was then playing in New York, and was, I remember, a capital

Goldfinch in "The Road to Ruin." Brougham was then in his prime, a red-cheeked, fresh-looking fellow, handsomely dressed, whose conversation sparkled and fairly ran over with witticisms. His burlesques, such as "Pocahontas," "Columbus," etc., which have appeared again and again under new titles, with the names of adapters as the "authors," were crammed with hits at the times, puns, and funny local allusions.

The arrival of these two choice spirits made Clarke's sanctum lively, and kept Irving and myself amused for at least an hour, when, as we were all about to leave, in came Clarke, carpet-bag in hand; we heard him in the outer office.

"Ah! Good morning, Heuston, — very late, I know it. Been detained at Astor House — confounded committee meeting — ever since ten o'clock; promised to return home in two-o'clock boat. Got proof and copy in my satchel — fix whole thing in half an hour for you."

Just then he entered his sanctum. Brougham was seated directly on his writing-table, with his white hat rakishly on one side of his head, Irving in a chair tilted back in one corner, Walcott seated in the editorial chair, with his feet on the table, and the writer standing behind him laughing at a story just related by the Irish Thespian, who at once jumped from his perch and seizing the astonished editor by the hand shook it heartily, and then in a dramatic tone commanded Walcott to "vacate the tripod."

Down sat Clarke. The fire of wit, small talk, and

stories went on without cessation till at last old Heuston put his head in with, "Half-past one, Mr. Clarke; only time to catch the two-o'clock boat."

"And so it is," shouted the editor, "and I haven't even opened my satchel of copy, but," said he, shaking his fist at Brougham, "I have pumped enough out of you for next month's 'Editor's Table.'"

A JOKE ON P. T. BARNUM

Brougham, I think it was, told a very good story of Clarke and P. T. Barnum, which was afterwards published in one of the New York newspapers.

Barnum's American Museum was then located on the corner of Ann Street and Broadway, the site occupied afterwards by the New York "Herald" building. Clarke, who was passing in the vicinity one day, was overtaken by Barnum, who was surprised and somewhat chagrined to learn that Clarke had never been inside of the Museum. He insisted that a visit should be made at once, and Clarke good-naturedly consented. Arrived inside he was escorted by the showman through every exhibition room in the building. Stuffed birds and beasts, wax figures, happy family, mermaid, glass blowers, paintings, Chinese, Indian, African, and every other sort of curiosity that filled the different cases were pointed out and described by the enthusiastic showman, until at last, panting and exhausted, Clarke reached Barnum's private office and sank down in an arm-chair.

"There, old fellow, what do you think of that for a show?" said the triumphant Barnum.

"Wonderful, wonderful, nothing like it!"

"Wonderful! guess it is; filled with wonders from the four quarters of the globe, sir. Nothing like it — nothing like it."

"There is one thing I expected to see that I am disappointed in not finding here," said Clarke.

"Indeed, and what is that?"

"Why, the club with which Captain Cook was killed by the savages."

"What! Do you mean to say you did not observe that, one of our rarest curiosities?" replied Barnum. "It's in the glass case there, first room on the left. Wait a moment, I'll bring it to you."

And seizing a bunch of keys he darted into an adjoining apartment, from which he soon returned, bearing one of those well-known, tough, curiously carved Fiji war-clubs, which he placed in the editor's hand.

"There it is."

"You don't say so!"

"The identical club."

"The very same? — That killed the great navigator?"

The showman nodded.

"Well, now, this is kind in you, Barnum, to let me hold this memento in my own hand, for although this is the first time I have been in your Museum, I have been at the old New England Museum in Boston, when I was a boy, at Peale's Museum in Philadelphia, and a

show in New Jersey, and every one of them had the club that killed Captain Cook."

"Eh!"

"Yes! no good museum is complete without it, and I am glad to see you have got one."

Barnum sat down at his desk, wrote something on a card, which he handed to the editor, saying:

"Mr. Clarke, there is a season ticket to my Museum for yourself and family, good for one year, — come when you like; you won't need anybody to show you around. But if you miss any other curiosity in the collection, don't mention it."

"WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE"

The likeness of Fields, as a "Knickerbocker" contributor, I consider an excellent one, but he did not, and, strange to say, neither did several others among those who figured in the collection. George P. Morris, author of the popular ballad of "Woodman, spare that Tree," writing to me about his portrait, in a letter of Feb. 6, 1856, says: "The portrait published in the 'Knickerbocker Gallery' is not a good copy of Elliot's painting, and consequently not a likeness of, dear sir, yours very cordially, Geo. P. Morris."

The old "Knickerbocker" itself was a dark purple-covered magazine of about one hundred pages. The only picture given was one upon its cover of a New York Hollander, dressed in an old Continental suit and seated in an old-fashioned high-backed chair; at one

side of him was an open chest containing MSS. and documents, at the other the table where he was writing, on which was a huge pitcher and beer tankard; while the right hand held the pen the left grasped a long-stemmed clay pipe; and at the feet of this old Knickerbocker, suggestive of solid comfort and ease, slumbered a large cat.

The old "Knickerbocker," started in 1833, was a noted magazine, and its list of contributors during the thirty years of its existence is a brilliant one, including the early contributions of many who have become brilliant literary lights. Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" was first printed in its pages in 1838. Cooper, Halleck, Hawthorne, Percival, Bulwer, Marryat, Mrs. Sigourney, Charles Sprague, Horace Greeley, John Pierpont, W. H. Seward, Epes Sargent, J. T. Fields, and George P. Morris were among its contributors.

"THE KNICKERBOCKER"

A pleasant reminiscence of this standard old serial lies before me in my old friend Clarke's letter to Mr. Hart, of the publishing firm of Carey & Hart, of New York, dated April 12, 1834 (when the writer of these lines was in his first copy-books at school), in which Clarke announces that he has just purchased the magazine. He states that it has nearly one thousand subscribers, that he shall make many improvements, and have among the contributors his brother Willis, Charles Sprague, L. H. Sigourney, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Miss

Leslie, and others. And he brought into its pages, during its life of nearly thirty years, an array of splendid men and women, whose writings were a delight and an inspiration to American readers.

But the old "Knickerbocker" has passed away, and so, alas! have most of those genial contributors.

My first illustrative portrait is one of

ALEXANDER POPE

Fields once told me that when delivering a lecture on Pope, in the country, a young man, a student, about twenty years of age, in the academy of the town, waited upon him after the conclusion of it, and on being presented inquired if he had really ever seen Alexander Pope.

The young man was informed as gently as possible that as Pope died one hundred years ago it was not probable.

"Sure enough," said the questioner. "I might have known it, but you spoke of him so familiarly, I thought you must have met and known him personally." A compliment to the lecturer's descriptive power, and a revelation of his auditor's lack of information.

Pope seems to have been a master of phrases and couplets, and by many was thought to be a satirist unequalled in England, unless it was by John Dryden. It is wonderful to observe how his phrases to-day serve as proverbs for the times, and are employed and quoted

daily by those who are ignorant of their origin. Take, for instance, the following:

“The proper study of mankind is man.”

“Shoot folly as she flies!”

“Who shall decide when doctors disagree?”

“A little learning is a dangerous thing.”

“An honest man’s the noblest work of God.”

“Just as the twig is bent the tree’s inclined.”

“To err is human; to forgive, divine.”

“For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.”

“Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.”

To this list might, of course, be added very many other lines equally familiar to the general reader. If we except Shakespeare, there is perhaps no English author whose words are more frequently quoted. Pope fought against many obstacles, as the history of his life discloses. He was sickly and deformed, of humble birth, was largely a self-educated man, and may be said to have battled all his life with ignorant or envious critics, and disease; but he lived to see himself regarded as the chief living poet of his time, and to enjoy the society of the first men of the age.

“Thackeray’s great, burly figure, broad-chested and ample as the day, which comes next, seems to overshadow and quite blot out of existence the author of the ‘Essay on Man.’”

The first portrait I have placed in my picture-gallery scarcely gives that impression, it being the somewhat flattered representation published by H. B. Hall & Sons,

of New York. Another portrait of him, represented as reading a lot of manuscript, is widely different as a likeness; while a third, representing him as an elderly gentleman sitting near his breakfast-table, and directly before a massive painting, is another view which strikes me as a better portrait of the author as he looked towards the latter part of his life than the others.

A TALK ON THACKERAY

Thackeray wrote a singularly neat and regular hand, as his autographic letter before me, stating that he was no longer a member of the Whittington Club, shows. His letter "I," whenever he had occasion to use the personal pronoun, was simply a perpendicular stroke, the conventional script letter being ignored, much to his convenience, certainly. The other letters were neat and perfectly formed specimens of chirography, perfectly perpendicular, and the lines separated by spaces of mathematical regularity.

Calligraphy was to Thackeray one of the fine arts, and sometimes, to puzzle his correspondent, he would write in so small a hand that the note could not be read without the aid of a magnifying glass.

I have before me the following, written by the author of "Vanity Fair" to Fields, who makes the statement, upon an ordinary-sized sheet of note-paper, as follows:

Mr. Thackeray presents his compliments to Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fields, and requests the pleasure of their company

at dinner at the Trafalgar, at Greenwich, on Friday, June 24, at 6.45 precisely.

This is all condensed into a single line across the page, in minute, but perfectly formed letters, distinguishable only to those of very good eyesight.

RUFUS CHOATE

Next comes the portrait of Rufus Choate, engraved by H. W. Smith from a photograph, and a very good one, by Southworth & Hawes, of Boston, showing the seamed and careworn countenance of the great jurist as we remember him, with that mass of disordered curling hair above his broad brow, through which, when making his impassioned pleas to a jury, his hands were plunged ever and anon, keeping it in most admired disorder.

If calligraphy was an art with Thackeray, it must have been the opposite with Choate, for his letters and writing were chirographical curiosities of undecipherable characters. The manuscript of his eulogy on Daniel Webster, at Dartmouth College, in 1853, now preserved at the Boston Public Library among its collection of literary curiosities, causes those who inspect it to wonder how it could have been of any assistance to its author in delivering the same to his audience.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Next is the fair, ingenuous face of Hawthorne at thirty-six, Schoff's etching which appears in the work

“Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife, by his Son, Julian Hawthorne,” and here I have one of his autograph letters to his friend James T. Fields, when the latter was editor of the “Atlantic Monthly” in 1862 and Hawthorne was one of its contributors. It is evidently about one of the sketches that are now published in collected form in that volume of his works known as “Our Old Home.” It relates to his paper on his visits to Warwick Castle and the old Leicester Hospital. It seems that Hawthorne was puzzled for a title for his contribution, for he writes:

I have bothered my brains in vain, and can think of no better title for the article. Name it anything you like, provided the title is to promise no more than is to be found in the paper. . . . Call it “Warwick,” which implies a fuller description than I give, or “An Old English Town,” or “Leicester’s Hospital,”—which does not mean anything and yet suggests a detailed description of the hospital and full account of it,—or “About Greenwich.” In a word, suit yourself—I wash my hands of it.

A BIT ABOUT BANCROFT

When George Bancroft was collector of the port of Boston he appointed Hawthorne weigher and gauger in the Custom House. Bancroft’s handwriting, in a letter which lies before me, about forty years later, in 1877, to Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, is a little more cramped, though perfectly legible, than one I received personally from him, Oct. 28, 1844, in reply to an elaborately written request for his autograph, in which he

stated he "was much pleased with the specimen of handwriting which your letter exhibited," etc. I fear, after the lapse of more than forty years, that the rapidity of action consequent upon a profession calling for incessant writing would excite a very different criticism from the historian were he living to-day.

But if he was pleased at the handwriting of the letter, and possibly at being asked for his autograph, how much more was the boy who wrote it, who dwelt not far from Bancroft's fine old residence, then on Otis Place, now Winthrop Square, Boston, on being saluted whenever meeting him with a courtly "Good morning, sir"! That courtly greeting, and, moreover, the "sir," so gratifying to a boy not out of a short jacket, is one of the pleasant memories retained of one of Boston's old-time citizens, and old-time, pleasant, tree-shaded streets, if 1844 can yet be classified with old times. The portrait etched by Hall in 1868, from one of the original photographs before me bearing his signature, shows the lines of thought, that twenty-four years had written upon brow and feature, but little deepened eighteen years after.

Hawthorne much affected the old Boston Exchange Coffee House in Devonshire Street and the old Province House, or what remained of them in that comparatively modern period of their existence in 1840. Fearing & McGill kept the former house in the latter period of its existence, and Ordway's Minstrels occupied the latter in the last stages of its existence, negro melodies and banjo

solos sounding in the premises that had once heard the sound of gentle voices and the trip of dainty slippers of Boston's aristocratic dames of continental times; and my own old pictures are of these now almost forgotten monuments of old Boston's glory as they were in their prime, bringing back the memories of an historic period mellowed by time and heightened by imagination.

E. P. WHIPPLE

Here is my friend E. P. Whipple's autograph letter opposite a reference to him as one of Hawthorne's friends, in which he chides me as being engaged "in the ruinous business of illustrating a favorite book."

The difference of years was not so wide when this was written as in our early acquaintance, when a boy of fourteen looked up to the man of twenty-two as one quite too far beyond him in the journey of life; the space is lost sight of when we enter the fifties and sixties, and Percy Whipple still kept boyhood's memories fresh and green, as all who enjoyed his friendship knew.

G. P. R. JAMES

Next G. P. R. James challenges attention, the novelist who was wont to begin chapters in his stories with the "solitary horseman who might have been seen," and who was the author of a perfect flood of novels. His first literary work appeared in 1822, entitled "Edward the Black Prince," and between that date and 1860 he launched an incredible series of historical novels upon the

sea of literature, numbering no less than one hundred and eighty-nine volumes. James was certainly an industrious author, but there was a great similarity in style, description, and plot in all of his novels.

Now comes a capital portrait of that genial gentleman and accomplished scholar who, according to the text, as the opinion of Dickens, is one of the best makers of after-dinner or any other speeches of our day. This opinion I can certainly vouch for, especially from experience of a certain notable occasion at the Music Hall in Boston, when it was my fortune, or rather misfortune, to follow him after one of his brilliant and scholarly speeches. From a presiding officer one could not have had kindlier, more friendly, or more complimentary introduction, but a candle's beams appear but faint after the full blaze of sunlight.

III

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

WE are all familiar with this author's scholarly productions to the Harpers' publication, and our citizens thoroughly recognized his ability as an orator. How well I remember my first interview with George William Curtis! He was then employed by Putnam on "Putnam's Magazine" about forty years ago. I had a letter of introduction to him from a mutual friend, and on entering the office where I had been directed, found a tall, thin gentleman seated upon a table piled with books, swinging his long legs, and, with a pen in one hand and a pair of scissors in the other, earnestly laying down a case to Mr. G. P. Putnam, who sat quietly before him. Glancing at my letter, he said:

"I'll be a thousand times obliged if you will excuse me for an hour."

I bowed and started for the door.

"Don't fail to return; if you do I will never forgive you," he shouted as I went out.

When I returned it was to receive cordial greeting and an apology for what he styled his rudeness; "but," said he, "I was just making my arrangements to become editor-in-chief of 'Putnam's Magazine.' It is

done. Now, then, sit down and tell me all the news from good old Boston."

A TOUCH OF IRELAND

Mrs. S. C. Hall, the Irish authoress, Hawthorne says, "is one of the best and warmest-hearted women in the world." I met Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall in Dublin in 1879. In appearance he was quite striking: large head, square jaws, and an immense crop of perfectly white hair, as fine as silk. Mrs. Hall was a plump, bright-eyed woman, whom he took pleasure in introducing as the little Irish girl that was his wife; and, indeed, I think I never saw a couple more thoroughly wrapped up in each other than they were. He took great delight in asking questions about America, which he designated as a grand and wonderful country, and the Americans as a noble and generous race. He had just finished a little memoir of Tom Moore, the main purpose of which was to raise funds to place a memorial window in the church at Bronham, a retired village in the county of Wilts, where Moore, with his wife and three children, was buried. He was warm in the praise of Mr. George W. Childs, proprietor of the Philadelphia "Ledger," who had written to him:

"Have the work done at once, in accordance with your own views, and I will cheerfully pay all the expenses."

"Do you have many such liberal men in America?" he asked; "but I should prefer this not to be the work

of one man. I want one hundred and fifty subscribers at a guinea each," and he showed me his list, on which I saw, among others, the names of Longfellow, Bryant, and Charles O'Connor, of New York.

THE HALL MARK

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Book of Memories" is a charming series of personal recollections, but still more interesting was it to have an hour's conversation with this charming couple, who had chatted with Tom Moore, Charles Lamb, and Robert Southey, and related anecdotes of their acquaintance with Sidney Smith, Allan Cunningham, Leigh Hunt, Thomas Campbell, Mrs. Hemans, Wordsworth, Rogers, Coleridge, and others. Mr. Hall was a parliamentary reporter in 1823; he published his first book in 1820; he told me in 1881, at this interview, that he had been an editor for over fifty years, and conducted the "Art Journal," that he originated in 1839, for the past forty years. The "Memories" of such a man, put into readable form, can but be intensely interesting, as his "Book of Memories" of illustrious men and women is.

The following is a bit of verse on the fifty-fourth anniversary of their marriage, bearing the autograph of both the author and his wife, that they handed me at the close of our very pleasant interview:

ANNIVERSARY — '54.

Yes! we go gently down the hill of life
 And thank our God at every step we go :
 The husband lover and the sweetheart wife —
 Of creeping age what do we care or know?
 Each says to each, "Our fourscore years thrice told
 Would leave us young" : the soul is never old!

What is the grave to us? Can it divide
 The destiny of two by God made one?
 We step across and reach the other side,
 To know our blended life is but begun.
 These fading faculties are sent to say
 Heaven is more near to-day than yesterday.

S. C. HALL,
 ANNA MARIA HALL.

THE OLD CORNER

Now comes a letter of Hawthorne's in which he speaks of the "Old Corner," meaning the Old Corner Bookstore in Boston, for so many years occupied by W. D. Ticknor, with whom Fields learned his business and afterwards became his partner in business. The Old Corner Bookstore may claim to be one of the old buildings of Boston, the date of its erection being 1712, and was first used as a bookstore by Carter & Hendee in 1828, who occupied the front lower room until 1833, when they were succeeded by John Allen & W. D. Ticknor until 1837. From this time the old store was occupied by Mr. W. D. Ticknor alone until 1844, and subsequently by himself and partners, Messrs. John Reed, Jr., and James T. Fields, until the fall of 1865,

when, the senior partner having died, the new firm of Ticknor (Howard M.) & Fields removed to a new store fitted up for them on Tremont Street, and the premises were occupied by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., who in turn were succeeded, in 1869, by Messrs. Alexander Williams & Co., who retired in 1885 in favor of Cupples, Upham & Co., who in turn were succeeded by the present occupants of the building, Messrs. Damrell & Upham.

The premises are now owned by the heirs of Martin Brimmer, and the name of Brimmer first occurs in connection with the building in 1789, when the first directory was published, and Mr. Herman Brimmer was set down as a merchant occupying the premises which were then known and numbered 76 Cornhill; No. 1 of the same street being nearly opposite. Mr. Brimmer was a bachelor and dwelt on the premises as late as the year 1800.

Dr. N. B. Shurtleff says, in a little sketch of the building:

The original building was constructed of brick, and was two stories in height, the roof having a double pitch towards Cornhill (Washington street), and backwards, having two attic windows on the easterly side. From the main building projected backwards the portion of the house that originally served the residents for family purposes. In front of this last-mentioned part of the house, and extending on School street westerly from the old building, is another portion of somewhat modern construction, which has accommodated within its walls many tenants of various occupations.

A LITERARY HAUNT

Great interest has been expressed in regard to the preservation of this old specimen of the first reconstruction of the buildings of the ancient Cornhill after the destruction of the old tenements and shops in 1711, and it is to be hoped that the old Brimmer mansion will be allowed to remain for many years to come, standing in its present form with its quaint appearance and the well-known designation of the "Old Corner Bookstore." During the occupancy of the premises by W. D. Ticknor and Ticknor & Fields the "Old Corner" was a favorite resort of authors and of book men generally, more especially after Fields had grown to man's estate and made it a point to cultivate them. Here always came Hawthorne on his visits to Boston, and the last time Fields saw him alive was in the spring of 1864, when he parted with him at the School-street door and "noticed that he faltered for weakness" as he passed up the street.

Here came Longfellow to give directions respecting the publication of his poems and to listen good-naturedly to Fields' indignation at an adverse criticism of one of the newspapers upon his "Hiawatha" — a criticism, by the way, upon which there was a divided opinion, and which created a discussion that tended largely to increase the sales of the book. Here, also, came Holmes and Lowell, Emerson, Parsons, Dr. F. H. Hedge, Theodore Parker and Rufus Choate; Starr

King, whose "Starr Papers" and charming "White Mountain Sketches" were so popular; R. H. Dana, of "Two Years before the Mast" fame; and Dickens, on both his visits to America, paid a visit to the "Old Corner." The writer has seen Edward Everett making purchases there, and President Pierce having a good-natured chat with his friend Ticknor over the counter; Robert C. Winthrop, stately, courtly, and polite; and George Bancroft, who had just come over from Little & Brown's with a roll of the proof-sheets of his "History of the United States" under his arm, looking over the publications of the firm. Here, also, always looked in the Rev. Dr. Chapin on his visits to the city, and Henry Ward Beecher, and still occasionally comes, of the old company, Edward Everett Hale, Aldrich, and other modern men of letters, who are to make name and fame in the broad field of American literature.

The Old Corner Bookstore forms a quaint and pleasant picture in the memories of the past of many of us. I remember it well, with its two big bulging front bay-windows, with the panes of glass but little larger than a sheet of letter paper, as the shop where my first picture book, "London Cries," was purchased, gay with large-colored pictures upon each page, the delight of young readers.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN

Passing from literary to dramatic celebrities, I come to the portrait and autograph letter of that grand Ameri-

can actress, Charlotte Cushman. Little thought I, when a boy at the theatre, absorbed and carried away with her great performance of Lady Macbeth, or thrilled by her never-to-be-forgotten Meg Merrilies, that it would be my fortune to pronounce the last words spoken to her on the dramatic stage, and that the last words uttered by her in taking leave of her profession should be to myself. Miss Cushman's Meg Merrilies, Queen Katharine, Lady Macbeth, and Romeo were impersonations never to be forgotten, and her somewhat masculine character eminently fitted her for their effective rendition.

Her long and brilliant career as an actress was concluded in Boston, the city of her birth, on Saturday evening, May 15, 1875, at the Globe Theatre, then under the management of Mr. Arthur Cheney.

Having acceded to the request of the committee of gentlemen managing the affair to deliver the farewell address on this occasion, it became necessary to see Miss Cushman to arrange for the proper performance of our respective parts, and my first introduction to her was behind the scenes at the theatre where she was playing Meg in Guy Mannering. She came off after an exciting scene with Dick Hatterick, rushed to a chair which was placed for her at the wings, and where, from a pitcher in which were soaked biscuits in a mixture of whiskey and water, she was fed by her maid, who was in waiting, till she in some degree recovered from the exhaustion of the effort, for she was then suffering

from an incurable malady which afterwards caused her death.

"You must excuse me," she remarked, after being thus refreshed, "for having to speak to you here in this costume, my present evening dress, and from behind this mask of paint, but hearing that you were in front I desired to make a personal appointment for an interview to-morrow at my hotel."

When, according to appointment thus made, I met Charlotte Cushman to arrange for her last appearance, the plan of proceeding was arranged, and in so doing the "ruling passion" of the dramatic artist to obtain all the advantage possible upon the stage was developed in an amusing manner.

It was explained to Miss Cushman that the speaker of the occasion, with the committee of gentlemen, would be "discovered," as it is called, on the rising of the curtain, seated at a table in the centre of the stage. Mr. Cheney, the manager, was then to lead the lady on from the stage right; myself as the speaker was to rise on her approach; she was to be presented to me and the audience, and then were to come my address and her reply. At the conclusion of the latter we were to bow and retire backwards up the stage as the curtain fell.

"All quite correct," said the great actress, "but do you mind, sir, if I should come on from the stage left and meet you, instead of the right?"

"I should prefer that you enter at the right, unless there is serious objection," was the reply.

FENCING FOR POSITION

"Indeed, I really do not see what difference it will make to you."

"The difference is," I said, "that if you enter at the right I 'uncover' to the audience, as does Macbeth in the combat scene with Macduff, while if you enter at the left, as I must address myself especially to you, I necessarily give most of the time only a profile or three-quarter view to the house, while all gestures with the right hand will necessarily throw forward an interception, while if I address from the other side they tend to make more perfect the front view of the speaker's face and figure to the house. Now you, in your reply, address the audience, not me, and have it all your own way, front address, face to the footlights."

"Your argument is good, and shows you have observed situations; and as we cannot cross, as Macbeth and Macduff do sometimes in the combat, I will approach from the stage right, that you may 'uncover' face to the front, which is a professional desideratum," she said with a smile.

The performance and farewell on that memorable occasion have been chronicled elsewhere. It was the author's first appearance upon the dramatic stage behind the footlights, and the scene presented of an auditorium crowded from floor to ceiling with a brilliant and enthusiastic audience was one not soon to be forgotten. The actors were grouped at the rear of the stage, while the

spaces at the wings, invisible to the audience, were crowded with carpenters, scene-shifters, and supernumeraries, all anxious to hear the last word of the great actress retiring from the scene of her many triumphs.

THE LAST WORDS

“What were the last words she said?” inquired a curious friend. “I observed that she appeared to be talking to you as you retired up the stage when the curtain came down.”

“Well, thus it was. As the roar of applause came to us at the conclusion of her address, and we took hands retiring up the stage, I ventured, under cover of the noise, to congratulate her upon the character of her speech.”

“Thanks,” she replied; “and yours, let me say, was, in the words of Polonius, ‘well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.’ We must step back further; take care of your head, here comes the curtain.” And as the curtain that shut her out as an actress for the last time from the public struck the stage, she shook my right hand with her left that grasped it, and, disengaging herself from a knot of friends who came upon the stage to greet her, hurried away to her dressing-room.

FRANKLIN PIERCE

President Franklin Pierce’s portrait and bold signature greet us next. He was the lifelong friend of Hawthorne, and I remember him well. I first met him,

soon after his nomination, at one of the seashore hotels at Rye Beach. I remember how, earlier in the same year, the news of the choice of the convention was eagerly awaited at different points in Boston. It was before the days of rapid telegraphy, and a crowd had gathered at Harvey Parker's old restaurant, then in Tudor's Building, at the corner of Court Square and Court Street, where now stands Young's Hotel. Political argument and discussion had waxed warm, and a well-known Democratic stump-speaker was mounted on a barrel delivering a speech upon the principles of the Democratic party, when suddenly a man was seen running towards the crowd and waving his hat, and on reaching it he shouted:

"The convention has nominated Frank Pierce, of New Hampshire, for next president."

"Three cheers for him," shouted the orator; "*he's the very best man in the Democratic ranks.*" Then, as the cheers were being given, he bent down to the breathless messenger with the inquiry:

"What did you say the name was?"

DICKENS

Fields, who, it will be remembered, was an intimate friend of Dickens, devotes a generous portion of his "Yesterdays" to his recollections of that great novelist. I find my collection of portraits begins with one representing Dickens as quite a young man with thick masses of hair down each side of his face and reaching

to his coat collar, and one of those broad flowing neck-scarfs that effectually covered up the entire space left by the open waistcoat; he is represented as seated at a table writing.

Fields describes him when he first saw him in this country, in Boston on a bleak winter evening in 1842, when "he came bounding into the Tremont House fresh from the steamer that had brought him to our shores." Here in my volume is a view of the Tremont House as it was in 1842, with the old Tremont Theatre, that noted temple of the drama, opposite, which as we look upon it conjures memories of the "old palmy" days of the drama in Boston, when the elder Booth and Forrest, Gilbert, Finn, Power, the Kembles, Vandenhoffs, Ellen Tree, Charlotte Cushman, Murdoch, Cooper, and Charles Kean trod its boards. But it was at that time in the sere and yellow leaf and near the end of its career, which closed at the end of the season of 1842.

J. M. FIELD AND BOZ

Mr. J. M. Field, a member of the company at that time, in anticipation of Dickens' visit, wrote a piece entitled "Boz, a Masque Phrenologic," introducing the leading characters of all of Dickens' novels that had then made their appearance. It was brought out on the night of Dickens' arrival, Saturday, March 22, in the belief that Dickens would reach the city and be present at its representation. Such was not the case, however, but on its second representation, on Monday, March 24,

1842, he was one of the audience and was immensely pleased.

It may be of interest to give the cast of characters from the novels as represented, which was as follows :

<i>Mr. Pickwick</i>	Mr. Powell.
<i>Weller, Sen.</i>	Mr. Plumer.
<i>Sam Weller</i>	Tom Comer.
<i>Fat Boy</i>	James Ring.
<i>Oliver Twist</i>	Miss Fisher.
<i>Fagin</i>	Mr. Thomas.
<i>Artful Dodger</i>	S. D. Johnson.
<i>Bumble</i>	Mr. Parker.
<i>Squeers</i>	Adams.
<i>Mrs. Squeers</i>	Mrs. John Gilbert.
<i>Smike</i>	Mrs. J. M. Field.
<i>Nicholas Nickleby</i>	Mr. A. W. Fenno.
<i>Ralph Nickleby</i>	W. L. Ayling.
<i>Newman Noggs</i>	Mr. Cunningham.
<i>Little Nell</i>	Miss F. Johnson.
<i>Her Grandfather</i>	W. H. Curtis.
<i>Quilp</i>	Benson.
<i>Barnaby Rudge</i>	Dunn.
<i>Boz</i>	Mr. J. M. Field.

In the course of this piece, which consisted mainly of a series of tableaux from the novelist's works, there was a fine view of the exterior of the Tremont House given, and another of a view of State Street, Boston, from the brush of Mr. Stockwell, a well-known scenic artist of that time.

A BOZ BOOM

The piece was a complete success and drew well, and J. M. Fields' make-up and dress as Boz was an excellent copy of Dickens as he then appeared. The play of Nicholas Nickleby was also produced, W. F. Johnson playing Squeers; Mrs. J. M. Field, Smike; Mrs. John Gilbert, Mrs. Squeers; and J. M. Field, Mantalini. A notable cast and most artistic performance it was, too. It was my good fortune to see them both.

And then the town went to what would be considered to-day in a moderate degree Dickens-mad. Pictures of "Boz" (everybody seemed to know him as "Boz" in those days, and some supposed that was his real name) appeared in the print shops. Boz cravats and Boz cigars were sold, and the newspapers teemed with "Wellerisms," such as "Come on, as the man said to the tight boot;" "Short calls are best, as the fly remarked ven he lit on the 'ot stove."

There was a song composed and sung by J. M. Field, of the Tremont Theatre Company, at the grand dinner given, Feb. 1, 1842, to Dickens at Papanti's Hall in Boston, at which Josiah Quincy presided. It was entitled "The Werry Last Obserwations of Veller, Senior, to Boz on his Departure to America," and was received with shouts of laughter and applause. It ran as follows:

THE OBSERVATIONS OF WELLER, SENIOR

“Remember vot I say, Boz,
You’re goin’ to cross the sea;
A blessed vays away, Boz,
To wild Ameriky;
A blessed set of savages,
As books of travels tells;
No guv’ner’s eye to watch you, Boz,
Nor even Samivel’s.

“They’ve ’stablished a steam line, Boz,
A wilent innovation;
It’s nothin’ but a trap to ’tice
Our floating population;
A set of blessed cannibals —
My warnin’ I repeats —
For ev’ry vun they catches, Boz,
Without ado, they eats!

“They’ll eat you, Boz, in Boston! and
They’ll eat you in New York!
Wherever caught they’ll play a bless-
Ed game of knife and fork!
There’s prayers in Boston now that Cu-
Nard’s biler may not burst;
Because their savage hope it is,
Dear Boz, to eat you first.

“They’ve lately caught a prince, Boz,
A livin’ one from France;
And all the blessed nation, Boz,
Assembles for a dance!
They spares him thro’ the ev’nin’, Boz,
But with a hungry stare
Contrives a early supper, tho’,
And then they eats him there!

- “ Just think of all of yours, Boz,
Devoured by them already ;
Avoid their greedy lures, Boz,
Their appetites is steady ;
For years they’ve been a-feastin’, Boz,
Nor paid for their repast ;
And von’t they make a blessed feast
Ven they catches you at last !
- “ Lord ! how they gobbled ‘ Pickwick ’ — fate
Vitch ‘ Oliver ’ befell ;
And waterin’ mouths met ‘ Nic ’ and ‘ Smike
And waterin’ eyes as well ;
Poor ‘ Nell ’ was not too tender, Boz,
Nor ugly ‘ Quilp ’ too tough ;
And ‘ Barnaby ’ — and bless’d if e’er
I thinks they’ll have enough !
- “ I’ll tell you vot you does, Boz,
Since go it seems you will,
If you vould not expose, Boz,
Yourself their maws to fill :
Just ‘ Marryat ’ or ‘ Trollope,’ Boz,
Vithin your pocket hem,
For blow me if I ever thinks
They’ll ever swallow them.”

AT THE DINNER

About two hundred sat down to the tables, and the invited guests were Dickens, Gov. John Davis, Judge Warren, President Quincy, of Harvard College, Washington Allston, Thomas Colly Grattan, the British consul, Jonathan Chapman, the mayor of the city, George Bancroft, the historian, Richard Henry Dana

the elder, the poet, Franklin Dexter, and Rev. Dr. Bigelow.

Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., presided, and had for assistants Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, George S. Hillard, Edward G. Loring, and J. Thomas Stevenson.

The committee of arrangements was made up of Messrs. E. H. Eldridge, W. W. Tucker, S. A. Appleton, Henry Lee, Jr., and Samuel E. Guild.

Precisely at five o'clock a full band struck up "Washington's March," which was followed by "God Save the Queen," during which the company entered the dining-room. Rev. Dr. Francis Parkman invoked a benediction on the occasion. After the removal of the cloth Mr. Quincy made the opening address, which was a remarkable production, which Dickens characterized as "a delightful mixture of humor and pathos," concluding with the toast —

"Health, happiness, and a hearty welcome to Charles Dickens."

How bright, joyous, and jolly Dickens looked then, with his light hair and his face wreathed with good-humored smiles, so different, alas, from the careworn countenance and wrinkled brow when I saw him on the occasion of his farewell readings in this country in 1868. The engraving of him now before me as he appeared during his last reading ("Christmas Carol") at St. James Hall, London, March 15, 1870, shows a countenance betraying illness and suffering. His last words then, on taking farewell of his audience, now

seem to have been prophetic. He said: "From these garish lights I vanish now forevermore, with heartfelt, grateful, and respectful and affectionate farewell." In less than three months from then, on the 9th of June, 1870, Dickens bade his final farewell to all in this world.

IV

PRESCOTT

OUR Boston historian Prescott's picture, which looks like the portrait of a well-to-do American clergyman, gives no indication by expression of the difficulties under which his matchless historical works were produced, which were wrought out under the affliction of nearly sightless eyes and by aid of a machine contrived to enable him to guide his pen correctly across the sheets in his literary labors. What a monument of patience and perseverance and determination of will over almost insurmountable physical difficulties are the works of that painstaking historian, and do I not value the lightly pressed chirography of the epistles with their lines traced between the wires that guided his hand correctly as it glided over the paper!

FROM PRESCOTT'S PEN

They are indeed precious autographic memorials of one whose life, character, and works were those of a true man, who made great use of his crippled powers. Certainly the work of this indefatigable scholar should inspire those afflicted with physical difficulties with renewed courage and fresh resolution. "Whatever man has done man may do," ran the copy slips for our writ-

ing-lessons in boyhood's day, and Prescott has left a monument behind him of what man may do in the face of what to many would appear insurmountable obstacles; a monument of one "whose life for more than forty years was a sacrifice of impulse to duty, of the present to the future."

After reading his admirable histories it is pleasant to turn to the charming memoir of his life, written by his friend George Ticknor; and a pleasant task it was to extend that scholarly sketch into three portly volumes, with rare proofs of rare engravings, and the letters of scholars, authors, and artists, that carry us into communion with the very hearts of the writers. Here writes Ticknor about Hillard and his friends; George Bancroft's MS. of a portion of his still unfinished History of the United States shows, by its many erasures and alterations, that historical writing is no easy task; Robert C. Winthrop's bold and clear chirography; Everett's scholarly epistles; his private secretary's (George Lunt) poem in MS. "On a Great Loss" (his death), in imitation of Horace; Humboldt's irregularly sloped lines, and Lamartine's dainty epistles, and those of Channing, Sam Rogers, Judge Story, Hallam, Lord Brougham, John Quincy Adams, and those of the historian himself; divines, poets, judges, and statesmen, his contemporaries and friends. What mementos to connect us with the great minds of the past, grouped with their counterfeit presentments, from master hands in the engraver's wondrous art!

PRESCOTT'S PUBLISHERS

Prescott's publishers in Boston were Phillips, Sampson & Co., who used to have a bookstore on Winter Street. They made a contract to produce his works in fifteen volumes, the author to receive fifty cents a volume on all sales. The firm failed in the disastrous year of 1859, after having paid over \$35,000 copyright to Mr. Prescott in about three years, and J. B. Lippincott & Co., a Philadelphia publishing house, then bid \$5,000 for the privilege of publishing the works, and guaranteed to pay the author a copyright of not less than \$6,000 a year. This offer was accepted, and subsequently Messrs. Lippincott & Co. bought of the Prescott heirs the entire literary property, books, plates, and all, engaged as editor Mr. J. Foster Kirke, who had for the past eleven years of the historian's life acted as his private secretary, and issued a new edition, which proved a complete success.

But we have by no means left Dickens yet. We digress for Felton and Prescott because in illustrating the sketch of Dickens in the "Yesterdays with Authors" their portraits are called for by the text. Now comes the pictorial representation of Dickens' residence in Tavistock Square, London, where he wrote "Bleak House" and "Little Dorrit." It is a plain, three-storied stone house with an enclosed carriage-way in front, and it was here that Fields dined with him in 1859 and urged a second visit to America.

WILKIE COLLINS

The only other guest at the table, Fields tells us, was Wilkie Collins, and here I have his odd physiognomy, a broad face with spectacles and full beard. Collins was a contributor to Charles Dickens' magazine, "Household Words." His first work was a biography of his father, William Collins, a celebrated painter of the Royal Academy, his works being chiefly representations of rustic scenes and English cottage life. Wilkie Collins was born Jan. 1, 1824, and died in the spring of 1889.

The title of his first book was "Antonina, or the Fall of Rome," and its success at once gave him position as a novelist. His first novel to attract universal attention and interest was "The Dead Secret," issued in 1857. In 1860 his greatest work of fiction, and one which caused him to be widely known in America, was "The Woman in White." This was published in serial form in "Harper's Weekly," New York, and excited an interest equal to Dickens' novels on their first appearance. The plot, though intricate, was of remarkable dramatic power, and the story abounded with startling dramatic effects and situations, the reader's interest being kept constantly on the alert. The story, as well as others of his production, was successfully dramatized. In the fall of 1873 Mr. Collins made a visit to the United States and received a cordial reception. He gave public readings from his works in Boston and other cities.

The highest price which Wilkie Collins ever received

for a novel was five thousand guineas, which was paid to him for "Armada" by George Smith before a line of the story, which originally appeared in "The Cornhill Magazine," had been written. "Armada" was not a favorite with the public, but a story of absorbing interest, and Dickens expressed a high opinion of it. It was published in 1866.

Besides the above-mentioned works, Collins wrote some twenty others, "Poor Miss Finch," "No Name," "Queen of Hearts," "After Dark," and "The Moonstone" being among those best known to American readers.

Following comes one of the awkwardly written autograph letters of Macready, the tragedian, which looks as if he employed a pin instead of a pen in inditing his epistles, and in it deplores the lack of time to read over a MS. play which some ambitious author has left with him.

CHARLES READE

Next in my portrait gallery is Charles Reade, the English novelist, faced by one of his autograph letters. He was a friend of Dickens as well as Collins; indeed, one of Dickens' daughters married Mr. Charles Collins, a brother to Wilkie Collins, and both guests at his house.

Reade's novels were also popular with American readers. His best-remembered novels now are "Christie Johnson," "Never Too Late to Mend," "Griffith

Gaunt," "Love Me Little, Love Me Long," and "Put Yourself in His Place."

A CELEBRATED WALKING-MATCH

Dickens in his correspondence seemed to favor blue ink in preference to black, if I am to judge by several of his letters in my own possession and others seen elsewhere. His signature, preceded by "faithfully yours," was in some respects peculiar, and in later days could hardly be commended as a perfect piece of chirography. He always wrote out the date of the month in dating his letters.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the poet, and for many years editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," was one of the characters made notable in a celebrated walking-match, which was got up by Dickens during his second visit to America. The match was a stretch of about six miles over the Boston mill-dam towards Newton Centre. In the articles of agreement the signatures were stated to be:

<i>The Boston Bantam</i>		J. R. Osgood.
<i>Massachusetts Jemmy</i>		James T. Fields.
<i>The Gad's Hill Gaspar</i>		Charles Dickens.

At the dinner given by the contestants at the Parker House in Boston, after the fatigues of the match were over, there were present, besides the above:

<i>Hyperion</i>		H. W. Longfellow.
<i>Hosea Biglow</i>		J. R. Lowell.
<i>The Autocrat</i>		O. W. Holmes.
<i>The Bad Boy</i>		T. B. Aldrich.

Prof. A. D. White, of Cornell University, whose fine intellectual face greets us next, writes me: "Charles Dickens bore a letter to me at Syracuse from Mr. James T. Fields, and I saw much of him during his stay in central New York." In a cosey chat with the professor, in December, 1889, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, he alluded to Dickens' visit to Syracuse, and "I shall always remember," he remarked, "the great satisfaction I had in getting a room to his taste at the hotel, and a blazing wood fire that crackled and flashed merrily, to Dickens' great delight."

ANTHONY TROLLOPE

Anthony Trollope was a most industrious writer, and is reported to have earned nearly £70,000 by his literary labors, to which he applied himself most industriously in his hours of leisure from his duties in the English Post-office Department. Trollope's novels are numerous, and uniformly good, and all who read them must recognize them as remarkably correct portraiture of English social life. Pure in style, healthy in tone, and free from mawkish sentimentality or extravagance, his stories were all popular with readers, as interesting narratives of what might be actual occurrences.

Well, we will pass by the portrait of Anthony Trollope's serious and thoughtful face, valanced with its broad gray beard, to the picture of Reverdy Johnson, of whom Dickens, in 1869, in a letter to Fields, writes :

I wish Reverdy Johnson would dine in private and hold his tongue. He overdoes the thing.

This evidently refers to the time when Johnson was United States minister to England, in 1868, and made himself extremely unpopular with friends of the Union cause in this country by dining with certain men in London who were notoriously friends and aids of the secession cause, and, according to the reports, shaking hands with several of them. The Northern Republican press was especially indignant at this consorting of an American minister with the avowed enemies of the Union cause and of the North in its days of difficulty and distress. Among other productions that appeared was one which was a burlesque of the dinner at which Mr. Johnson made the offensive exhibition of his handshaking with the enemies of the Union cause.

TOADYING TO ENGLAND

It may be well to state, for the information of some of the present generation of readers, that Lord John Russell was eager to recognize the South as belligerents. Semmes, it will be recollected, was the captain of the British pirate "Alabama," which was built by Mr. Laird, for a number of years a member of Parliament. Mason and Slidell were two Confederates arrested and taken out of the British ship "Trent" in November, 1861, and the event was seized upon with avidity by England as a pretext for war with this country, which desire began to subside in 1863, and with

the collapse of the Confederacy in 1865 was changed into endearing protestations of brotherly love on England's part. "Bull Run Russell" was so called from a grossly incorrect account of the battle of Bull Run, at which he was not present, and his general leaning towards the Southern cause in all his letters to the London "Times," which steadily favored the Confederacy. Laird and Lindsay were more or less engaged in the shipping interest and aiding the South in that direction.

THE HANDSHAKING

The handshaking referred to was done by Johnson with Laird and others, at a dinner with him. By that act at that time it was felt that Johnson not only insulted his own nation, whose representative he was, but every Englishman (and they were not few) who deprecated Laird's course of action. The whole country was indignant with him, and the Northern press, amazed and confounded at the American minister's consorting of his own choice with the bitterest enemies and revilers of this country, demanded his recall.

The alleged speeches of some of the characters in this burlesque give the actual facts respecting acts of the celebrated personages, during the American Civil War, which rendered them obnoxious to friends of the Union cause in this country.

The burlesque was as follows:

GRAND "ALABAMA" BANQUET

We have with our usual enterprise again distanced all our contemporaries in procuring the exclusive report of this important banquet, which we hasten to lay before our readers. It will be seen that the English are already showing their hands, and that there is some shaking among them.

The hall that was occupied for the occasion was elegantly draped with the Confederate and British flags, beneath which the U.S. flag occasionally peeped out. At the head of the hall appeared the following motto, a gratifying evidence of England's honest profession to us :

G—A—M—M—O—N

Signifying—"Great America may Mould our Nation."

The chair was occupied by Lord John Russell, who, *after shaking hands with Mr. Johnson*, said he acknowledged the compliment; the people of the U.S. would recollect him for acknowledging—

(A voice—"The Confederacy in 1861.")

Here he shook hands with the U.S. Minister and sat down.

The following gentlemen had been elected Vice-Presidents for the occasion: Hon. Jefferson Davis, Admiral Raphael Semmes, Mr. Laird, Mr. Lindsay, Bull Run Russell, LL.D. and A.S.S., Messrs. Mason, Slidell, and A. Johnson, of U.S.

Among the invited guests we notice the following friends and admirers of our Government: Editor of the London "Times," Captain of the British Yacht "Deerhound," Mr. Roebuck, M.P., Lord Stanley, subscribers to Confederate Cotton Loan, and 290 British Merchants.

The tables were decorated with appropriate ornaments:

No. 1 — Represented the "Alabama" receiving a salute on entering a British Port.

No. 2 — Pyramid of forty-two Chronometers belonging to Whaleships.

No. 3 — Whaleship on Fire.

No. 4 — The Ocean covered with British Flags, "Britannia Rules the Waves."

No. 5 — Cruiser with Confederate Flag at Mast Head and Crew on Board dressed in British Uniforms.

The following was the

BILL OF FARE

SOUPS

Peace Soup — Soup à l'Abolicien — British Ox Tail — Irish Stews.

FISH

American Suckers — Small Soles (British) — Canadian Lobsters — Tongues and Sounds.

ENTRÉES

British Calves Head and American Pluck — Indian Preserves — Irish Potatoes, Fenian Sauce — Spanish Olives with French Sauce — Chinese Preserves, à la Burlingame — Pot Pourri, American Affairs by English Cooks.

ROAST AND BOILED

English Goose well cooked, Union style — Beef à la mode American
— Southern Chickens, in small Pieces — Turkey, Crimean Sauce.

FRUIT, ETC.

Apples of Discord — Dates of 1861 — Freeze Peach — Blockade Plums
— Cotton Raisins — Currents from Charleston Harbor.

WINES, ETC.

Ale of the Confederacy — Closed Ports — Gunpowder Tea — English
Neutrality-tea — Weak London Punch — Verjuice 1861 — Entente
Cordiale, new brand 1868.

DESSERT AND PASTRY

Chinese Crackers — Monitor Cheese — Humble Pie sugared.

After the band had played "Dixie" and "The King and the Countryman," the Chairman rose, and, *after shaking hands with the U.S. Minister*, said he would commence by reading letters that had been received. He then read one from Admiral Semmes, regretting that the state of the exchequer prevented his being present. Nothing would have been more agreeable than to have *shaken hands with Mr. Johnson*, and he sent a volume from which he had obtained many points of International Law. The Chairman produced this volume, which proved to be the "Pirate's Own Book."

FERNANDO WOOD.

Letter from Hon. F. Wood, U.S., said he was prevented from *shaking hands with Hon. R. Johnson*, as he was obliged to look after his business engage-

ments, which, owing to the present state of affairs, seemed a perfect lottery. He regarded Hon. R. J. as one of the props of the United States, and, as such, every one should *take his hand and shake it*.

His Excellency A. Johnson, now occupying chair of President of U.S. at Washington, said he could not come out now, but expected to go out most unanimously on the 4th of next March, after which time he should be glad to be *taken by the hand*.

At this point Hon. Mr. Lindsay shook hands with Hon. Reverdy Johnson. (Applause.)

The Chairman proposed the following sentiment:

“The Pen and the Lyre.”

Bull Run Russell and the editor of the London “Times” both rose to respond to this sentiment, and after some discussion, in which both parties *shook hands with the U.S. Minister*, Mr. Russell declining to respond for the pen, the editor of the “Times” responded to calls for the lyre. He made a spirited speech, deprecating war and expressing his friendship to the U.S., and said he re-lied on public opinion. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Russell was now writing from Spain for the “Times,” and since his American experience it was not necessary for him to leave England to write from foreign countries; he lies comfortably at home after many trials, and will, after his eventful career, lie in his grave (Hear) without a rival. (*The speaker, after shaking hands with R. Johnson, sat down.*)

JEFF. DAVIS TALKS

Hon. Jefferson Davis, being called upon, had but a word to say. He desired to take Reverdy Johnson by the hand.

He then shook hands with Mr. Johnson. (Applause.)

Air by the band — "We are a Band of Brothers."

Mr. Laird, on rising, said he had already *shaken hands with Mr. Johnson*. The American shipbuilders owed him much — so did the Confederate bondholders. (Hear, hear.)

(Here, too, — from Russell and editor of "Times.")

He had 290 contributors to his enterprise — it had pushed American commerce as it had never been pushed before. (Applause from the Liverpool delegation, during which *Hon. R. Johnson shook hands with the speaker* and he sat down.)

Mr. Roebuck here entered the hall, and was cordially greeted by *Mr. Johnson, who shook hands with him*.

In response to a loud call, Mr. Roebuck said he was glad to find the American Minister so ready to establish the old friendly relations between the two countries. England had the deepest interest in America; the graduates of some of the largest public institutions in England (A voice — "Prisons and workhouses") were now exercising a controlling influence in American politics, and we are using the strongest efforts to establish some of the favorite institutions of Great Britain; to

us is America indebted for the high-minded men who govern the great city of New York !

Have we not sent them some of our most celebrated thieves, pickpockets, and prize fighters? and is not the glorious and refining influence of the British prize-ring beginning to be felt there?

The American rough himself is but a mild type of the British ruffian. Are they not indebted to us also for brilliant literary influence? Were not the authors of Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard Englishmen? and are not even imitations of the flash prints of St. Giles becoming common to New York and Boston? Where England fails with the bullet, let her send the bully. (At this reference to the bully by Mr. Roebuck, *Mr. Johnson rose and shook hands with him.*)

Music by the band — “Bully for You.”

MEMORIES OF UNION HATERS

Sentiment — “Profit and Loss.”

W. S. Lindsay, M.P. (mean puppy?), in responding to this sentiment, said both he and his friend, Mr. Roebuck, had used their best endeavors to assist Americans during the war; he had sent goods over during the blockade (*here he paused to shake hands with the U.S. Minister to the Court of St. James*); he had tried to make the English government believe that Louis Napoleon was ready and willing to interfere in the American quarrel if England would join; it would have been a good thing (Voice — “For Great Britain”); but

trade and commerce must be resumed; let us be friends; the few ships destroyed by the British pirate — he should say, Confederate cruiser — "Alabama" were but whalers; the whaling done by U.S. ships was very detrimental to British cruisers in 1812, and he should do all in his power to prevent a claim being made by his government on that of the United States for services rendered by the "Alabama" in raising the price of kerosene oil by this means.

GLADSTONE FAVORED THE REBELS

Hon. Mr. Gladstone, M.P., in rising, said that he was pleased to see his friend Jefferson Davis present. He (Mr. Gladstone) said that in 1863 Mr. Davis had created a nation (Voice — "Where in creation is it?"), and the graduates of Oxford, whom he had the honor to represent, had at that time given three cheers for Jeff. Davis and Gen. Lee, and three groans for the President of the United States, but all this was done in pure friendship for the United States.

(Here Mr. Johnson shook hands with him.)

There were those even now in the Northern States who would groan when the President's name was mentioned — but here in England we now applaud it. (Hear, hear.) We wish, as the Hon. Mr. Roebuck has said, the most friendly relations with America, a nation that is such a convenient port of entry for Englishmen who leave their country for their country's good — and make free use of the goods of the people of other coun-

tries. What was the loss of a few whalers? Did not England have whaling enough from the United States in 1812, on the ocean, not to have the subject alluded to at this time?

He proposed as a sentiment: "Peace, always peace — and always the largest piece that Great Britain can get."

He was congratulated by Mr. Johnson, *the two shaking hands together amid thunders of applause.*

Lord Stanley (no relation to "On! Stanley! On!" mentioned by Scott), on being called upon, said that he had no doubt the little difficulty of the "Alabama" could be easily settled by offsetting it with certain British claims, as for instance that of the inhabitants of Nassau, who have had their business ruined since the war closed, and have been forced to steal from each other; Fraser, Trenholm & Co., whose patriotic conduct they so warmly applauded; the lion-hearted braves of Canada, who distinguished themselves in the late Fenian invasion, whose expense for new uniforms and cough medicine had not yet been liquidated. But he would not pursue the catalogue; like the Canadian braves he pursued nothing. He desired to cultivate friendship. (*Here he shook hands with Hon. Mr. Johnson, the American Minister.*)

[At this point our despatches per cable were interrupted, becoming unintelligible, but after repeated trials for additional particulars we finally obtained the following important despatch:

"Shook hands with Mr. Johnson."]

HISTORIC LOCALITIES

We may glide over such illustrations as those of Windsor Castle and the celebrated "Long Walk" there as merely mementos of some of our sight-seeing in England, but pause a moment as we come to the pictorial representation of "Furnival's Inn," the early home of Dickens as a writer, for he lived there when he was a reporter for the press, before he became celebrated. Indeed, it may be said that it was here that he began his career as an author, for here he wrote his "Sketches by Boz," here the renowned "Pickwick Papers" were written, and Furnival's Inn figures in his novel of "Martin Chuzzlewit" as the place where John Westlock had his chambers, and where he, Tom Pinch, and Tom Pinch's sister had such an enjoyable dinner together, which passed off so successfully that Tom disputed with John his desire for a change, and declared that he lived there like a monarch.

Furnival's was originally one of the Inns of Court, which generally consist of a hall, a chapel, a library, a suite of rooms devoted to the "benchers" (that is, the senior members of the society who have the government of the "inns," and who, having been admitted to plead within the bar, are called "inner barristers"), and a number of buildings which are divided into sets of chambers occupied principally by barristers and solicitors.

Furnival's Inn stands on the site of the "inne," which was the ancient name of town houses of persons

of rank, of the Lords of Furnival, a family noted in the annals of chivalry; Gerald Furnival fought under Richard Cœur de Lion in Palestine, and Thomas de Furnival on the field of Cressy beside the Black Prince.

In 1383 Furnival's Inn fell by marriage into the possession of the Earls of Shrewsbury, and remained there till December, 1548, when Francis, Earl of Shrewsbury, disposed of the mansion to the society of Lincoln's Inn, who converted it into a separate Inn of Court. The inn was rebuilt in the reign of James the First, but, falling to decay, and a portion destroyed by fire, was taken down in 1817 and the present elegant building erected, which is no longer an "Inn of Chancery."

TALFOURD

What a quaint, old-fashioned style of portrait is that of Thomas Noon Talfourd, author of that glorious, poetic, and now almost forgotten play of "Ion." The costume of the portrait carries one back to 1835 or thereabouts. The swallow-tail coat, big neck-stock, and fob-chain and seals are all of the period. As portrayed, he has just risen from a seat at table, where glasses, decanters, and finger-bowls show that he has dined. But his glorious tragedy of "Ion" was made famous by the fine acting of Ellen Tree, afterward Mrs. Charles Kean, who made a great hit in the part of Ion on the occasion of her first visit to the United States. With a slender, graceful form, expressive face, and fine eyes, her rendering of the poetic part of the Grecian youth was admir-

ably given. The part of King Adrastus in this tragedy affords an opportunity for fine acting, and both Mr. Macready and Charles Kean have been very successful in it.

The scene between Ion and King Adrastus is especially effective, and is full of poetic description. Ellen Tree used to deliver the following speech, when pleading with the king, with a pathetic music in her tones that I never heard rivalled :

“ Think upon the time

When the clear depths of thy yet lucid soul
Were ruffled with the troublings of strange joy,
As if some unseen visitant from heaven
Touched the calm lake and wreathed its images
In sparkling waves ; recall the dallying hope
That on the margin of assurance trembled,
As loath to lose in certainty too blessed
Its happy being ; taste in thought again
Of the stolen sweetness of those evening walks,
When pansied turf was air to winged feet,
And circling forests, by ethereal touch
Enchanted, wore the livery of the sky,
As if about to melt in golden light
Shapes of one heavenly vision ; and thy heart,
Enlarged by its new sympathies with one,
Grew bountiful to all.”

The language which the author puts into the mouth of Adrastus is one of the most effective and poetic character, as will be observed from the following brief extract from one of his speeches in the act above alluded to :

“To the mountains

I fled, and on their pinnacles of snow
Breasted the icy wind, in hope to cool
My spirit's fever; struggled with the oak
In search of weariness, and learned to rive
Its stubborn boughs; till limbs once lightly strung
Might mate in cordage with its infant stems;
Or on the sea-beat rock tore off the vest
Which burnt upon my bosom, and to air
Headlong committed, clove the water's depth
Which plummet never sounded.”

Ah! Talfourd's “Ion,” Ellen Tree, and Charles Kean are of the past, as are most matters in this chronicle, for is it not one of “Yesterdays”?

THE OLD TEMPLE CHURCH, LONDON

The pictured representation of the interior of this historic structure before me brings back my first visit there and the interest which thrilled me as I stood on the pave that had rung with the mailed tread of Templar knights, and beneath the dome that looked down upon them as they pronounced their vows, received their instructions from the Grand Master, with their arms and equipments, and lastly the white mantle with its embroidered red cross, and went forth to battle for the Holy Sepulchre; here, where had stood princes, kings, priests, and the bravest knights of Christendom; and here, where still rests the dust of some of the most noted knights of history—one of Cœur de Lion's knights who forced King John to sign Magna Charta,

William Plantagenet, the bold Earl of Pembroke, the protector of Henry III., and others, but

The knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;
His soul is with the saints, I trust.

WILLIAM HOGARTH

We turn the leaf, and the portrait of William Hogarth greets us, from the original picture, painted by himself, in the National Gallery in London. Lord Brougham was a great admirer of Hogarth, and I remember seeing in a room at Brougham Castle, not far from Penrith, a number of choice impressions of his works as well as some of the original paintings of the great master, which were in such worthy company as originals of Vandyke, Titian, and Tintoretto.

Probably the old "Penny Magazine," an English serial of about 1838 or thereabout, did as much as any publication to familiarize the popular mind with Hogarth's wonderful pictures, such as "The Rake's Progress," "The Harlot's Progress," "The Industrious and Idle Apprentice," etc.

The moral of Hogarth's satire was always stern and unmistakable. Here is a picture of the Bull Inn at Rochester, where, it will be remembered, was chronicled in the "Pickwick Papers" that Mr. Tupman and Mr. Jingle went to the ball, Mr. Jingle wearing Mr. Winkle's coat and thereby involving that gentleman in a hostile meeting with Dr. Slammer, — Rochester

Castle, near by, which was a charm to Mr. Pickwick, and which Mr. Jingle alluded to in his peculiar style: "Glorious pile — frowning walls — tottering arches — dark nooks — crumbling staircases." And the castle in these latter days is just as it was when Pickwick saw it, although it was built more than seven hundred years ago by Archbishop William De Corbeyl. And here comes old Cobham Hall, another feature in the beautiful county of Kent; and turning over the leaves we come to the pictured representation of Dickens' residence at Gadshill.

Gadshill! how it is associated in one's mind with fat Jack Falstaff of Shakespearean memory! Dickens' "Gadshill Place," as it was called, stands on the summit of Shakespeare's Gadshill, said to be one of the loveliest spots in the county of Kent, and must, as Fields says, "always be remembered as the last residence of Charles Dickens."

The words Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Poins, when plotting with Falstaff and Prince Hal for the robbery, were:

"But my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock early, at Gadshill! There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have vizards for you all: you have horses for yourselves."

These words Dickens had prepared in illuminated letters and placed in a frame above the first-floor landing as a greeting to his visitors.

DICKENS' CHARACTERS

"The numerous characters of his delightful books," reads the text of my volume; and opposite the page is a group of them, thirty-one in all, from the graphic pencil of "Phiz" (Hablot K. Browne), crowded into one page; and what an added interest those illustrations, in which the artist seemed to have caught the very inspiration from the author, added to his wonderful creations! There stands the benign Pickwick, one hand behind his coat-tails and the other stretched forth in argumentative gesture; Tony Weller near at hand, with the coachman's knowing wink of the left eye, and Sam, with hat cocked upon one side and mouth with that expression of quaint humor that belongs to the utterances of his original comparisons; Dolly Varden, neat, trim, and prettily rustic; Mr. Micawber, with impecuniosity and hope of something to turn up shown in his expression; Capt. Ed'ard Cuttle, mariner, in doubt as he scratches his head with his iron finger; the careworn face of the grandfather and the sweet one of little Nell; Edith Dombey, with her imperious air, and Carker, with lips just parting from his glittering teeth; the self-satisfied countenance of that complacent old humbug, Pecksniff; Squeers' cruel face, and old, artificial, made-up Turveydrop, his whole mind bent on his "deportment;" Quilp, Casby, the Marchioness, old Bumble, the Beadle, and little Dombey. What a gallery of characters, and how they were made the embodiment of

those characteristics so vividly presented by the great novelist; and I counted myself lucky to have found this appropriate illustration in a dusty pile of old pictures in a second-hand bookstore in New York.

THOMAS GRAY

Next comes a picture of Thomas Gray, the poet, and author of the beautiful "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." Why, some of us were brought up, as it were, on that piece of poetry, so popular sixty years ago!

How well I remember of a certain maiden aunt, whom I used to visit at her stately old country-house when I was a school-boy, on one occasion bringing out some of the memorials of her school-days! There was a faded sampler with a flower basket worked on a sort of canvas, with the alphabet beneath and the worker's name, stating that it was wrought A.D. 1820. Then there was a water-color painting of a lady and gentleman leaning upon a monumental urn beneath a willow tree, and the pillar that supported the urn told that a certain youthful member of the family departed this life about the same date; and then came a sheet of ruled foolscap, with half a dozen stanzas of the "Elegy," written in that readable, copperplate-like handwriting known, I think, as the Italian style—very unpopular at the present day because it can be read so easily, but nevertheless beautiful and well executed chirography. And this special specimen gained the prize in those old days, for the

excellence of its execution and the happy selection of a subject.

EARLY CHIROGRAPHY

The "Elegy" also brings to mind an old writing-master, not quite so far back, who was wont to set copies for his pupils to write, from lines extracted from it, which he delighted to present in every conceivable form. I can see him now—prim, precise, and careful; quill pen carefully prepared and top pointing over his right shoulder as he wrote for the first boy his slip:

The ploughman homeward plods his weary way.

Then came boy No. 2, who received his slip, reading:

Homeward the ploughman plods his weary way.

While boy No. 3 received one, reading:

His weary way the ploughman homeward plods.

And so on, till we were all well acquainted and as weary of the ploughman as he was of the way. But our old pedagogue, who knew the "Elegy" by heart, no sooner used up one line than he rung all the changes possible on another, although I think none were susceptible of so many as the ploughman.

Then in maturer years came the many beautiful illustrated editions of the poem, with their views of the picturesque rustic church, the churchyard and its surroundings, to be read and re-read and admired; and so it seemed as if visiting a familiar spot when, on a cer-

tain lovely summer day, I stood in Stoke Pogis Churchyard, crowded with graves, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," and where, near to the south-east window of the pretty little rustic church, is a plain square brick altar tomb, covered with blue-slate slab, which a tablet beneath the church window tells us contains the ashes of the poet as well as those of his mother and aunt. Gray's inscription on the tomb states that it contains the remains of "Dorothy Gray, widow, the tender and careful mother of many children, one of whom, only, had the misfortune to survive her."

The little churchyard at Stoke Pogis, as described in Gray's "Elegy," seemed to have the most excellent care; even the oldest of the graves and "frail memorials" being surrounded with flowers, and turf well graded, and grass neatly trimmed. There is the great yew-tree near the church door, where was the poet's favorite seat; and the church itself, which consists of two structures set side by side, is covered with clinging ivy, in which

The moping owl does to the moon complain.

One can well believe in looking about this peaceful and pretty rural churchyard, with its bright flowers, shade-trees, and the picturesque church itself filling out the background of the picture, that

Here scattered oft the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The red-breast loves to build and warble here,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

In a sort of open field which was called Stoke Park, about two hundred yards from the churchyard, stands the monument to the poet, familiar to most readers of his works, in which the pictured representation is given. It is a large sarcophagus upheld upon a square pedestal of freestone with inscriptions on three sides selected from the "Elegy" and the "Ode to Eton College." The fourth side bears the inscription:

This monument, in honor of
THOMAS GRAY,
was erected A.D. 1799,
Among the scenery
Celebrated by that great Lyric and Elegiac Poet.
He died in 1771,
And lies unnoted in the adjoining churchyard,
Under the Tombstone on which he piously
And pathetically recorded the interment
Of his Aunt and lamented Mother.

GRAY'S CLAIM TO FAME

After a visit to Windsor Castle and to Eton College, noisy with the outcoming of its scores of boys just released from recitations, the ride over the pretty English road and the quaint repose and pretty landscape surroundings of Stoke Pogis were most enjoyable, and it seemed that it might have been but yesterday he wrote his description of the pleasant surroundings, instead of more than a hundred years ago, for the "Elegy" was first published in 1750 and the "Ode" first appeared in 1747. Of Gray, Dickens said: "No poet came walk-

ing down to posterity with so *small* a book under his arm."

My portrait of Gray is engraved by Greatback from the original of Eckhardt in the collection of Strawberry Hill, and represents him as a young man leaning upon his left arm and holding a sheet of manuscript in his right hand.

V

LINCOLN'S SECRETARY OF WAR

HERE is a portrait of Hon. E. M. Stanton, who, Dickens said, had a most extraordinary knowledge of his books and a power of taking up the text at any point. Stanton, it will be remembered, was United States Secretary of War from 1862 to 1868, and was noted for being the most tremendous and indefatigable of workers during the War of the Rebellion. For months he slept in his office, working until two o'clock in the morning and rising with the sun. His assistant secretaries broke down one after the other, but, sustained by a most wonderful courage and constitution, he wrought on with the most inflexible perseverance and unqualified ability. Stanton resigned his position May, 1868, and was appointed judge of the United States Supreme Court Dec. 20, 1869. His health, however, had become so shattered by his arduous labors during the war that he died Dec. 24, 1869, before his commission to the Supreme Court bench had been made out. Stanton may truly be said to have given his life to his country.

A BIT ABOUT ACTORS

Charles Fechter, the actor, as Ruy Blas, of whom Dickens writes that he gave "a foaming stirrup-cup at

Gad's Hill," and praises his acting of Hamlet, comes next. Bright and vivacious Kate Field, whom I have known from childhood, and who is author of an excellent life of Fechter in the "American Actor Series," writes to me of him: "The material for Fechter's life was given me by the actor himself when we were good friends and he was the adoration of Boston. The criticisms of his several impersonations were the result of close and I hope of appreciative study. He was one of the few actors who put brains into their work, and was worth studying."

I thoroughly agree with Kate on this point, for Fechter put brains and originality into his impersonations that were wonderful, and, what was more, made many daring innovations upon old and conventional methods of representation, as many will recall who witnessed his performance of Hamlet. Charles Dickens wrote: "Perhaps no innovation in art was ever accepted with so much favor by so many intellectual persons precommitted to and preoccupied by another system, as Mr. Fechter's Hamlet."

Turning the leaf, and there stands before me the full-length pictorial representation of that noble son of Massachusetts, Daniel Webster. What a flood of memories it brings back of stirring times when he was the grand central figure in the midst of grand events! As I write, I can hardly realize that more than forty years have passed away since he breathed his last; and in recognition of the feeling of universal grief that pre-

vailed on the day of his funeral, business was entirely suspended in Boston, and a general trimming of public and private buildings in mourning and display of various emblems of grief and respect was made such as never before had been seen in the city on any occasion of a similar nature.

I shall always remember the first time I saw Mr. Webster, and the impression he made upon my then very youthful mind. It was at a gathering in Faneuil Hall. As he rose and stepped forward, amid tumultuous applause, I noted the broad chest, across which the blue coat was fastened with shining brass buttons, his large head, broad forehead, cavernous eye-sockets, in which shone the deep, solemn-looking dark eyes, his firm-set lip and ponderous jaw. And when the solemn hush fell on the assembly as he stretched forth his right hand and began, the deep, melodious voice rang through the hall like the musical bass notes of a church organ, his enunciation clear, emphasis strong, and the compass of his voice filled the whole hall.

The grandeur of his oratory is too well known and has been too often described to need any feeble attempt in these pages.

He fairly revelled in magnificent sentences of powerful thought, which, as Everett says, "towered in accumulative grandeur, one above the other, as if the orator strove, Titan-like, to reach the very heavens themselves."

HOW WEBSTER SPOKE

How the school-boys of my day delighted to try their powers of elocution on his supposed speech of John Adams, beginning with "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish," and ending with those lines so delightful to the American school-boy's heart: "It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment: Independence now, Independence forever!"

And did we not ring out that "Independence forever!" as if we meant it as heartily as ever did Webster, or John Adams himself? The reply to Mr. Hayne, and his encomium on Massachusetts, will not be forgotten as long as the old Bay State shall remain in existence. Nor will any loyal American ever forget the solemn and significant words:

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union. . . . Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic now known and honored throughout the earth, . . . not a stripe erased or polluted nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as 'What is all this worth?' nor those other words of 'Liberty first and Union afterwards;' but everywhere spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea

and over the land and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment dear to every American heart: LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

It is such grand utterances as these that rouse patriotism, strengthen loyalty, and awaken dormant faculties into earnest activity. Webster's words in many of his great speeches were framed into such sentences of intellectual strength and vitality as have caused them to live as utterances of sublime truth, to become a part of standard literature and a perpetual spur to noble deeds.

TENNYSON AND CHAMPAGNE

Turning over the leaf opposite the text where the author refers to hearing Tennyson read his own poetry, I find the following autographic letter:

PARK HOUSE, MAIDSTONE.

DEAR MOXON:

The enclosed is for Mr. Wheeler, the American; all the direction he has given me is Baring Bros. & Co., I suppose some great London house

Will you be so good as to get the letter conveyed to them if you know their whereabouts. Leigh Hunt's article is very unhappy in its want of insight. Send me no more — good, bad, or indifferent.

Good-bye. My head is yet vertiginous with the champagne I drank yesterday at my sister's marriage.

Ever yours truly,

A. TENNYSON.

Tennyson's ignorance of the existence of the great London banking-firm of Baring Bros. & Co. will rather surprise American readers, but it is, perhaps, an indication of how little attention he gave to the business world; and I presume the reader of these lines, like myself, would like to know what article of Leigh Hunt's it was that was deemed so "unhappy."

Wordsworth's sonnet to London as seen from Westminster Bridge brings a picture of that beautiful structure before us, and it would seem that no guide-book of London or description of the bridge is deemed complete without the introduction or quotation of the poet's sonnet. Hare's "Walks in London" ekes out a brief allusion to the bridge with the lines; Black's "Guide" quotes them; and Walford's "London Old and New" gives them.

GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL

My first introduction to Wordsworth's poetry was that which has probably been received by many another Boston school-boy of fifty years ago in that admirable selection of reading lessons, compiled by John Pierpont, "The American First Class Book," which contained the poet's story of "Goody Blake and Harry Gill." The pathetic story of poor old Goody Blake and the effect of her prayer when seized by Harry Gill for stealing a few sticks from the hedge for her fire made a deep impression on the youthful mind:

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm, —
“God! who art never out of hearing,
Oh, may he never more be warm!”
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray;
Young Harry heard what she had said,
And icy cold he turned away.

And the poem tells us that he never was warm again,
despite extra coats and blankets:

No word to any man he utters,
Abed or up, to young or old;
But ever to himself he mutters,
“Poor Harry Gill is very cold!”

HOMES OF THE POETS

How well I remember a pleasant ride years ago along Lake Windemere to Ambleside, Grasmere to Rydal Lake and Rydal Mount in England! The views were beautiful as I then saw them — high hills with little green-shored lakes set in among them like flashing brilliants, country seats, little arched stone bridges with dark, cool trout-streams running beneath them, old ivy-clad churches, and here and there a tall grove of trees with the rooks cawing in their branches.

We passed “Doves’ Nest,” where Mrs. Hemans lived for a year, Wordsworth’s house at Rydal Mount, and then visited the little cottage on the borders of Grasmere Lake where he wrote much of his best poetry. The poet’s grave is in the little village of Grasmere, a charm-

ing spot. The little church and the burial-ground are near a swift stream spanned by arched stone bridges and surrounded by scenery of rustic beauty; a plain stone inscribed with his own and his wife's name marks the spot, which seemed a fit resting-place for a poet. The gentle babble of the stream, the peaceful rustle of the grass in the churchyard, and the modest little daisies blooming upon the graves, all seemed to lend a tranquil and dreamy calm to the place that made it appear as if hallowed to the poet's repose.

Mary Russell Mitford's picture, engraved from a miniature taken when she was a child three years old, comes next, and following it the engraving of her in serene old age, from John Lucas' portrait. To many of the present generation who read these lines her name will be but as one they have heard mentioned as a writer in the past; by a host of others the name itself will be a novelty. Some of us oldsters, however, well remember her "Rienzi's Address to the Romans," that stirring speech so popular with all school-boys who went to school between the years of 1838 and 1860. It appears in her tragedy of *Rienzi*, and begins thus:

Friends, I come not here to talk.

You know too well the story of our thralldom.

We are slaves.

How I have shouted and bellowed with boyish eloquence: "Be we men and suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not the stain away in blood?" or

“Rouse ye, Romans! Rouse ye, slaves! Have ye brave sons, look in the next fierce brawl to see them die. Have ye fair daughters, look to see them live torn from your arms, disdained, dishonored. And if ye dare call for justice, be answered by the lash.”

MISS MITFORD AND MISS SEDGWICK

If Miss Mitford had never written anything but “Rienzi” her name would live in the memory of thousands of school-boys as the author of one of the best pieces for school declamation ever penned. We also remember her “Tales for Children,” and her delightful sketches of English country life, “Our Village.” Her name will recall many hours of delightful reading. A handsome illustrated edition of “Our Village,” published in London in 1879, is a prized literary treasure in my own library.

Poor Miss Mitford! she was the daughter of an English physician of extravagant habits, who dissipated several fortunes and finally became a helpless burden upon the hands of his young daughter.

Next is the portrait of Catherine M. Sedgwick, another almost forgotten writer. Her “Hope Leslie,” a novel, was among the most popular in the circulating libraries in 1842, although written fifteen years previously. As an American novelist Miss Sedgwick showed great skill in choosing American subjects. The local traditions, scenery, manner, and costume being thus entirely familiar, she had greater freedom of the creative faculty.

Many of the later productions were prepared expressly for young persons, some of them finding their way into the school reader of old time. She wrote a good firm hand, as her autograph letter before me shows, not so black and heavy as that of Miss Mitford, and more easily decipherable. Her series of sketches entitled "The Poor Rich Man and the Rich Poor Man" had quite a run in 1837, and was considered, I think, as apropos to the times in this country; 1837, it will be remembered, being a year of great commercial disaster. Miss Sedgwick died in 1867.

A BUNCH OF ACTORS

And now come three actors whom Fields speaks of in his sketch of Miss Mitford: Munden, J. P. Kemble, and Elliston. Munden, that remarkable comedian who made his *début* at Drury Lane in 1790, was distinguished for his breadth and humor, and was remarkable as one of the few coming from the provinces to London and achieving an immediate and striking success. A writer of his time says he was noted for his humor and his penuriousness. An illustration of the latter characteristic is related as taking place a short time before his death in 1832. A gentleman meeting him expressed his regret at his retirement from the stage, and begged of the old comedian some memento, no matter how slight, as a souvenir. It was a wet day, and Munden had a cheap old gingham umbrella in his hand which he hastily thrust into the gentleman's grasp, saying, "Me-

mento? There, take that, we'll exchange souvenirs." And seizing the other's handsome silk umbrella he toddled off, chuckling over this profitable exchange of mementos.

John Philip Kemble, noble representative of the grandest family of great actors, and whose name occupies so prominent a place in dramatic history! Who does not recall Sir Thomas Lawrence's grand picture of him, in the character of Hamlet, standing by Ophelia's grave, with his deep, thoughtful eyes upraised to heaven, his broad brow shaded by the plumed hat, and the "inky cloak" falling gracefully back from his shoulders?

It is a picture that has graced hundreds of annuals and dramatic histories, and in larger size the rooms of lovers of dramatic art and poetry, theatrical green-rooms, and even hotel bar-rooms, and down to this day may be found framed and decorating walls where gather together those of Thespian tastes and occupation. That figure is the ideal one of Hamlet, and continued to be and is to-day, although Fechter in his representation gave us a blond instead of a dark Hamlet.

HENDERSON'S HAMLET

Henderson was the Hamlet of the English stage, and an excellent one, being considered the worthy successor of Garrick until Kemble came forward in 1783; and although public opinion was divided, and it was insisted that the two actors were rivals, yet such feeling did not exist. Adolphus, in his life of Bannister, speaking of

this erroneous report, says that "at a late period of his life, Mr. Kemble has been heard to describe it as one of his misfortunes that he never had the advantage of improving by any performer better than himself except Mr. Henderson." It was of Kemble, it will be recollected, that the famous lines of Thomas Campbell were spoken, in which occurs the following extract so often applied to celebrated members of the profession in these later days. I must plead guilty to using it, as appropriate, in my own address to Charlotte Cushman on the occasion of her final retirement from the stage, which took place at the Globe Theatre in Boston, May 15, 1875 :

Yours [his] was the spell o'er hearts
 That only acting lends —
 The youngest of the sister arts,
 Where all their beauty blends :
 For ill can poetry express
 Full many a tone of thought sublime ;
 And painting, mute and motionless,
 Steals but a glance of Time ;
 But by the mighty actor brought,
 Illusion's perfect triumphs come,
 Verse ceases to be airy thought,
 And sculpture to be dumb.

CHANNING AND SIGOURNEY

The mild, thoughtful face of William Ellery Channing, the most eloquent preacher and ablest teacher that Unitarianism ever had in this country, whose works to-day are among the ablest arguments and clearest

expressions of that denomination, comes next, and his letter to his friend, A. B. Alcott, begging for letters of introduction to friends in Providence.

This portrait of Channing has often been admired by engraving experts and collectors. It bears the imprint of I. Gambardella and I. Horsburg as painter and engraver, and is one of those soft, beautifully tinted plates and faultless impressions that delight the eye of the connoisseur.

Lydia H. Sigourney: the memory of her poems and stories lingers only in the minds, I fear, of elderly readers of to-day, but in her prime, in "the thirties," some used to call her the "Hemans of America." The regularity and beauty of her penmanship must have made her a popular writer with the printer, for seldom does so good a piece of copy come into his hands as the autograph letter facing her portrait, engraved by Burt from a painting by Alexander, a Boston artist of celebrity in her time.

THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH

What a wonder to us youngsters at school was it to be told the story of a blacksmith who found time from the labors of the forge to study and to become so well versed in ancient and modern languages as to be proficient in more than twenty different ones! How we imagined the delight it must be to such a man to roam through France and Spain, Norway and Sweden, Germany and Italy, and converse fluently and understand

easily the natives of each country ! Then we were told that he could talk with the Mussulman in Constantinople, the Egyptian at Cairo, or the sheik on the Arabian Desert with equal facility. In those days, when even the knowledge of one language beside our own was an accomplishment, such an individual as Elihu Burritt, who was master of twenty or more, was a wonder.

With what interest did I, as a boy, read over his diary of daily duties in one of his books : "Worked all day at the forge ;" and then came, "spent three hours at Sanscrit ;" or, "mastered four pages more of Hebrew ;" "another hard day at forge," etc. An artisan friend of mine, who swung a skilful hammer and was himself a diligent scholar, used to delight in pointing out these passages to me as an evidence "that," as he said, "blacksmiths could excel professional scholars and not neglect their work at the forge."

Burritt was born in New Britain, Conn., in 1811. His range of study embraced more or less Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and other Oriental tongues, and almost all modern European and Slavonic languages. Burritt devoted his life and education as an "apostle of peace ;" and his hobby was to preach the doctrine of "universal brotherhood," in the pursuance of which he travelled extensively both in Europe and the United States. He took a prominent part in peace congresses held in Brussels, Paris, Frankfort, and Edinburgh. Two of his books bore the characteristic titles of "Sparks from the

Anvil" and "Olive Leaves." He died in 1879, at the age of sixty-eight.

The reader must keep in mind that these pages are the description of an "extra illustrated" book; and in giving it faithfully the author mentions the (extra) illustrations called for by the text, which he has collected in the order in which they come as we go from page to page, and in so doing gives the thoughts suggested, the reminiscences connected with or his personal recollections of the subject which are or were brought up by the illustration, in the search for it, or by the contemplation of it after having placed it in proper position. The autograph letter brings us into a still closer connection with the author mentioned, as we scan the very paper that has been pressed beneath his palm and the characters traced by his pen.

Referring in this manner to my various illustrations, it is not surprising that the transitions may occasionally be rather sudden.

GEORGE B. TICKNOR

Turning once more to our "Yesterdays with Authors," I find a cluster of bright stars which bring together a group of counterfeit presentments and autographic mementos that are most interesting. First comes that excellent Bostonian and scholar, George B. Ticknor, one of those to whom his native city owes so much for his unwearied efforts, with Everett, Bates, and others, in establishing the Boston Public Library, to-day

the second in magnitude in this country. Ticknor was born in Boston, Aug. 1, 1791. Boston was then a town of only eighteen thousand inhabitants. His parents were of true New England stock; his father was born in Lebanon, Conn., and his mother in Sharon, Mass.

Ticknor was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and his great work on the "History of Spanish Literature" retains the chief place in its department. It was published in 1849, and was greeted with universal commendation by the critics and scholars of every country. It has been translated into French, German, and Spanish. This and his "Life of Prescott" are too well known to need comment here. The Boston Public Library, to which he devoted so much care and labor in its earlier days, it may be remembered, was enriched by the gift of his unrivalled collection of works on Spanish literature. Ticknor died at his residence at the corner of Park and Beacon Streets, which is still standing, on the 26th of January, 1892.

Opposite his portrait I have placed an interesting autograph letter of his written in Edinburgh, March 10, 1819, to Robert Southey, the poet. It is directed to the poet's residence, Greta Hall, Keswick, and encloses a letter of introduction from Mr. Coleridge. Mr. Ticknor announces his intention of spending a day in Keswick, and of calling upon Southey to "see you an hour or two before I recross the Atlantick." . . . "I shall pass a day or two with Mr. Scott," he says, "at Abbotsford," where Southey's letter of reply will reach him.

Next we must naturally give Southey's picture, which is one engraved from a drawing by Hancock (1796) in the possession of Mr. Cottle; opposite this is another autographic memorial in form of a letter of the poet, dated March, 1837, acknowledging the gift of a portrait of Chatterton.

Southey's fame and fortunes were more or less associated with those of Wordsworth and Coleridge, but he was not equal to either of them in genius. He was said to be in life, opinion, and writings a type of literary England during and after the Napoleonic wars. Southey died in 1843.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

Here is the portrait of Thomas Campbell, whose name will ever be associated in my mind with his beautiful poems of "Hohenlinden" and "Lochiel's Warning," poems familiar as the multiplication table to every New England school-boy of fifty years ago, and the latter to-day as effective and graphic a poetic picture to the present as to former generations. These poems were first printed in 1802 anonymously, and dedicated to Rev. Archibald Alison, prebendary of Salisbury. The history of the familiar lines,

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before,

is interesting. The poet had retired to sleep meditating on his composition of the Wizard's Warning; suddenly awaking, he exclaimed:

Events to come cast their shadows before.

That was the idea he had vainly sought for a week. Starting from his couch he rang for a candle and a cup of tea, and then, at two o'clock in the morning, in a fit of mingled inspiration and impatience, wrote down his happy thought, changing it, however, to read as it does at present, and continued on till he had completed his first sketch of Lochiel. This first sketch, it may be mentioned, contained the following lines, which were rejected from the printed poem :

Wizard.— I tell thee, yon death-loving raven shall hold

His feast on the field ere the quarry be cold,

And the pall of his wing o'er Culloden shall wave,

Exulting to cover the blood of the brave.

Four very effective lines and worthy of place with others of the poem. Those two poems of Campbell's were probably as often recited by American school-boys as any production printed in the English language, their easy rhythm, dramatic character, and forcible expressions making them great favorites with youthful declaimers. Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" appeared April 27, 1779, when he was twenty-one years of age, and he received sixty pounds for the copyright. It attracted attention of the leading literary characters of the day, among them Madame de Staël, who expressed her ardent admiration of it to the poet, telling him she had read it again and again without lessening the effect produced by its first perusal.

OLD POEMS

What impressions the youthful mind gets of authors, or, rather, how it associates them especially with that particular story, poem, or production to which he first saw their name attached! Thus, while at an early age that of Campbell became so inseparably connected with the two poems above referred to, from so frequently having them before my sight when bending over the book at the school desk and seeing their familiar titles, "Lochiel's Warning, Campbell," "Hohenlinden, Campbell," so was that—to me, in boyhood's time—wonderful "Rime of Ye Ancient Mariner, Coleridge," another of the lake poets, so called because he settled down to live in Keswick, the lake district of Westmoreland, where Southey, Wordsworth, and others lived.

I used to read it as a sort of semi-ghost story, and first found it among a pile of old volumes in a dimly lighted attic room, and was thrilled with the description as, with a sort of half shudder, I read:

He holds him with his glittering eye,
The Wedding Guest stood still,

and then looked at the picture of a weird old man with long beard and tattered garments, arresting with outstretched hand and devilish expression of countenance a young fellow before a castle gate. And again, where the lines ran:

Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea,

there was a wood-cut of a sort of giant centipede with fins and an enormous head represented coming up out of the ocean — something like what I imagined the sea serpent to be.

JOHN G. WHITTIER

Ah! what queer old pictures they used to put into books fifty years ago! Compare them with the beautiful and artistic creations illustrating different editions of the poem to-day, from the pencil of Doré, Birket, Foster, and others. Now comes a sweet New England poet. Here is the calm face of John G. Whittier; and this letter to me, in his own autograph, tells when Ticknor & Fields published the first complete edition of his poems:

DANVERS, 5 mo., 2, 1887.

DEAR FRIEND:

There were several publications of my anti-slavery poems printed in 1843, when Ticknor & Fields, or W. D. Ticknor & Co. (I am not certain which), published "Lays of my Home," a collection of ballads and miscellaneous pieces. In 1849 a larger collection was published by B. B. Muzzey & Co.

The first complete edition of my poems was published in 1857 by Ticknor & Fields.

It was rather a bold thing to publish my poems as early as 1843, as I was then outlawed by reason of my anti-slavery record.

I am very truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

He also tells, as the reader sees, over his own signature, that it was a bold thing in 1843 to publish a poem against slavery, and that he was then practically out-

lawed for his anti-slavery sentiments. But public opinion has changed since then. For then such poems were admired and cherished only by few persons, belonging to what was considered an insignificant and rather despised party, but he lived to see that party become the great and dominant one of the country, and the poems cherished as veritable inspired ballads of true freedom.

Whittier was born in Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 17, 1807, and died at Hampton Falls, N.H., Sept. 7, 1892. His first writings were for the "Gazette," of Haverhill, and the "Free Press," of Newburyport, Mass. "Snow-Bound," which was written in 1866, is undoubtedly the most popular of Whittier's poems. Every New Englander recognizes the faithful pictures of New England farm life of fifty years ago, now so rapidly passing away. They are beautiful in their faithfulness, and I have heard them read by many a gray-haired man or woman with a quiver of the voice or a tear in the eye, as the picture of the country fireside recalled to memory the loved scenes of their own youth and dear ones that had gone before. "The Tent on the Beach" was another of his most charming poems, and nearly equalled "Snow-Bound." Whittier's last literary production was his poem to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the "Atlantic Monthly" for September, 1892.

It was my good fortune to meet the poet two or three times, once in particular at the home of his friend, Ex-Governor William Claflin, to whom he was paying a

visit. The conversation, singularly enough, turned upon actors and acting. I say singularly enough, for Whittier, Quaker that he was, knew little or nothing of the subject; but the relation of a theatrical anecdote illustrative of the comical blunders made upon the stage excited as hearty a peal of laughter from him as from any of the company present.

Later on, becoming the possessor of a beautiful life-size picture illustrating his poem of "Maud Muller," the production of Miss Gardner and Bougereau, the French artist, I invited him to come and view it and give his opinion of it as a correct representation. A charming letter from the poet regretted that the state of his health would not then permit it, and recalled the evening at Governor Claflin's and how much he enjoyed the theatrical story. Enclosed were the lines from his poem, with his signature, which were the subject of the painting, closing with these two:

And the young girl mused beside the well
Till the rain on her unraked clover fell.

The painting referred to is a full length of a beautiful young girl seated on a bank, rake in hand, her straw hat just fallen loosely back from her head, and a thoughtful look upon her beautiful face. Her bare arms, feet, and easy pose of the figure are beautifully executed. Beneath it hangs the poet's autographic description that I have referred to.

Whittier was an intensely national poet, and his

genius has been recognized not only in admiration of his writings, but in the naming of localities for him, and in the desire to visit his birthplace, his residence and favorite resorts. His body rests in the Friends' Cemetery at Amesbury, Mass., where it was laid with simple ceremonies according to Quaker custom on the tenth of September, 1892.

“BERNARDO DEL CARPIO”

Mrs. Hemans! Again one of the poets of my youthful days of pleasant memory. How well we loved her beautiful lines of “Cœur de Lion at the Bier of his Father”! What school-boy of fifty years ago is there living to-day who does not know “Bernardo del Carpio” by heart, and recall the first lines as he used to recite them:

The warrior bowed his crested head
And tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free
His long-imprisoned sire.

“Casabianca” has become a classic, for it has been quoted heroically, ironically, and absurdly, to illustrate subjects, or parodied for purposes of burlesque, till it has become as familiar to readers as “Jack and the Beanstalk” or “Cinderella.” But what song is more charming to the New England ear than the beautiful poem of the “Landing of the Pilgrims,” that has place in so many of our New England hymn-books, and which the contralto singer of the choir, if a good one, renders so

sweetly and effectively on the Sunday nearest the 22d of December (Forefathers' Day) at church —

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast.

The original manuscript of this beautiful poem would have been bound into my volume of "Yesterdays with Authors" but for the author of "Yesterdays." I received a catalogue of autographic manuscripts offered for sale by a London dealer, in which that was mentioned. I immediately wrote for it, at the price specified, but received by return mail the reply that the dealer regretted that he could not fill my order, as the manuscript had been purchased before my letter was received, by an American who was there, one Mr. James T. Fields. This valuable memento was presented by Mr. Fields to the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, and is now on exhibition, I think, in their collection at Pilgrim Hall in that place. I really think Mrs. Hemans was far more esteemed as a poet in this than in her own country, for though she wrote no long poems of remarkable merit, yet her short ones were generally perfect in pathos and sentiment, and written in a style sweet, natural, and pleasing.

VI

THE AUTOCRAT

PASSING the portrait of Cardinal Wiseman, who is mentioned in the text, I turn the page and find this letter, with the portrait of the writer facing it :

286 BEACON STREET, Dec. 31, 1883.

MR. CURTIS GUILD :

MY DEAR SIR: The first edition of my poems was printed and published by Otis & Broaders, a firm of booksellers and publishers that lasted some years. The next edition was one which Mr. Fields got printed in London, and the third was published by Ticknor & Fields.

Very truly yours,

O. W. HOLMES.

My most pleasant youthful recollections of poetry are of the delightful verses of this poet, so much beloved here in New England and especially in Boston. That inspiring and patriotic poem, "Old Ironsides," holds a place in my own family that may be worthy of mention. As a boy of thirteen I recited it at school, receiving the highest mark therefor. Twenty-five years after, when I had a son old enough to be declaiming at school, he came to me to select a good piece. "Old Ironsides" was suggested, and with this representative of the second generation proved equally successful.

But on still another occasion was it first. It chanced

that soon after the War of the Rebellion was concluded the writer of these lines was present at a little supper of half-a-dozen guests at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Among them were Cassius M. Clay, T. C. Durant, a well-known promoter of the Union Pacific Railroad, the secretary of the Russian minister, and Commodore (afterwards Admiral) Boggs, who, it will be recollected, commanded the "Varuna" in Farragut's gulf squadron, and in April, 1861, in the attack on the Mississippi forts, destroyed six Confederate gunboats and fought till his own ship sank under him, succeeding in driving his last antagonist ashore in flames. The conversation turned upon Tennyson's "Charge of the Six Hundred," which an enthusiastic lover of the British poet, who was also present, declared to be the most martial poem ever written, and one well calculated to excite wild enthusiasm if well recited.

TENNYSON *versus* HOLMES

"Bah!" exclaimed one of the company, half in jest, "the rhythm is faulty, and some of the lines remind me of pumpkins rolling over a barn floor. For instance:

"Some one had blundered:

* * * * *

Rode the six hundred!"

"I defy any one to name an American poem so inspiring," exclaimed the excited lover of Tennyson.

I modestly ventured to remark that there was Holmes' poem of "Old Ironsides."

“Do you know the lines?” was demanded.

“Oh, yes! I declaimed them more than thirty years ago at school.”

“Well, I challenge you to recite ‘Old Ironsides’ and I will recite ‘The Charge of the Light Brigade,’ and we will abide by the verdict of the company as to which is the more inspiring.”

“The Charge” was recited first, and it is but justice to say it was done admirably, and I felt doubtful as to the result. At its conclusion, and after the applause following it had ceased, I began back in “A Metrical Essay,” in which the author re-presented the poem with this introduction:

Some prouder muse, when comes the hour at last,
May shake our hillsides with her bugle blast;
Not ours the task; but since the lyric dress
Relieves the statelier with its sprightliness,
Hear an old song, which some perchance have seen
In stale gazette or cobwebbed magazine.
There was an hour when patriots dared profane
The mast that Britain strove to bow in vain;
And one, who listened to the tale of shame,
Whose heart still answered to that sacred name,
Whose eye still followed o’er his country’s tides
The glorious flag, our brave “Old Ironsides”!
From yon lone attic, on a summer’s morn,
Thus mocked the spoilers with his school-boy scorn.

Then followed the well-known verses, beginning:

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!

By the time I was half through the first verse of

Holmes' "Old Ironsides," I saw the face of Commodore Boggs light up and his eye flash; "Cash" Clay, too, was all attention, inspired by that magnetism that comes from audience to speaker when patriotic sentiment is enlisted; the old fire burst out in the verse:

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave.

The poet's lines had their effect on the audience, for at their conclusion brave old Boggs brought down his sailor fist with a force upon the table that made all the glasses dance, and the exclamation of "That's so, by Jupiter!" while Clay leaped to his feet with "Hurrah for the American flag!"

As may be imagined, Holmes's verses were victorious, and probably owed their victory more to the patriotic fervor their sentiment aroused than to the style of their recitation.

Some time after, in a conversation with Dr. Holmes, I related the events above recorded, and remarked that the poem had now become so much of a household word in my family that I wanted an autographic signed copy of it.

HOLMES AND HIS POEMS

To this request the genial poet assented, and not only furnished me with the verses as requested, but a letter stating when, where, and under what circumstances the

poem was written, which forms one of the choice *morceaux* that I have in a Holmes souvenir containing other autographic copies of some of his most celebrated poems and interesting correspondence relative thereto, — a unique and interesting memorial.

Nearly all of Holmes' earlier poems were eagerly pounced upon by the school-boys within the past fifty years. "Old Ironsides," "The Dorchester Giant," "The Spectre Pig," "Mysterious Stranger," "Music Grinders," "Comet," "Treadmill Song," "How the Old Horse Won the Race," "One-Horse Shay," "Ballad of the Oysterman," and others, have been recited over and over again on New England school platforms till they are as familiar as household words.

It was in an original poetical epistle congratulating him on his eightieth anniversary that I ventured to emphasize this fact, as will be seen in the tribute here given :

TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

AUGUST 29, 1889

Dear poet of our youthful days,
Thy flowing verse, thy graceful lays,
So musical in rounded rhyme,
They charm us still in manhood's time;
For, though our locks be tinged with frost,
None of thy magic power is lost.
With retrospective glance, the sight
Looks back to years when hearts were light;
To school-boy days dear memory glides,
When rang thy grand "Old Ironsides"

From tongues whose patriotic fire
Woke at the fervor of thy lyre.
"The Spectre Pig," the stranger tall
Who stalked unbid to Commons Hall.
"My Aunt," unmarried and alone,
The giants and the pudding stone;
And how in merry measure ran
"The Ballad of the Oysterman."
Now discord grates on nerve and ear;
"The Music Grinders" still are here,
But yield to laughter loud and long,
That greets the tramping "Treadmill Song."
Thy wit and humor's rattling pace
Told "How the Old Horse Won the Race."
Who'll e'er forget that's read it, pray,
"The Story of the One-Horse Shay"?
And then in verse more glorious
Floats forth "The Chambered Nautilus."
With memory's tear each cheek is wet,
And thoughts of sadness or regret
Mingled with jests o'er sparkling wine,
When meet "The Class of Twenty-Nine"
(The few that time has spared) and poise
Their glasses to this toast — "The Boys."
What though the fourscore years have flown!
Thy sway, dear "Autocrat," we own;
Thy torch, triumphant, still shall burn,
Though Death thy life's "Last Leaf" may turn.
May many "Hundred Days" go past
Ere comes the one thou countest last.

HOLMES' TABLE TALK

There is no questioning the genial Doctor's wit; it not only shines in his writings, but sparkles in his con-

versation. I recall an exceedingly neat pun of his, made some years ago, when Fields was living. A group, including Fields the poet, John Gilbert the actor, and the writer of these lines chanced to be sitting on the piazza of a hotel at Manchester-by-the-Sea, viewing a particularly fine sunset. Comments on the lovely hues of the clouds were made, when suddenly there issued forth a lady from the hotel door and began a promenade with her friend up and down the piazza. Both had those rustling stiff dress-skirts that made their presence evident by a sort of skir! skir! as the owners strode on, and in passing our little group they whirled around with a glance down at us as they swept away.

"What do you think of that, Doctor?" asked Fields, who had paused in a panegyric on clouds and setting sun. "That?" remarked the Doctor, glancing first at the ladies and then at the sunset. "Clothes (close) of the day, that's all."

Of all his poems Holmes himself liked "The Chambered Nautilus" the best; but in 1886, at a private reading given by himself and James Russell Lowell, of their own productions, at a gentleman's residence where the writer was one of the audience, and where Holmes read that and "How the Old Horse Won the Race," the unanimous opinion was in favor of the latter.

BROWNING

The portrait and an autograph letter of Robert Browning! I confess to a little nervousness in attempting, in this year of grace, 1893, writing a word about this now distinguished poet. Distinguished to-day in our American literary and social circles by having his poems read, explained, lectured upon, and discussed; literary clubs formed for the express purpose of studying his style as a writer and the hidden meaning of his expressions; Browning clubs that listen to labored essays written respecting his poems, and to recitals of them from skilled readers and ardent students. Old-fashioned readers who have been brought up on Shakespeare, Byron, and Scott, and have made modern acquaintance with Bryant, Longfellow, and Tennyson, stand back dismayed at their ignorance of Browning as compared with the knowledge possessed by members of many of our social literary clubs of to-day.

How much my own judgment may be deficient in proper admiration of this admirable writer may be noted in the confession of admiration of his spirited and graphic ballad of "How They Brought the Good News to Ghent," also "An Incident of the French Camp," which told of another young messenger who brought the news of the capture of Ratisbon to Napoleon, "a mile or so away," and who, in reply to the Emperor's query:

“You’re wounded!” “Nay,” the soldier’s pride
 Touched to the quick, he said,
 “I’m killed, Sire!” and his chief beside,
 Smiling, the boy fell dead.

MOTHERWELL

Years and years ago, I think in the “rousing forties,” Ticknor & Co. published an edition of Motherwell’s poems; a recollection of which comes to mind, as a portrait of this Scotch minstrel is the next one that greets us after leaving Browning. A fine piece of versification I think is Motherwell’s “Wooing Song of Jarl Egill,” in which the poet succeeded in bringing the old Norsemen and Vikings into his poem in graphic as well as melodious style:

“Bright maiden of Orkney,
 Star of the blue sea!
 I’ve swept o’er the waters
 To gaze upon thee;
 I’ve left spoil and slaughter,
 I’ve left a far strand,
 To sing how I love thee,
 To kiss thy small hand!

“Ay, daughter of Elnar,
 Right tall mayst thou stand;
 It is a Vikingar
 Who kisses thy hand;
 It is a Vikingar
 That bends his proud knee,
 And swears by great Freya
 His bride thou must be!”

This song and "The Battle Flag of Sigurd," another Norse poem, found prime favor among the students in the class of 1842-5 of the English High School of Boston, and were recited by young elocutionists of those days with vigor upon the school platform at school exhibitions, and are doubtless remembered by others beside the writer, on account of the passages embodying the old legends of the Norsemen, always a favorite theme of Motherwell's.

Motherwell in 1828 became the editor of the Paisley "Advertiser," Scotland, and in 1830 accepted an invitation of the proprietors to take the management of the Glasgow "Courier," a position which he held until his death in 1835, at the early age of thirty-seven.

"The Battle Flag of Sigurd" appeared in one of these papers, the Paisley "Advertiser," and many of his other poems were written while performing the arduous editorial duties of the Glasgow sheet.

What an array of literary lights the turning over the leaves of this volume summons up! Sitting here in my library, surrounded by many of the enduring products of their minds, as face after face appears the recollection of some of the delightful creations of their imagination is recalled, and the interest with which we followed the hero of their story, or thread of their argument, through page after page in years long past. How the old time comes o'er one, too, in recalling when and where we read them; and the pages once more turned o'er, the scene again recalled, we dreamily live o'er again in

pleasant memories of scenes of years ago, and perchance of friends long passed away who hallowed those scenes with their loved presence.

EUGENE SUE

“The Mysteries of Paris” and “The Wandering Jew,” by Eugene Sue. What an excitement they created, in the forties, in America! Young and old devoured with avidity the scenes in the former novel at the Tapis Franc, followed the adventures of the terrible “School-master” and Chouette with a shudder, pitied Fleur-de-Marie, thought Tortillard a little demon, Rodolph a hero, and admired the rough bravery of the Chourineur. In truth, it was an exciting story, of most absorbing interest, and is to-day, being a picture of a disreputable part of old Paris as it once was.

The story was dramatized here in America with great success, the characters, plot, and “situations” affording admirable opportunities for character delineations and stage effects, which were made the most of in the production of the piece. My picture of the French novelist is a good steel engraving from the “New York Illustrated Magazine,” long since defunct, and represents him pulling the bell at the entrance to his lodgings, the engraving being surrounded by vignette illustrations of scenes from the two novels above mentioned.

WALTER SCOTT

Walter Scott, glorious "Wizard of the North," how many thousands of hearts have thrilled with delight at thy melodious poetry, graphic descriptions, and splendid novels! How by his magic was history invested with new interest; desolate moors, wild wastes, and rough hillsides made poetic by his pen. The working of his industrious brain and pen have been worth millions to his countrymen, made Scotland a land of romance, poetry, and song, invested its old cities, its castles, battlefields, rivers, and mountains with an interest that is intensely gratifying and absorbing. Certainly the reading of such poems as "The Lady of the Lake," "Marmion," and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and such novels as "Rob Roy" and "Ivanhoe," created an intense desire to look upon the locality of the scenes which he had so vividly pictured.

With what a sigh of satisfaction was it that I first stood in the streets of old Edinburgh, where were Holyrood, Edinburgh Castle, the Canongate, the Tolbooth, and where a hundred scenes connected with Scottish history were enacted, the very names of which helped the melodious flow of the rhythm of Scott's entrancing poetry, which from youth I had been taught to repeat, and which had long been looked upon in imagination, and now were to be surveyed in reality.

How the "Tales of a Grandfather" were recalled, and how the wonderful Waverley Novel scenes came

thronging to recollection, with the fierce Highlanders, the silken courtiers, knights, battles, spearmen, bonnie King Jamie, Rob Roy, and old Isaac of York.

There in Edinburgh was the old Grassmarket, surrounded by lofty old houses, every one of which had a history. Some of them were two or three hundred years old, and Scott says, in his "Heart of Midlothian," were formerly the property of the Knights Templars and Knights of St. John — houses that looked down upon the furious mob that hanged Captain Porteous. At one end of the old city stands Holyrood, and at the other was Edinburgh Castle, both of which figure so conspicuously in his writings; and through one of the streets in the old city rode Dundee, while the drums in the town were beating to arms to pursue him. Scott's song of "Bonnie Dundee" was recalled in walking over this course:

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat,
But the provost, douce man! said, "Just e'en let him be,
For the town is well rid of that de'il of Dundee."

We also realize the power of the great poet and novelist's writings in looking upon the architectural beauties of the ruined Melrose Abbey, with elegant Gothic arches and pillars:

With base and with capital flourished around,
Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

The great east window is an architectural poem, the

lightness of its proportions and beauty of its tracery at once impressing the beholder, while the romantic beauty of the whole ruin lives in one's memory as a joy forever.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

So it was through all the scenes described in the "Lady of the Lake," which is a perfect poetic guide through that country, and in standing on the field of Bannockburn, where Bruce planted the Scottish standard successfully, and

The monarch rode along the van,
The foe's approaching force to scan,

and smote down Sir Henry Bowne of the English forces, who rashly

Spurred his steed and couched his lance
And darted on the Bruce at once.

All over the ride of Fitz James in his hunt, where, after losing his retinue, he meets Roderick Dhu, the scenes of the poem come back to one, and when reaching "Coilantogle Ford," which, it will be remembered, was the spot

Far past Clan Alpine's outmost guard,

where was the scene of the combat between Fitz James and the Highland chief, in which

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu
That on the heath his targe he threw ;

for the combat so vividly described ended in his igno-

minious defeat. I have not space to tell in these pages of what a keen delight it was, after years of longing, to visit these scenes made so familiar in imagination by the poet's pen.

Scotland certainly owes much to Scott for successfully preserving the traditions and romance of the country and investing them with new interest to the whole civilized world, for strengthening Scottish national traits, and inculcating new pride to preserve the relics of Scottish bravery and noble deeds among all classes, high and low.

SCOTT AND SCOTLAND

Thousands of the Scotch people are to-day indebted to the labors of this indefatigable and wonderful man for their daily bread. The printing-press still throws off fresh editions of his novels and poems, and the pictures, carved relics, guide-books, ruins, localities otherwise of little account, that his pen has made valuable property, are something marvellous. Fashions of jewelry, plaids, dress, and ornaments of to-day owe their popularity to it, and what would be forgotten ruins, nameless huts, or uninviting wastes it has made of almost priceless value and the Mecca of travellers of all nations.

I certainly prize the autographic letter of Scott that follows the portrait in my volume. It is to James Bal-lantyne, on the 5th of April, 1819, and in it he writes the couplet:

Oh, Jedidiah, father dear,
When shall I get to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy tomes, when shall I see?

I cannot confess to being so familiar with the writings of him whose portrait succeeds Scott's, although it represents one whose name is among the most celebrated of the English Church, Jeremy Taylor, who, although but the son of a humble Cambridge barber, became illustrious by the splendor of his literary achievements. His greatest works appeared between 1647 and 1660, and he is described as having no equal in the whole series of ecclesiastical writers for richness of fancy, ranking among the first men of his age in point of learning, subtlety of argument, elevation of devout feeling, and philosophic largeness of view.

TAGLIONI

It is somewhat of a lengthy and sudden step from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century, and from the pulpit to the theatre. And speaking of steps, it is perhaps appropriate to remark that Madame Taglioni, who made her *début* in Paris in 1827, where she created a perfect furore, and was at once recognized as the first of ballet dancers, was distinguished for the marvellous grace of her "steps." Indeed, the somewhat cold Macready seems to have been warmed up to an ecstatic point by her appearance, for he says in his diary in 1833:

What is Taglioni? A realization of some young poet's dream, whose amorous fancy offered to his slumbers beside some stream or fountain the nymph whose divine being consecrated the natural beauty of the scene. She presents to me an ideal of the soul of a Peri tenanted by a woman's form.

Taking this as the opinion of one unaccustomed to speak enthusiastically, we may not wonder that she danced a fortune from the public sufficient to enable her to buy four of the finest palaces in Venice, by way of investment, in 1851, restoring them in great taste to let to Russian and English noblemen.

A BOSTON BANKER

Ah! here comes the portrait of an old-time banker-poet of Boston, Charles Sprague, who was cashier of the Globe Bank, in Boston, 'way back in the twenties, and quite a noted poet down to the forties. Sprague first became known as a poet from being, in 1821, the successful competitor for a prize offered for a poem on the opening of the Park Theatre, New York. He was quite successful in this direction, receiving the prize no less than six different times for poems on the American stage. One of these was an ode for the pageant in honor of Shakespeare at the Boston Theatre in 1823. He also delivered, in 1830, an ode at the second centennial celebration of the settlement of Boston. An edition of Sprague's poems was published in 1855.

AN ANECDOTE OF CHARLES SPRAGUE

He retained his position at the Globe Bank until 1865, and I well remembered him as a most kindly and genial old gentleman. A fac-simile of his graceful flowing signature is beneath my portrait of him, which was engraved for the New York "Mirror." It is with the old-fashioned prefix, "Your obedient Servant;" and on looking at it I am reminded of an anecdote respecting the poet's autograph.

A young gentleman coming hastily into the bank just as the cashier was leaving it, one day, accosted him with:

"Ah, Mr. Sprague! Glad I have caught you, wouldn't have missed you for five dollars."

"Indeed!" said the banker poet. "What can I do for you?"

"I desire your autograph, sir, to add to a collection I am making."

"Ah! you are complimentary," said Sprague. Then, with a twinkle in his eye, "Have you a five-dollar note in your pocket?"

"Certainly," said the visitor, producing one.

"Very good," was the reply. "Mr. Stevens," continued the poet, turning to the teller, "please to exchange this for one of our five-dollar notes."

"You will find my autograph on that, sir, quite distinctly written," and, bowing to his visitor, left him standing quite astonished with the five-dollar note in his hand.

Upon another occasion an individual in company, in an affected style, asked him :

“What means do you use most successfully to woo the muse?”

“If you mean to write verses, sir,” said the genial poet, “I find a good black Principe cigar to be quite a promoter of thought, but it cannot be recommended in all cases.”

It makes a feeling of sadness come over one to turn to the writings of authors once the most popular and best known of their day, who, in what to us oldsters seemed but a few short years, but which younger scribblers will designate as more than a quarter of a century, — sad to reflect how transitory are fame and popularity, and how few authors’ works stand the test of time and become permanent literature.

GRACE GREENWOOD

The reader will find numerous illustrations of this fact in these pages, the recalling of names well remembered by elderly persons, who remember how delightful were their literary productions in their time, now almost forgotten, and by the present generation almost unknown. “Grace Greenwood,” Mrs. Sara J. (Clarke) Lippincott, of Philadelphia, — what pleasant sketches and stories she used to write for the magazine, “Godey’s Lady’s Book,” that noted old periodical, in the “forties”! Her “Greenwood Leaves,” stories for children, in a juvenile magazine called the “Little Pilgrim,” and

"Stories from Many Lands" were very popular in their day. Her pleasant face and excellent penmanship in the autographic letter to Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, as I look upon them, call up pleasant memories of the past.

A picture of Judge Blackstone, in his judicial robes and the ridiculous, big curled wig worn by English judges, next confronts me. I must confess to a limited knowledge of this worthy, beyond the fact of hearing his name frequently quoted in my younger days by gentlemen of the legal profession as author of the somewhat celebrated "Blackstone's Commentaries;" but as more than a century has now passed since they were written, and so many alterations are requisite to adapt them to the law as it is at present, they have to all intents served their purpose, and must be now valuable chiefly as materials for history.

BÉRANGER, THE FRENCH POET

From law to poetry is a pleasant step. Béranger, that great poet of the French people, sits sadly in the picture, represented as in confinement in the prison of La Force, whither he was sent in 1828, for the poems that so fiercely attacked those then in power.

A fine of ten thousand francs was an additional penalty. But neither confinement nor fine dulled the poet's imagination or the keen edge of his satire. The prison became the resort of the most eminent men of the country, and it was there he prepared those telling shafts that were launched with such effect upon the

Bourbons, and contributed so much towards their overthrow. Béranger's fine was paid by his friends; he refused office and emolument from Napoleon during the "hundred days," and from Louis Napoleon and Eugénie when they were in power, and throughout his career proved himself a man of fearless independence, manliness, and sound common-sense.

He died in Paris in 1857, and the cost of his funeral, which was attended by the most distinguished men in all departments of art and literature, was defrayed by the French government.

RACHEL

Rachel, in one of her superb statuesque poses as Phèdre, is the next engraving that greets us. Rachel, properly Elisa Rachel Felix, made her first appearance as an actress in 1833. She was born in 1820, of Jewish parents, and in early life sang around in the streets of Mumpf, in Switzerland, where she was born, for a livelihood. Phèdre was considered her masterpiece of acting.

On the 3d of September, 1855, this tragedienne made her first appearance in this country, at the Metropolitan Theatre, New York, in "Les Horaces," in which she was warmly applauded. The first performance produced 26,334 francs (\$5,266), a sum exceeding any ever made in a single night by any actor in Europe. This was not up to the expectations of Raphael Felix, her brother and manager, who thought America a perfect El Dorado, and who was disappointed that, as Jenny Lind's first

concert realized nearly one hundred thousand francs, Rachel should not do as well. He had counted, it seems, on a steady fifty or sixty thousand francs a night.

On September 4 "Phèdre" was given, and on the 6th "Adrienne Lecouvreur," which drama in America appeared to be preferred to the classic tragedies. From New York the great actress came with her company to Boston, and on September 23 gave "Les Horaces," which representation, as well as others, I had the pleasure of seeing. Her last performance in Boston was on November 2, in the tragedy of "Virginie."

The climate was fatal, so her biographer states, and she was attacked about this time with a severe cold and bronchial trouble. In Charleston, on the 17th of December, notwithstanding her physician ordered absolute repose for six months, she determined to play, and play she did, being announced "for the last time in America," as the bills said; but it proved to be the last time on earth. She soon after went to Havana for her health. She returned to Europe, Jan. 28, 1856.

The forty-two performances given by her in this country produced a sum total of 684,035 francs, of which her share was 298,000. "This proves," says Mademoiselle de B., "that the citizens of the United States paid their tribute to dramatic art with more liberality than any other nation, and that they were far from deserving the violent diatribe fulminated against them by Jules Janin in his 'Rachel and Tragedy in the United States.'"

EDGAR A. POE

The next picture that greets us is the handsome, intellectual face of Edgar A. Poe, and how his name brings to mind those old-time periodicals in which his writings first made their appearance, — “Godey’s Lady’s Book,” “Graham’s Magazine,” and the “Southern Literary Messenger”! Of course, every one knows that Poe’s poem of “The Raven,” written within a few years of his death, first made him popular as a poet, and soon after its appearance a new collection and edition of his poems was published, which sold better than any previous one. His “The Bells,” “Ulalume,” “Lenore,” and “For Annie” were all favorites with many, on account of their simplicity as compared with others of his writings. I must confess to the fact that it was his thrilling stories that first attracted my youthful attention; they were collected into a volume entitled “Tales of Terror.”

“The Murders in the Rue Morgue,” “The Black Cat,” “Iron Shroud,” and that wonderfully ingenious one, “The Gold Bug,” were among the most popular of these. An analysis of Poe’s life and literary career would fill a volume — in fact, has filled more than one. Critics differ widely respecting his creations, and I shall not presume to present an opinion here on one whom I have so slightly studied, but turn over to regard the portrait of Richard Henry Stoddard, born in New England, but living in New York. Stoddard’s “The King’s Bell”

and "Hymn to the Sea" are two of his masterpieces. His poetry is better than his correspondence, if one may judge by the autograph letter written to Fields, and that faces the portrait. It reads thus :

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

MY DEAR FIELDS :

The MSS. of these poems belong to me, so you will please keep them clean and not endeavor to beg them of B. T.

In haste,

R. H. STODDARD.

Napoleon III. can scarcely be called an author, but here comes his picture because, in the published letters of Mary Russell Mitford in this book, she frequently, and especially just at this point, refers to him, and judging from her letters was quite an admirer of the Emperor.

VII

NAPOLEON III

LOUIS NAPOLEON! What an experience was his! From the fortress of Ham to the throne of France! The world knows the story. Like his uncle, he was ambitious that Paris, the capital, should bear evidence of the work of his hands; and so it does. This was especially noticeable to visitors in 1867, or thereabouts, at the time of the Paris Exposition. Under the relentless hand of Baron Hausmann, narrow streets were made broad avenues, crooked lanes obliterated, and great squares opened and beautified. Standing at the Arc de l'Étoile one could look down these broad thoroughfares, radiating from it like the sticks of an open fan or the rays of a star. Shaded by double rows of trees stretched these streets, laid in smooth, hard asphalt; the houses tall, elegant, and of uniform style.

There were the Avenue de la Grande Armée, Avenue d'Elyau, Avenue de l'Impératrice, and Champs Élysées stretching out in clear, beautiful, unobstructed length; and, as a military friend who looked upon them with me from the top of the great arch remarked, "so arranged that a battery of artillery placed at that point could easily sweep every one of them from end to end."

I was fortunate enough to be in Paris when Louis

Napoleon was at the height of his power, and at the time of the Exposition in 1867, when everything was in holiday attire for the benefit of the swarm of visitors.

Everything at all connected with the name of Bonaparte was in the most attractive form possible. The triumphal arches that he erected, the splendid tomb at the Hôtel des Invalides, Column Vendome, the museum of personal relics at the Louvre, and, moreover, the handful of old veterans remaining of those who had fought under his command, were all objects of great interest and seen to the best advantage.

ASTONISHING THE EMPEROR

The Emperor himself I had a very near view of in rather a singular manner, and as I look back upon it wonder that it was not attended with unpleasant results. It chanced that I was walking with a friend upon one of the broad avenues above mentioned, and we had paused to see a regiment that was proceeding in an opposite direction march past, when suddenly an officer on horseback dashed up, gave a message to the colonel, who in turn gave an order, in response to which the whole regiment wheeled into line at the side of the street, backs toward us.

“Here comes the Emperor!” said my friend, as four horsemen in advance came dashing along and the regiment presented arms to the carriage coming about a score of yards behind at a rapid pace.

Under the impulse of the moment I pushed aside two

soldiers in front of me, dashed out into the open street, coming exactly opposite the royal carriage as it reached that point, and, hat in hand, gave a "Vive l'Empereur" within six paces of his face at the carriage window. With a broad smile, at my temerity, probably, he took off his own hat and bowed most cordially, and in a moment was gone. Turning about, I found a score of grinning soldiers looking at me, and an officer with a smile on his face pointing with his sword to an opening in the ranks to the sidewalk, towards which I quickly made my way, overhearing the remark "American" from many of the bystanders, who doubtless inferred that none but one of that nationality would have acted in such a manner. In this conclusion they were probably correct, and it may have been owing to my nationality as well as sudden enthusiasm that I escaped police interference.

MRS. TROLLOPE

Mrs. Frances Trollope, the authoress, is almost forgotten now, and would be entirely were it not that the book she published in 1831, entitled "Domestic Life of the Americans," is now preserved by bibliopoles as a literary curiosity, and catalogued by dealers as scarce and at a high price. This volume created a great sensation both in England and the United States when it was published. It gave many unpalatable truths respecting American life and manners, and on the other hand made the common blunders which are made even in

these days by certain English writers on America in taking what they witness among a rude and uncouth class in this country to be the acts of American ladies and gentlemen. Indeed, one wonders, when reading the results of some of the experiences of such writers in this country, how they ever came among the people and scenes they undertake to describe.

Mrs. Trollope's book contained a great many extravagant assertions and stupid mistakes, which caused it to be severely denounced by critics both in England and America. Popular opinion was so much excited against her here, that military companies in Boston had her portrait, or a caricature of it, painted on their targets, to be shot at on their shooting-festivals. Mrs. Trollope continued to write book after book on various subjects: novels, society, travels. She wrote no less than one hundred and two volumes. She died in Florence, in 1863. She was the mother of Anthony and Thomas A. Trollope.

J. FENIMORE COOPER

J. Fenimore Cooper's good, honest face greets me next, and his autographic letter, written to me in my boyhood, and dated 1845. Ah! what a delight were his charming books then to us boy readers; second only to the interest in earlier years of the "Arabian Nights" entertainments were his exciting stories of Indian life: "The Pioneers," "Deerslayer," "Pathfinder," and the rest of the "Leather-Stocking" series. How we

admired the woodcraft of Hawkeye, and his wonderful rifle-shooting; the friendship of Chingachcook (Big Serpent), and the chivalry of his son, Uncas. When boys were permitted to coast, in the winter season, down what was a steep, long path on Boston Common, from the foot of Joy Street, fifty years ago, I have seen, amid the throng of fifty or more that were enjoying that amusement, their sleds marked on the side with the names of every one of those heroes of Indian fiction above mentioned.

Cooper's "Red Rover" and "The Water Witch," sea stories, were equally popular with youthful as well as old readers. "The Bravo of Venice" created in my mind an intense desire, which was in after years gratified, to look upon the scenes there so graphically described.

Cooper was the first American novelist who gained a national reputation, and he is one of the few American writers that waged a successful contest with the newspaper press. It was undertaken by him only after repeated and unwarranted provocations, attacks on his personal character, and cruel and unjust criticism. In 1832, while he was in Paris, on reading one of these attacks, he remarked :

"I care nothing for the criticism on my writings, but if these slanderous attacks on my character continue, on my return to America I shall seek protection in the courts."

COOPER AND THE PRESS

On his return he announced that if these attacks were kept up for five years he would seek redress, as threatened. This announcement seemed to be regarded as an empty threat, but that it was not so the newspapers found, to their sorrow. Cooper beat every one of them whom he sued for libel who did not retract.

His friend, William Cullen Bryant, says in a biographical sketch, in alluding to this affair:

“The occasion of these suits was far from honorable to those who provoked them, but the result was, I had almost said, creditable to all parties: to him as the courageous prosecutor, to the administration of justice in this country, and to the docility of the newspaper press which he had disciplined into good manners.”

Cooper's first novel, “Precaution,” was written in 1821, and was inspired by reading an English novel, which he threw down, after perusal, with the assertion that he could write a better book himself. My own judgment, after reading “Precaution,” is, that the English book in question must have been poor indeed. His next effort, however, “The Spy,” was a complete success. A story of the Revolutionary war, it is one of the best books of American history; and the character of Harvey Birch is an admirably drawn one, showing love of country, patriotism, Yankee ingenuity, and incorruptibility. “The Spy” was translated into French,

Spanish, German, and Italian, and established the author's position as a novelist.

I do not propose to sketch Cooper's career in these pages, nor to enter into an analysis of his writings. Suffice to say, they were among the most popular productions of the American press. The novels are thirty-two in number, and have passed through various editions. One before me, published by W. A. Townsend & Co., of New York, beginning with "The Red Rover" in 1859, is a large crown octavo, with numerous full-page and vignette illustrations by F. O. C. Darley. Originally published for about sixty dollars the set, it now commands more than three times that price, being highly prized among collectors and book-lovers as the best edition extant.

Six years of his early life at sea gave him an experience of which he made good and successful use in his sea stories. "Leather-Stocking," a striking and original creation of fiction, was first introduced in "The Pioneers," which is not by any means his best story of American forest life; the best being, to my mind, "The Last of the Mohicans." Besides his thirty-two novels, Cooper, it will be recollected, wrote a "Naval History of the United States," which was published in two octavo volumes by Carey & Lea, of Philadelphia. The last-mentioned work, as well as seventeen of his novels, was written at Otsego Hall, his residence at Coopers-town, on Otsego lake, New York.

DAVID GARRICK

David Garrick! The well-known portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, engraved by Philip Thomas, comes next. What an interesting history in the life and times of this great actor! What history of the stage can be written without referring to them, and what a galaxy of noted poets, dramatists, literary men, and statesmen flourished in his time, and come down to us in connection with his dramatic career! There was Macklin, who played Shylock; Quin, noted in Richard and Macbeth; "Gentleman" Smith, the actor who had a university education. Sam Johnson and Boswell were acquainted with him in early life, and Peg Woffington charmed him with her acting—so much so, that he celebrated her charms in poetry. Alexander Pope applauded him on his first appearance as Richard III., but old Colley Cibber looked on his successes sourly; Oliver Goldsmith was his friend; Arthur Murphy liked him, but Mrs. Oldfield mimicked his tone of voice on the stage. Other dramatic artists that flourished in his time were Wilks, Mossop, Sheridan, Henderson, Spranger Barry and wife, the Baderlys, Parsons and Thomas King, Moody, Kitty Clive and George Anne Bellamy, Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Abington, and Mrs. Siddons, and, coming down later, George Frederick Cook and Kean. Then the dramatic authors, Sheridan, O'Keefe, Bickerstaff, Steele, Congreve, and others were on hand to furnish these great actors with productions best calculated to display their talent.

Mrs. Cibber supported him in plaintive parts at Drury Lane in 1745, and Mrs. Younge in *Tancred and Sigismunde*, in which characters they are represented in an engraving in "Bell's British Theatre," published in 1776; the play was written by Thomson, the poet, author of Thomson's "Seasons." What a life was his, and how the great actor was honored by scholars, noblemen, and authors, and at the "last scene of all," how they gathered to do honor to his memory at Westminster Abbey, where his grave was opened under Shakespeare's monument.

There stood in the group Edmund Burke and Charles Fox; the pall-bearers were the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Spencer, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Camden, and Sheridan, Goldsmith, and Johnson penned tributes to his memory.

Garrick's death took place Jan. 20, 1779, at the age of sixty-three. He is one of the few actors who died rich. His property was estimated at £140,000, a large sum for those days. Garrick figures as a dramatic author as well as an actor. He wrote about forty pieces, some original, but mostly adaptations of old plays. He also wrote various very good prologues and epilogues, to say nothing of interpolations, additions, and transpositions of portions of the text of Shakespeare in acting versions of his plays, many of which are in use at the present day.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

From a great English actor we turn to contemplate a great American poet, for here on the page before me is the proof impression of a beautiful etching of Longfellow's residence, the old Craigie mansion in Cambridge, interesting as being a relic of the early days of our Revolution, where General Washington, after the battle of Bunker Hill, had his headquarters.

To the author, who is incorporating in this volume much personal narrative, the sight of the picture of the mansion recalls the memory of many pleasant hours spent within its walls, in company with the genial poet and some of his chosen friends. One of these was Signor Luigi Monti, instructor at Harvard College, who used to dine with the poet, regularly, once a week, in order, as the latter said, to keep him familiar with the music of the Italian tongue and with Italian history. Monti was the "Young Sicilian" whom the poet mentions as one of the characters in his poem of "Tales of a Wayside Inn." My friend, Mr. Monti, in a letter before me writes as follows:

BOSTON, April 25, 1882.

. . . The lines written by Mr. Henry W. Longfellow in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," commencing with

"A young Sicilian, too, was there,
In sight of Etna born and bred," etc.,

were designed to apply to myself, who was for many years one of the summer guests at the old inn described in the poem, together

with my wife's brother, T. W. Parsons, Esq., Prof. Daniel T. Treadwell, and Henry W. Wales, Esq., who are described in the poem as the poet, the theologian, and the student. As you are well aware, I was for thirty-two years a personal friend of the great poet we all so sincerely mourn.

Very truly yours,
LUIGI MONTI.

GETTING LONGFELLOW'S AUTOGRAPH

I recall one very pleasant party at the poet's dinner-table, at which Mr. Monti, Prof. E. N. Horsford, and myself were present, when the former related a number of amusing anecdotes respecting applications that were made to him for autographs. He was very kind to autograph seekers, and used to keep in a little box upon his writing-table a number of slips of paper upon which were written "Yours very truly, Henry W. Longfellow," one of which would be sent to the applicant by a member of his family, to whom he passed over their requests. But the autograph seekers were not always satisfied with a mere signature, and he often sent a verse from one of his poems, signed with his name.

"I am rather pressed at times," he remarked, "by friends of this description, and also by young ladies and gentlemen who send me collections of their poetic effusions, with the request that I read them and, if found worthy, use my influence to induce my publishers to print them. One of these was an 'Epic,' so the author called it, of over one hundred pages of closely written manuscript."

The most remarkable request, however, came from a lady in Boston, whom the poet said sent him by express a package of one hundred and fifty blank visiting-cards, with a letter requesting that he would inscribe his name on each one of them the next day, as she was to have a grand reception at which a number of literary people would be present, and she wished to present every one of her guests with the poet's autograph. This was too much for even Longfellow's good nature, and would seem to be hardly credible had I not heard it from the poet's own lips.

THE CRAIGIE MANSION

The old Craigie mansion, although somewhat altered, retains the same general characteristics in its appearance that it possessed in its earlier days as a stately old country mansion. It was in 1837 that Longfellow first became an occupant of the house. He applied there for board, and was received by the stately Mrs. Craigie, who was then the hostess, whom he described as a lady of tall figure, very erect, with her head crowned with a majestic turban. Her gray eyes were bright and sparkling, and her manner was dignified and polite. The good lady had been obliged, owing to reduced circumstances, to receive from time to time students as lodgers, so, after waving him to a seat with courtly politeness, she listened to the young man's inquiry as to whether she had any vacant apartments that she would be willing to let.

"You will excuse me," she replied, somewhat frigidly, "but I cannot let the rooms in this house any more to students."

"Pardon me, madam," replied the applicant, with all the dignity that he could muster, as he rose and made a low bow, "I am not a student, but a professor in the university."

"Ah," replied the old lady, her frigidity relaxing, "that alters the case. I think I might receive a professor or member of the faculty. I shall be pleased to show you what rooms I have."

"Then," said the poet, "the old lady, passing from this very room in which we are seated, led the way up those stairs guarded by the old-fashioned banisters and past the quaint and delightful old wood-carving, until we came to a room in the front of the house, in the second story, the windows of which commanded a delightful view of the fields, beyond which the river sparkled in the sunshine; great elms in front of the house spread their grateful shade about it."

THE POET'S ROOM

On entering the room, sweet with the fragrance of the fresh summer air, he was informed by the old lady that "this was General Washington's room." Supposing this apartment one that was to be kept sacred from intrusion, and only shown to him as a favor, he was most agreeably surprised by the hostess informing him that that room was at his service if it would suit him.

The poet was more than suited — he was delighted; and the next day he took possession and removed his belongings to the ancient mansion. Taking his meals elsewhere, he saw comparatively little of the mistress of the house; and having but few guests, and there being no other occupants except her servants, there was a delightful quiet and repose most agreeable to the young author and favorable to the prosecution of his literary occupation.

In the Washington room, as the poet informed me, he wrote "Hyperion," in 1838, which was published in 1839; also his poems, "Voices of the Night," published in a volume in 1840, although some had before appeared in the "Knickerbocker Magazine," previously alluded to in these papers, notably the "Psalm of Life."

The Craigie mansion was purchased by the provincial government at the beginning of the war of the American Revolution, and was, as has been stated, the headquarters of General Washington; many of his letters that have been published were dated from it. It passed into the hands, later on, of Thomas Tracy, a rich East India merchant, afterwards those of Andrew Craigie, who made a fortune as apothecary-general in the provincial army.

The estate connected with the house at the time Craigie was at the height of his prosperity had about two hundred acres. The building of the bridge over Charles River, connecting Cambridge with Boston, known as Craigie's Bridge, and various other expendi-

tures, including the enlargement of the house and the construction of an aqueduct that brought water to it from quite a distance, were too much for Craigie's fortune, which shrunk to such a degree that, after his disappearance, Madame was compelled to let rooms in the grand mansion to eke out a moderate income.

A HOME OF AUTHORS

Among those beside the poet who came at different periods to reside here were Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, Willard Phillips, and Joseph E. Worcester, the celebrated lexicographer. Mr. Worcester and Mr. Longfellow occupied the house jointly after the decease of Mrs. Craigie, and in 1843 the poet bought the house and what remained of the land, which was but eight acres, and also secured a frontage of meadow land between the house and the river, affording a beautiful landscape view from its windows. Entering the hall of the old mansion, I remember the first object that struck the eye was the massive old staircase, with the old clock upon the landing, recalling the poem of "The Old Clock on the Stairs" —

Half way up the stairs it stands
And points and beckons with its hands.
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass —
Forever — never!
Never — forever!

But this one was not the old clock of the poem ; that stood in another old mansion

Somewhat back from the village street.

The library of the poet used to be in the long north-eastern room upon the lower floor, and was surrounded by handsome bookcases. A table by the window looking out upon the garden was his favorite seat, although he sometimes stood at a desk near another window, which reminds me of an anecdote of his good nature, that must have been sorely tried by curiosity seekers, who called often at very inconvenient times to see him and the interior of the old mansion.

THE POET AND THE CHILD

It chanced that Signor Luigi Monti, who was walking towards the house one day, met a lady with a little girl, who inquired of him where the poet lived, as they wished to look at the house. Monti courteously invited them to walk with him and he would point out the old mansion, and perhaps they might see the poet, who at that hour was usually writing at his desk near the window.

The little girl was delighted ; and the mother explained that they came from a distant State, and the child, who had recited "The Old Clock" and other of the poet's productions, would give her no peace till she came out from Boston, where they were making a brief stay, to Cambridge, to see where Longfellow lived.

“Well,” said Signor Monti, “here is the house; and now if you will stand here outside the gate I will ask Mr. Longfellow to go to his desk at the window so that you may see him.”

Entering the house, Monti told the poet that the expectant visitors stood outside anxious to see the author of the poem that the little girl had recited, and asked him to go to the window.

“Go to the window? No! The little one shall come in here,” said he, and, going out bareheaded, he invited the two in and made them happy with a visit to the interior of the old mansion, a quarter of an hour’s chat, and a verse from the poem with his signature attached.

“EXCELSIOR”

One of the best known of Longfellow’s shorter poems is “Excelsior.” It has been translated into several languages, and parodied in this country times without number. The word happened to catch the poet’s eye, one autumn eve in 1841, on a torn piece of newspaper, just after he had finished reading a letter that he had received from Charles Sumner, full of lofty sentiments. Turning over the letter he crowded the back of it with verses, which he immediately afterwards drew off in a perfect version for publication.

While in Europe, in 1873, the writer chanced to visit the library of the museum at Innsbruck, in the Austrian Tyrol, and the old custodian, discovering that I was an American, displayed to me with some pride a stanza

from "Excelsior," in the poet's handwriting, with his signature attached, which he said Mr. Longfellow, who had visited the museum often when he was in Innspruck, had given him. The old gentleman was quite delighted when he found I was personally acquainted with the poet, and he was, moreover, I found, quite a critical scholar, for he took occasion to say that the use of the word in the beautiful poem, which he knew by heart, was not correct, and should have been "*Excelsius*," and that he had a discussion with the poet about it. In 1876 I had some correspondence with Mr. Longfellow about the poem, in which he wrote me as follows:

CAMBRIDGE, April 13, 1876.

MR. CURTIS GUILD:

MY DEAR SIR: In reply to your letter I would inform you that I was in Innspruck in 1869, and knew Mr. Hanold, the custodian of the museum, very well. I dare say that I gave him a stanza of "Excelsior" as an autograph, though I do not now remember it, nor any discussion about "*excelsior*" and "*excelsius*."

I know that critics say the word should be "*excelsius*," and they are right if they understand the broken phrase in the scriptural sense of "*Amice ascende superius*." I do not fill up the sentence but with some such words as "*Scopus meus excelsior est*." Then the adjective is right and not the adverb. And this interpretation I prefer, because *excelsior* is a better word for my purpose than *excelsius*, having a more sonorous termination.

I am, my dear sir, yours truly,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

PLEASANT HOURS WITH THE POET

On a visit to the poet some time after the above was written, the conversation turning upon the subject, he was kind enough to promise to send me a copy of "Excelsior," which he did, in his own handwriting, with signature attached, enclosed in a kind and characteristic letter, which, with others from his pen, are preserved among my literary mementos.

In conversation one day about the old Craigie house, Mr. Longfellow related a curious circumstance. He said that one night, after writing pretty late, he had occasion to go down to the basement story of the house; taking his candle, he proceeded to do so, and as he was passing over the last and lower flight of stairs he picked up an old and yellow paper, which bore date of 1750 or thereabouts, a memorandum of articles purchased; but of no particular value as a document. The next evening, descending again, a second paper was found on the same stairs, also bearing the same date. Thinking this singular, and that perhaps they had been placed there by design, he made strict inquiries of the servants and members of the family, but could get no information as to where the old documents came from; but after an interval of a week or more, again on his descending, lo! there lay document number three. The poet's curiosity was now thoroughly aroused, and he determined to ascertain from what mysterious source came these old documents of colonial times.

Looking carefully all about by the aid of his candle, he at last discovered a crevice overhead, through which these mysterious papers must have been dropped. Ascending to the point above, he found that it was a portion of the staircase leading to the next story. Examining the particular stair at this point, it was found that the tread was screwed instead of nailed down. The screws were taken out and the lid removed of what had evidently been used years before as a private receptacle of documents and papers of value. They had been probably removed by the former owner or his successor, for the few remaining were principally old bills, receipts, and memoranda of no especial value even to antiquarians. The shrinking of the woodwork, or the crevice created by the constant use of the stair above, had opened the way for the old papers to slip through when one became jolted into proper position.

“But,” said Mr. Longfellow, “the appearance thrice of these old relics of the past at midnight, and found only by myself, seemed something like a message from the former inmates of the ancient mansion to the modern intruder on their premises.”

A LONGFELLOW SOUVENIR

My “Souvenir of Longfellow” is a volume containing every portrait ever engraved of him, a number of letters in his autograph to me, including the one respecting “Excelsior,” signed MS. of that poem, and other signed extracts from different poems, some of value as being of

quite early date, and varying from the published versions given in present editions of his writings. Among the autograph letters in the volume besides his own, the following may interest the reader:

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE,

MONDAY, Seventeenth October, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR:

Mr. Longfellow, the best of American poets (as I have no doubt you know), is staying with me, and wishes to see you on the subject of republishing his verses.

We breakfast with Mr. Rogers to-morrow morning, and will call upon you, if convenient to yourself, when we leave his house.

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

TO EDWARD MOXON, ESQ.

Here, it will be observed, is a letter of Dickens to Moxon, the English publisher, mentioning Rogers, the poet, and especially referring to Mr. Longfellow and his purpose of publishing his poems in London—a valuable and interesting autographic document.

The next portrait in “Yesterdays” is that of Bayard Taylor, and I often smile over it in recollection of the note he wrote to me about it when it appeared in a volume called the “Knickerbocker Gallery,” which contained the portraits of the principal contributors to the “Knickerbocker Magazine.” It runs thus:

NEW YORK, Feb. 25, 1856.

MR. CURTIS GUILD:

MY DEAR SIR: I regret that you should have obtained so unfortunate a portrait of myself—not of myself, but of a

drunken mulatto barber to which my name is attached. To my certain knowledge, the sight of it has prevented several persons from reading my books.

Yours very respectfully,

BAYARD TAYLOR.

TAYLOR'S CAREER

Taylor, who was born in 1825, and received a common-school education, began life as a printer at the age of seventeen. Having a thirst for travel and adventure, he started off on a pedestrian tour through Europe in 1844, and made a great hit on his return in a volume describing his travels, entitled "Views Afoot; or, Europe seen with a Knapsack and Staff." His further career as author and traveller is well known; he was enthusiastic in both pursuits. In February, 1878, he was appointed United States Minister to Germany, where he was received enthusiastically, and his death in Berlin at the end of that year was universally regretted.

A memorial meeting was held in Boston, Jan. 11, 1879, the anniversary of his birth, at Tremont Temple. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and upon the platform, among other authors that I do not now recall, sat Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Ralph Waldo Emerson, A. Bronson Alcott, John Boyle O'Reilly, Richard Frothingham, Curtis Guild, Dr. Cornell, and Hon. J. B. D. Cogswell, President of the Massachusetts Senate.

Mr. R. H. Conwell, President of the Young Men's Congress, under whose auspices the meeting had been

called, made the opening address. Prof. Lowell Mason recited Longfellow's "King Robert of Sicily;" music from a band and glees by a quartet were given. After this a letter from Professor Longfellow was read regretting his inability to be present, and Dr. Holmes arose to inform the audience that Mr. Longfellow had sent a poetic tribute to the dead author which he was requested to read. After a few interesting remarks, Dr. Holmes read the poem, which, it will be remembered, contains among others these stanzas:

Dead he lay among his books,
The peace of God was in his looks.

Poet! thou whose latest verse
Was a garland in thy hearse;

Thou hast sung, with organ tone,
In Deucalion's life thine own;

.

Friend! but yesterday the bells
Rang for thee their loud farewells;

And to-day they toll for thee,
Lying dead beyond the sea;

Lying dead among thy books,
The peace of God in all thy looks.

Speeches were also made by John Boyle O'Reilly, Hon. J. B. D. Cogswell, Hon. Richard Frothingham, Curtis Guild, and others. Letters were read from President R. B. Hayes, T. B. Aldrich, George William Curtis, James T. Fields, Whitelaw Reid,

John G. Whittier, E. P. Whipple, W. D. Howells, and others.

TAYLOR'S LYRICS

One of Taylor's inspiring lyrics, written, during the war, for the New York "Tribune," during an unaccountable delay, when immediate movement on Richmond was urged, I remember was quite effective and was widely copied. It concluded with these inspiring stanzas, which I think will bear reprinting, even at this late date :

Then from thy mountains ribbed with snow
Once more thy rousing bugle blow ;
And east and west, and to and fro,
Announce thy coming to the foe :

March !

Say to the picket chilled and numb,
Say to the camp's impatient hum,
Say to the trumpet and the drum,
" Lift up your hearts, I come ! I come ! "

March !

Cry to the waiting hosts that stray
On sandy seashores, far away,
By marshy isle and gleaming bay,
Where Southern March is Northern May :

March !

Announce thyself with welcome noise,
Where Glory's victor eagles poise,
Above the proud, heroic boys
Of Iowa and Illinois :

March !

Then down the long Potomac's line
Shout like a storm on hills of pine,
Till ramrods ring and bayonets shine :
"Advance! The Chieftain's call is mine!"
March!

EDWARD EVERETT

What a neat and beautiful hand Edward Everett wrote, and how often have I, in directing the putting of MSS. of his speeches or lectures into type, thanked him mentally for his clear and easily read chirography. Few people look upon Edward Everett as a poet, but he was one; and I am the fortunate possessor of a manuscript copy of verses addressed to his eldest sister, which my friend Hon. William Everett (his son) informs me were written on Mr. Everett's voyage to Europe, in 1815, or during his stay there. The sister married Mr. Francis S. Durivage, whose son, Mr. F. A. Durivage, was long an officer in the Boston Custom House and a writer and assistant editor on "Ballou's Pictorial," an illustrated newspaper in Boston in "the forties." The following verse from the poem will illustrate its character:

Remember me, not, I entreat,
In scenes of festal week-day joy;
For then it were not kind nor meet
My thoughts thy pleasure should alloy;
But on the sacred, solemn day,
And, dearest, on thy bended knee,
When thou for those thou lov'st dost pray,
Sweet spirit, then remember me.

If written in 1815, as his son thinks they were, these

verses must have been penned when Mr. Everett was but twenty-one years of age, and the trip to Europe above mentioned was to prepare for his new duties as Professor of Greek at Harvard College, to which position he had just been appointed. His companion on the voyage was Mr. George Ticknor; they went at once to Gottingen, and were the first Americans to resort to a German university.

Previously, in 1813, he was invited to become minister of the Brattle Square Church in Boston, and was ordained Feb. 9, 1814. "A settled 'minister at twenty years of age — those are the kind of scholars we used to have," remarked a venerable admirer of Mr. Everett to me once on reviewing his career. Mr. Everett's life is familiar to most readers of Massachusetts history.

Classmate of Harrison Gray Otis, John Borland, Dr. Edward Reynolds, and Charles Pelham Curtis. At the Boston Latin School he received the Franklin Medal in 1806, having previously received one at the Eliot School in 1804. Thence he went to Exeter Academy and Harvard College, which he entered in 1807 and from which he graduated in 1811.

Mr. Everett was elected to Congress in 1824; in 1835 was Governor of Massachusetts, and in 1846 President of Harvard College; the latter position he held till 1849. In 1852 he was called by President Fillmore to the Department of State; this position he filled a few months, and in 1853 succeeded the Hon. John Davis in the U.S. Senate, resigning in 1854. For the next four

years he labored incessantly for the fund to preserve Mt. Vernon; the sum collected by his efforts and delivery of his oration on Washington amounting to nearly \$100,000. Mr. Everett died Jan. 15, 1865, at his residence on Summer Street, Boston, in the seventy-first year of his age.

Mr. Everett was a statesman and a scholar in the highest sense; he established a new standard of American eloquence, as may be seen in his splendid series of orations, from that at Cambridge, where he pronounced his splendid welcome to Lafayette, down to that forty years later, July 4, 1858. Those volumes of his speeches are among the best manuals of American eloquence.

IMPRESSIVE FUNERAL CEREMONIES

The funeral of Mr. Everett took place in Boston, Jan. 19, 1865, and since the death of Mr. Webster no such general and profound manifestations of sorrow had been exhibited. The public services were held in Boston, in the First Church in Chauncy Street, where he had been a constant attendant for many years. Among the pall-bearers on the occasion were ex-Gov. Emory Washburn, Thomas Hill, President of Harvard College, George Ticknor, Esq., Charles G. Loring, Esq., Mayor F. W. Lincoln, Jr., Chief Justice George Tyler Bigelow, Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, and Admiral S. H. Stringham.

The funeral procession, which passed through several

of the principal streets, which were hung with emblems of mourning, included all the leading societies, as well as the state and civic dignitaries, and during its progress minute guns were fired on the Common and the bells on all the churches tolled. The remains of Mr. Everett were interred in the family lot in Mt. Auburn.

A PERSONAL RECOLLECTION

My earliest remembrance of Everett was in hearing my father's enthusiastic praise of him as an orator, and later on in speaking from the Boston public-school platform extracts from his matchless orations. In the war of the Rebellion, in the early sixties, as a member of what was known as "the War Committee of Ward Four" of Boston, it fell to my lot one evening to be the escort of Mr. Everett to Tremont Temple, where he was to deliver an address in aid of a fund for soldiers' aid purposes. I remember well, on being ushered into his magnificent library in his house on Summer Street, near Otis Place (a section of Boston then entirely occupied by private residences), the courteous welcome I received and his apologies for leaving me there among his books while he went to his room to make some preparation for the drive to the hall.

A SPLENDID LIBRARY

The bookcases, which almost entirely surrounded the room, were of carved oak, and it was lighted above from a monitor roof. Among the fine pictures in the room I

can recall one of Daniel Webster by Healy, one of John Quincy Adams, and a fine one of the Duke of Wellington, while between the entrance doors beneath a full-length mirror was a beautiful figure of a hound, in white marble, the work of Horatio Greenough. Mr. Everett's broad study-table was near the centre of this paradise of books, nearly opposite an open fireplace.

"You are fond of books?" he remarked, interrogatively, on his return, finding me inspecting the backs of the serried ranks upon the shelves. Upon my reply in the affirmative he remarked: "Encourage and cultivate that love, and you will find them the friends and entertainers of youth and the solace of age."

A GRATIFIED ORATOR

He appeared quite delighted when I told him how popular among school-boys were his orations as pieces to speak from the school platform, especially one that I recalled, his oration at Bloody Brook, where he described a strong-minded savage "ascending the mountain in company with a friendly settler," and on looking at the scene before him and noting with what gigantic strides the white man was advancing into the wilderness, should fold his arms and say, "White man, there is eternal war between me and thee;" and then goes on to describe the inroads of the latter upon the Indians' hunting-grounds: "The white man came, few and feeble, and asked for a little piece of ground to cultivate for his women and children; but now he has grown

strong and mighty and bold, and spreads out his parchment over the whole and says, 'It is mine.'"

The extract from this oration, containing the Indian's address and defiance to the white man, and a poetic piece entitled "The Dirge of Alaric the Visigoth," were favorite pieces of declamation among the Boston school-boys of 1840 to 1850.

"Ah!" said he, "the author whose productions are popular with the school-boys of to-day is likely to have place in the memory of the men of to-morrow."

Then going to the drawer of his library-table he took therefrom the manuscript sheets of the speech he was to deliver and placed them carefully in the breast-pocket of his coat, and every now and then on our ride to the hall tapped upon the same as if to assure himself it were there. So when he rose to speak before the large audience that he held with interest for an hour, I expected the manuscript was to come forth, but beyond his hand occasionally wandering up to its place of concealment there was no motion to produce it, and his matchless eloquence flowed forth, to the admiration of all who listened.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

A picture of St. Paul's Cathedral in London reminds me of a visit to that building in 1867, when I climbed up into the ball, the highest accessible point, the last ten feet of the ascent being between a series of huge iron bars that uphold the ball and the cross above it. This great

globe, which from the street below appears about the size of a large football, was found to be of sufficient capacity to contain eight or ten men. Thirty feet above the globe rises the cross, which is fifteen feet high, and the English guide affirmed that he really believed that some American visitors would climb and sit astride of it if there were any way of getting at it. The great ball upon the top of St. Peter's will hold many more than St. Paul's, as I can bear witness from being one of a party of fourteen who spent five or ten minutes, much to our discomfort, within its close atmosphere.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

Thomas De Quincey's autograph, which comes next in order, is an odd manuscript, being a memorandum or receipt of the "opium eater" for a book borrowed of his friend. It runs thus:

This day being a memorable day, April 23, 1845, viz., St. George's Day, Shakespeare's birthday, also Shakespeare's dying day, — Know all men by these presents, that I borrowed from my friend Mr. Deseret the two latter volumes of the Elzevir Seneca, Amstel, 1658 — being the year when Oliver Cromwell kicked the bucket.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

De Quincey is acknowledged to have been one of the greatest masters of English prose. "His preëminent abilities seem to have met their full recognition," said the "London Quarterly," "first in the United States, and to Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, belongs the honor

of bringing out the first complete edition of his works." That edition was in twenty volumes, 12mo. A later edition, published in 1855 by the same firm, was in ten volumes, 12mo, each volume of this set being double the thickness of the first. A set of this edition reposes upon my library shelves, and was sold to me in 1855 by Fields himself.

AN ENGLISH ACTRESS

A mere mention of Helen Faucit, a charming English actress, whom Mr. Macready introduced to the stage, gives opportunity to insert a pretty little autograph letter of hers relating to theatrical affairs. In 1866 she was accounted one of the best actresses on the English stage in such characters as Portia, Lady Teazle, Rosalind, and Antigone.

VIII

BUT here is an autograph letter that will be read with interest, especially by American readers. It is one the poet sent me, with information respecting the publication of his books.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

SOUTHBORO', MASS., Oct. 1, 1885.

MR. CURTIS GUILD:

DEAR SIR: My first volume was published in 1880 (January, I think), by Little & Brown; the next, by John Owen, Cambridge; then one or two by George Nichols, Cambridge, from whom I passed to W. D. Ticknor & Co., and with whose successors I have continued ever since. I cannot tell you which volumes were published by each of these houses, for I have no copies of them to which I can refer. I find that I have omitted to say that the "Fable for Critics" was published (without author's name) by G. P. Putnam, in 1848.

Faithfully yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

Lowell's "Fable for Critics" and "Biglow Papers" are probably as well remembered as any of his writings.

I have alluded before in these sketches to an authors' reading at a friend's residence by Holmes and Lowell, from their own works, and it may be of interest to give here from the programme on that occasion, which was a

private affair, the pieces that each author read. The readings were given March 3, 1886.

Bill and Joe	}	Dr. O. W. Holmes.
The Ballad of the Boston Tea Party		

Extracts from

Commemoration Ode	}	J. Russell Lowell.
Under the Old Elm		
Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line		

How the Old Horse Won the Bet	}	Dr. O. W. Holmes.
The Chambered Nautilus		

Two Scenes from the Life of Blondel	}	J. Russell Lowell.
The Courtin'		

The Last Leaf	}	Dr. O. W. Holmes.
Dorothy Q., with Portrait Illustrations		

The readings were interspersed with some vocal and instrumental music. Both poets read admirably, and the evening's entertainment was one of rare enjoyment.

Lowell put in the true Yankee nasal twang in "The Courtin'" in such verses as :

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown,
 An' peeked in thru the winder;
 An' there sot Huld' all alone,
 'Ith no one nigh to hender.

The very room, 'coz she was in,
 Looked warm from floor to ceilin'.
 An' she looked full as rosy agin
 Ez th' apples she was peelin'.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
 Some doubtfe o' the seekle;
 His heart kep' goin' pity pat,
 But hern went pity Zekle.

Lowell certainly succeeded in making the harsh and uncouth Yankee dialect subservient to poetry.

Among my autographic memorials I have the following lines, which were written "for the monument on Boston Common to the soldiers who fell during the war of secession, 1861-1865:"

To those who died for her on land and sea,
 That you might have a country great and free,
 Boston rears this; build you their monument
 In lives like theirs at Duty's summons spent.

J. R. LOWELL.

LONDON, 11th Dec., 1883.

MARTIN F. TUPPER AND E. B. BROWNING

How much the fashion it used to be, when Martin F. Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" was published, for the critics to make fun of it, and to even say that it was "a mere conglomeration of stupid platitudes;" but the public, both in England and America, were more kind to the book, for it proved an immense success (so far as circulation was concerned); so much so, that the author, in contemplating an issue of over forty editions, could afford to smile at his detractors, who went so far in their abuse. A beautiful edition of the book was published by Moxon in 1867, which is much in favor of bibliopoles on account of many exquisite designs it contains, which

are by such artists as Gilbert, Birket Foster, John Tenniel, Cope, Pickersgill, and others of like celebrity. His hymn, with signature attached, written for and sung at the inauguration of the Albert Memorial Monument, faces his portrait as the extra illustration that I have placed before the reference made to him in Fields' volume.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, although one of England's most celebrated poets, was not a woman of beauty, if one is to judge from her engraved portrait, which is placed in my volume. Her "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," which appeared in 1850, was a fine production; and "Aurora Leigh," her longest poem, with which all readers are familiar, appeared in 1856. All agree that Mrs. Browning's poems are distinguished by true pathos and noble and generous sentiments. As a writer she certainly exerted a good and happy influence. Mrs. Browning, whose maiden name was Barrett, married Robert Browning, himself a distinguished poet, in 1846. Besides writing good poetry, Mrs. Browning wrote a handsome, legible handwriting, as any one who has seen her chirography will bear witness.

GENERAL TOM THUMB

Well, here is a leap, I was about to say, from the sublime to the ridiculous, for, turning the leaf, I am confronted with the autograph and picture of Charles Stratton, otherwise General Tom Thumb, as that somewhat celebrated dwarf was known. The skilful manage-

ment of that most indefatigable of American showmen, P. T. Barnum, resulted in his making a small fortune by the exhibition of this little fellow, whom he chanced to meet in November, 1842.

The "General" was twenty-five inches in height, and his weight fifteen pounds and two ounces. Barnum began exhibiting him in December, 1842, at a salary of three dollars a week and all the expenses of himself and mother; at the end of a month the salary was raised to seven dollars, and before the year was out twenty-five dollars, a week. Barnum took great pains in teaching the little fellow, whom he found to be an apt pupil, with a good deal of native talent, and in January, 1844, started with him on an exhibition tour in Europe. The party consisted of Barnum, General Tom Thumb, his private tutor, and parents.

Tom Thumb was at this time but seven years of age, but it was given out that he was very much older; indeed, by many supposed to be a miniature man. Barnum's success abroad was wonderful. Young Stratton was by command exhibited before the Queen and Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, Duke of Wellington, and many other distinguished personages. He gave songs, dances, imitations of ancient statuary, with immense success. In France, Belgium, and elsewhere he had similar triumphs, appearing before the royal families and the most distinguished personages first. After that he became the fashion, and his entertainments, sometimes given both day and evening, were crowded with visitors,

and the receipts correspondingly large. General Tom Thumb was married to Lavinia Warren, also a curiosity in smallness, in 1863; and together they travelled all over this country and Europe in company with another dwarf pair known as Minnie Warren and Commodore Nutt. He died in 1883.

Barnum used to tell a good story of an English lady whom he met shortly after his arrival abroad, who advised him to take Tom Thumb to Manchester, as that was a good place to exhibit giants and dwarfs, and as his dwarf was rather a bright little fellow, that he might charge twopence admission to see him, although the regular price was generally a penny.

To the surprise of the good woman the great showman replied :

“Never shall the price be less than one shilling sterling, madam, and some of the nobility and gentry of England will yet pay gold to see General Tom Thumb.”

“The man must be crazy to think of such a thing,” said the lady to her husband, as she turned away; “a shilling to see a dwarf — ridiculous ! ”

MISS MARTINEAU

A picture of the house in which Harriet Martineau was born, in Norwich, England, in 1802, is a pleasant-looking home. Her first work as an author was “Devotional Exercises for the Young,” in 1823, and she wrote a number of popular tales for the young in a pleasant, lively style. The long catalogue of her

literary labors includes about one hundred volumes on various subjects — religious, economic, and narration. In 1834 Miss Martineau visited this country, and on her return published, in 1837, a book entitled “Society in America,” which, like the production of many other British authors respecting the United States, was by no means accurate in statement or logical in reasoning. However, it is one of the books that have passed out of mind. Miss Martineau died June 27, 1876.

BARRY CORNWALL

Bryan Waller Procter, who for more than sixty years was known in English literature as Barry Cornwall, lived to the age of eighty-seven. He was the school-mate of Byron and Sir Robert Peel at Harrow, and friend and companion during his life of Keats, Lamb, Shelley, Coleridge, Talfourd, Rogers, and Leigh Hunt, and was the man to whom Thackeray affectionately dedicated his “Vanity Fair.”

ROBERT PEEL

An urgent despatch, written and signed by Sir Robert Peel, placed opposite a fine portrait of him, engraved from a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, reads as follows :

WHITEHALL, May 19, 1828.

MR. WONTNER:

Although I have no doubt that a further respite has been already sent for Eastwood, alias Smith, I send the enclosed to prevent the possibility of any mistake.

ROBERT PEEL.

It will be seen that this was quite an important paper, especially to the prisoner under sentence, and on the back of it is endorsed:

This note was sent with a respite for the prisoner at two o'clock in the morning from the House of Commons to me.

JOHN WONTNER,

Keeper of Newgate.

Who the prisoner was I have been unable to ascertain, but it seems that Peel was anxious in his behalf. It was the witty Irishmen, in 1817, when Peel was Secretary for Ireland and displayed a strong anti-papal spirit, who nicknamed him "Orange Peel," but it is a singular characteristic of this statesman that later on, in 1827, his opinions veered round to liberal and generous views of the claims of the Roman Catholics, and in the Wellington-Peel government of 1829 he introduced the memorable bill for the relief of the Roman Catholics.

Most of us remember in the English novels that the police are mentioned as "peelers" and "bobbies." They received this name at the time Sir Robert Peel was Home Secretary, and signalized himself by a complete reorganization of the police force. It is a curious fact that they were previously known as "charlies," from the time of Charles I., who, in 1640, extended and improved the police system. Indeed, American night-watchmen down to the present day are known as "charlies," a patronymic, it seems, which is of quite ancient origin.

Peel's history as a statesman is familiar to all readers of modern English history. He died in 1850.

A SIP OF SHELLEY

Percy Bysshe Shelley, the English poet, had the credit of not only being a freethinker, but also an atheist. Of the charge of atheism, it is enough to say that it rests mainly on his poem "Queen Mab," which was surreptitiously published in 1813, or the fact that he was somewhat summarily expelled from University College, Oxford, for circulating a pamphlet entitled "A Defence of Atheism." He was with Lord Byron in Venice, in 1820; and it was then he wrote "Julian and Maddalo," which was a record of a conversation or discussion between Byron and himself. Shelley's religious, social, and political opinions expressed both unwise and reckless vehemence, and seem to have made him the mark of many outrageous slanders, and in fact, to a large extent, prevented the appreciation of a genius which, since his death, has been amply recognized. His two finest poems are said by the critics to be the grand lyrical drama of "Prometheus Unbound" and the tragedy of "The Cenci." He was noted for his sustained lyrical impetuosity; and, as one critic remarks, "his pages flash with imagery like a royal robe rich with gems."

Shelley died in 1822, but his poems are popular to-day, and many fine editions of his works have been published both in England and this country.

THOMAS CARLYLE,

certainly, as a writer, was in his time preëminent for the vigor and independence of his thoughts and the air of absolute authority and dogmatism with which he gave utterance to his opinions. Carlyle appears to have been gifted with an unexampled talent for portraiture, and in his writings presented to his readers the figures of Schiller, Fichte, Jean Paul Richter, and other foreign magnates, in ineffaceable colors, but until he brought them out they were comparatively unknown. One writer in the early portion of his career spoke of him as "a literary Columbus, who had appeared in educated circles and discovered a new world of letters." Those who have read Carlyle's works have noticed that in many of them he seemed to take delight in saying whatever was glaringly paradoxical.

His chief heroes appear to have been Napoleon, Cromwell, and Frederick the Great, and many consider his book on Cromwell, published in 1845, his masterpiece. There was a great change of feeling in literary circles in regard to Carlyle, which followed the publication, after his death, by Froude, his literary executor, of the volumes entitled "Carlyle's Reminiscences," issued in 1881; "Carlyle, the First Forty Years of his Life," in 1882; and "Thomas Carlyle, Life in London," in 1884. The first of these created a bitter change of sentiment towards the author, which was intensified by those that succeeded it. The arrogant and imperious air with

which he denounced all as fools, blockheads, and even knaves, in the style of a Jupiter thundering from high Olympus, disgusted some and amused others, and his apologists asserted that many of his utterances were those of genius tormented by dyspepsia.

The bitterness of some of the criticisms of these latter productions will be readily recalled by many readers of the present day. Suffice it to say that in England Froude was obliged to leave his home on continental tours to avoid the reproach that these publications brought upon him, and a subscription that had been started for a monument in Carlyle's memory was abandoned. Carlyle died Feb. 5, 1881, at the age of eighty-six.

A VIEW IN PICCADILLY

I recognize it at once as Piccadilly Circus, from Coventry Street. And what an historic old street it is, dating back to 1671, and rich down to the present time in historic old mansions, coaching-houses, and shops! At the Mitre Tavern here, Mrs. Oldfield, the great actress, lived when a child. Spiers & Pond's great Criterion Theatre and Restaurant (at the latter I have enjoyed many a good dinner) covers the ground of an old coaching-inn known as the White Bear, the house at which Benjamin West, the artist, spent his first night on his arrival in London from America. The headquarters of the London fashionable world as late as the reign of George IV. lay between Piccadilly and Oxford Street.

Chapman & Hall, publishers, issued from their publishing house on Piccadilly, in 1837-39, the successive numbers of "Pickwick" and "Nicholas Nickleby." Egyptian Hall, that most Americans have heard of, on Piccadilly nearly opposite Bond Street, is where the Siamese Twins, Tom Thumb, and other celebrities were exhibited. Then there was the old White Horse Cellar, headquarters for the departure of passengers by the stage-coaches for different parts of the country; in fact, Piccadilly in coaching times was a scene of unexampled activity as the many fine four-in-hands dashed through it at morning and evening; eight or ten lines left the White Horse Cellar for different points. The splendid mansion, the house of the Royal Academy of Arts, situated on Piccadilly and known as Burlington House, dates from the time of Charles II., and in 1700 was a grand mansion surrounded by beautiful grounds. The Elgin Marbles were first exhibited here on their arrival from the East, until space could be provided for them where they now rest, — in the British Museum.

Byron lived at 139 Piccadilly at one time, and there composed his "Siege of Corinth;" and it was said by Moxon, the publisher, that the great poet composed a great part of "The Corsair" while pacing up and down Albemarle Street, which leads out of Piccadilly.

Next in my volume comes something of a literary prize. It is an autograph letter of Charles Lamb, which reads as follows:

ENFIELD, Monday, 10th Jan'y, 1831.

GENTLEMEN: I return you my acknowledgments for the very handsome manner in which you have apprised me of your proposed new edition of the "Tales from Shakespeare." I have carefully given them a reading since your letter, and do not find anything in them material that seems to call for alteration. I doubt whether I could improve them. But if it will give you any satisfaction, I am willing to take the correction of the proofs, if it is worth while at this distance, and you are at liberty in that case to say "Revised by the author." But I leave that entirely to yourselves, and must subscribe myself,

Your obliged ser^{vt},

CHAS. LAMB.

I do not think it at all necessary for me to have the proofs, if you have a reader in town you can depend upon.

In the record-book at Christ's Hospital, London, may be seen this entry:

Oct. 9, 1782. Charles Lamb, aged seven years, son of John Lamb, scrivener, and Elizabeth his wife.

LAMB'S GAMBOLS

This was inscribed on young Lamb's entrance to that institution where he received his education. Of course our "Book" must have a picture of Christ's Hospital, an ancient and interesting institution in London, and one well worthy the tourist's visit after reading up its history, for it stands in Newgate Street, on the site of a convent of the gray or mendicant friars, who located themselves there in 1225. "Dick" Whittington in

1429 built a library and gave them books. Various other donations were given by royal personages from time to time. The school was founded by Henry VIII., and is said to be one of the few good works of that monarch while engaged in melting down gold crucifixes and sacramental cups to maintain his extravagances.

Leigh Hunt, who was also a scholar at Christ's Hospital, describes the uniform as being of the quaintest and coarsest kind; viz., "a blue drugget gown or body with ample skirts to it, a yellow vest underneath in winter, small clothes of Russia duck, yellow worsted stockings, a leathern girdle, and a little black worsted cap, usually carried in the hand." The latter article in late years certainly was not even carried in the hand, when I saw, a few years ago, a crowd of these little fellows in their blue petticoats and yellow stockings at play, bareheaded, in the yard of the hospital, on a very chilly day in October.

Besides Coleridge, Hunt, and Lamb, many other men of distinction were educated there.

I have in my book a copy of Maclise's picture of Charles Lamb, representing him sitting at a table with one large open folio beneath his elbows, a smaller one next above it held open with his hand, and a third propped upright beyond it. Two candles, a decanter, and glass are also on the table beside him. Under it in fac-simile are the words: "Yours, ratherish unwell. CHAS. LAMB."

Lamb had many devoted admirers both here and in

England. He was distinguished among the men of his day in the style of writing that he cultivated. "The Essays of Elia" are the writings by which he is best known, and are quite frequently quoted and referred to by writers and literary men of to-day.

IX

N. P. WILLIS

Now, then, comes one of our modern American poets, whose memory is still fresh in the minds of some of us oldsters. I must again refer to my making a first acquaintance with this writer, or rather his works, through the agency of the school readers and "speakers" in the Boston schools. His poems of "Parrhasius" and "David's Lament over Absalom" were pieces quite popular for declamation among the Boston school-boys of 1840-45. Willis poetry in those days found its way not only into school readers, but into young ladies' albums. He was a social literary lion, the fashion, and somewhat of a leader among the literary lights of his day from 1830 to 1850. He will also be remembered from his connection with the New York "Mirror" and "Home Journal" in the early forties — the two most popular of our literary journals.

Willis was a bright and lively sketch-writer, as his "Pencillings by the Way," "Inklings by the Way," "Dashes at Life," bear witness. His poetry was delicate in sentiment, but lacked force, and has been pushed aside, and is to-day out of date in presence of the stronger productions of Whittier, Bryant, and Longfellow.

I well remember when a boy of hearing him talked

about at social gatherings, seeing his name frequently quoted in the newspapers, and when later on, during a visit to New York, as I was walking on Broadway on a beautiful spring day, I overheard two ladies who were passing, as they momentarily halted and turned round, say, "There goes N. P. Willis, the poet." I looked in the direction indicated, and saw a tall, slim-looking gentleman, clad in lavender trousers, highly polished boots, and a blue frock-coat buttoned half-way up the breast, and in one buttonhole a flower, the wearing of which in those days was considered the very essence of foppishness. He was a light-haired, light-complexioned man, wore a fashionable white hat with brim curled at the sides, and carried a light cane in one of his gloved hands.

A GLIMPSE AT WILLIS

Going in the same direction, I followed on till we came to the Astor House, which he entered, and proceeded to the ladies' parlor. Desirous of a closer look at this celebrity, I soon after sauntered past the open door of the parlor and saw him, hat in hand, leaning gracefully upon the back of a chair and conversing with two ladies.

Willis used to spend a portion of every year in New York and at the Astor House. He was especially happy in epigrams written upon the spur of the moment. One of my relatives, who was also a boarder at the Astor, furnishes me with the following anecdote of personal experience, which, I think, has never before

appeared in print. Among those living at the house who sat at the same table with the poet was Miss Annette Wilkins, who was the acknowledged belle of the Astor. She is known in these later years as Mrs. Hicks-Lord. One day as she was passing from the dinner table with a leaf of lettuce in her hand, Willis asked for what it was intended. The reply was: "It is for Cherub" — her canary-bird. Turning over his bill of fare he at once wrote upon it the following lines, which he handed to Miss Wilkins:

That cherubs feed angels
In heaven we know,
But one angel there is
Feeds cherubs below.

When political feeling ran high, and Gen. Lewis Cass was in the field for the presidency, Willis, who disliked him exceedingly, was asked one day by a guest at table who the distinguished man was who had just entered. It was Cass, and Willis, again having recourse to his bill of fare, scribbled the following lines upon it as a reply, which he handed over to the questioner:

Whether Senator Cass or Senator Gas,
Is a question of spelling oft raised by the mass;
But a compromise measure is likely to pass, —
To cut off both letters and call him an ass.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI,

author, statesman, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Premier, Earl of Beaconsfield, active member of British

Parliament for forty-four years, he may certainly be said to have led a busy life, the record of which comes down quite into our own times, for he wrote his last novel, "Endymion," in 1880, and died in London in 1881. His first novel, "Vivian Grey," was published in 1827, and my picture of him is from a portrait taken at that time, representing him as a thin-faced young fellow, with curling locks, turned-over collar, and loosely fastened necktie.

I remember, when a boy, being shown at a friend's house a choice English illustrated book, one of those morocco gilded and gilt-edged volumes that it used to be the fashion to place on drawing-room centre tables. It was entitled "The Book of Beauty," edited by Lady Blessington; and now here, half a century later, this memory is brought back by an autograph letter of the Countess of Blessington from Gore House, London, respecting contributions to this very book, which, with her portrait, is bound in with my other celebrities. Although a woman of literary tastes, she wrote but little. "Conversations with Lord Byron," published in 1834, was the most interesting of her books, the other two being "The Idler in France" and "The Idler in Italy."

GEORGE S. HILLARD

It seems like turning one's face homeward to greet the autograph letter of that excellent scholar and writer of good English, George S. Hillard. "I knew him well, Horatio." His "Six Months in Italy," an excel-

lent production, was a great favorite, and ran through many editions. The book was published in 1853, in two volumes, and on the day of its issue Hillard addressed these lines, of which I have a copy, to James T. Fields, who was then junior partner of the publishing firm of Ticknor, Reed, & Fields :

Dear Fields, it is a pleasant thing to find
My name upon a page with yours conjoined ;
For us that launch upon a sea of ink
Our foolscap argosies to swim or sink
No better flag than yours to sail beneath
Ere felt the sunbeam's kiss, the breeze's breath.
The ogre publisher, whom poets paint,
That sucks the blood of authors till they faint,
The stern pacha of Paternoster Row,
Whose scowl portends " the everlasting No,"
Is a mere myth to us who see in you
A heart still faithful to the morning dew.
Had I a draught of Hippocrene unstained,
'Tis to your health the goblet should be drained ;
Large sales your ventures crown, and may your books
Reflect the cordial promise of your looks.

SEPT. 1, 1853.

GEORGE S. HILLARD.

It was gratifying to me to have an author of Hillard's scholarly ability, fifteen years afterwards, cordially commend my own first book of travels when it made its appearance, with the assertion that it was sure to be a success ; and from time to time afterwards, as successive editions appeared, always offer congratulations, with " What did I tell you ; am I not a good prophet ? "

Hillard lived in Pinckney Street, Boston, for many years, and I often met him there in his library. It was a working and not an ornamental collection of books, for many of them were in cheap or worn bindings, and seemed to lack systematic arrangement upon the shelves. But I noticed that, with the true instincts of a literary man, he knew at once where any especial volume stood when he wished to refer to it.

I recall an incident apropos of this, late in his life, after he had received a paralytic stroke and walked with the aid of a crutch. He had called in to see me, and was limping around my library looking at the titles on the books upon the shelves, and on reaching a bookcase in which were quite a number of handsomely bound volumes he exclaimed: "My dear boy, what a coxcomb you are!"

"What?"

"In your books, I mean," he replied; "but it is pardonable pride to have such good friends in such handsome garbs."

HILLARD IN POLITICS

Hillard, it will be remembered, was in his day a member of the Boston press. He was in 1833, with George Ripley, editor of the "Christian Register," and at one time one of the editorial staff of the Boston "Courier." His series of graded "Readers" were widely used throughout the country.

I shall never forget the peroration to a political

speech that I heard Hillard deliver in Boston. It was the night before election day, and, after exhorting all voters to be present at the polls on the morrow, he closed somewhat as follows:

“It is just before the battle: our forces are all drawn out, the banners are flapping in the breeze, there is an ominous hush before the onset, — ominous to the enemy; the leaders are riding up and down; ay! and there in their midst I see one bearing the banner of the Constitution and the laws; his Jove-like eye, that threatens and commands, turns towards you; it brightens as he sees you eager for the fray. Follow, brave hearts! He leads us on to VICTORY!”

The last word was uttered with a triumphant shout that brought the whole of the vast audience to its feet with ringing responsive cheers, given again and again with tremendous enthusiasm.

Mr. Hillard died in 1879.

BONAPARTE

“Bonaparte among authors?” I fancy I hear the reader exclaim; “What did Bonaparte compose?”

Well, one might point to that wonderful piece of work, the “Code Napoleon,” which legislated for France and no small portion of the rest of Europe. The picture of Bonaparte in my book is the well-known portrait of him as he looked when he went upon the Egyptian campaign. My autograph memorials (not in this book) include several historical documents of the

modern Cæsar, including his letter to Murat, Oct. 12, 1813, giving directions respecting the battle of Leipsic, and one to General Savary in 1800, directing examination of the state of the army in Italy.

The text of the letter addressed to Murat may be of interest to the reader, and is as follows:

MY BROTHER: The major-general will let you know my intentions. In the course of to-morrow, the 13th, I intend to be at Taucha with 70,000 men, and on the 14th my whole army to be assembled there. I shall, consequently, not be ready to give battle (but still holding Leipsic) before the 15th. Can you maintain your present position at Grobern and the town of Leipsic during the whole of to-morrow, the 13th, without exposing yourself to any risk? You will have reënforcements in your present position in the course of to-morrow, or else you will take up a position, in the night of the 13th or 14th, which will support your left at Konewitz and your right toward Wurzen.

You will have a reënforcement there of 70,000 men I intend taking, and on the 14th my whole army will arrive. Thus we will have 200,000 men. Consult with the Duke of Bellune, General Lauriston, and Prince Poniatowski. I believe the whole army of Berlin has repassed over to the right bank of the Elbe, and that we may give battle without it. If you cannot keep your present position, make your movement upon Taucha and Wurzen.

Your affectionate brother and brother-in-law,

NAPOLEON.

The impress which Napoleon Bonaparte left in France, and, in fact, in all Europe, of his career impresses itself forcibly upon the American traveller on his first visit to the Continent. The magnificent monu-

ments that he raised, the works of art that he left in Paris, strike the eye at every turn. It is necessary, moreover, to go over the ground in order to appreciate his wonderful passage of the Alps, and the still more wonderful march of the French army all the way to Moscow. To any one who has been over that route, the achievement of moving a vast army of invasion successfully over it in those days, lacking the inventions of modern times, seems little short of a miracle. The complete annihilation of his vast army in the terrible retreat from Moscow broke the strange spell of terror which his name had till then exercised in Europe.

But I am not going into a sketch of any portion of Bonaparte's career, interesting as it still is, although it has been written and rewritten so many different times.

LORD BYRON

We must take the extra illustrations in our book as they come; and as the author of "Yesterdays" mentions Byron, here we have a picture of the great poet, the beau ideal representation which all young ladies and enthusiastic young men conjure up in their minds of a real poet's appearance, — the high forehead, curling hair, broad, turn-back collar, flowing drapery, and handsome face. How often in these later days has our imagination been rudely shocked on being presented to writers whose grand poetry or magnificent prose led us to believe the authors must be splendid specimens of physical beauty, only to find the reality to be exactly opposite,

and that in some cases the truth of the proverb was exemplified that "a little body often harbors a great soul."

Byron's portrait, however, has served as a model for many would-be poets. The "Byronic brow," the "Byron collar," etc., have been affected by many who could approach no nearer the model in any other respect, even in imitation.

Somehow or other, Byron's poetry seems to be going out of fashion in these modern days, and such magnificent productions as "Childe Harold," "Mazeppa," and other poems, which abound with passages of extraordinary grandeur and beauty, seem to be slowly gravitating towards neglect and forgetfulness. For myself, I feel that I never can be too thankful to that able divine, the Rev. John Pierpont, for that admirable selection of reading lessons given in his "American First Class Book," used in my day in the Boston schools. In that, the selections from the writings of Shakespeare, Byron, Scott, Irving, Bryant, and other really great writers, familiarized the student with gems from their works that were not only a service but a delight to him all his lifetime.

SCHOOL-BOYS AND SCHOOL-MASTER

Recognizing this in later years, I might be excused in referring lovingly to that instructor of my youth, to the old school-boys of Boston who read from it fifty years ago, in the following lines, which are extracted from

original verses delivered by me at one of the anniversary meetings of "The Old School-boys' Association," of Boston, an organization composed of members who were school-boys in the Boston schools fifty years and more ago :

John Pierpont! Shall we e'er forget
Thine old "First Class Book" lore?
We prize its precious pages yet,
And love to turn them o'er.
Will Shakespeare there we learned to love,
There "Thanatopsis" shines,
With Byron, that poetic Jove,
And Scott's melodious lines.

A remark made by that most accomplished scholar, Hon. William Everett, exemplifies the feeling of many of us old-timers respecting the poetic taste, or, I may say, poetic fashion, of to-day.

Approaching me one evening at the club, with a newspaper in his hand and indignation on his countenance, he pointed to a communication which was a mess of ridiculous flattery of a modern poet whom it was the fashion but yesterday to praise upon all occasions.

"There!" said Dr. Everett. "Read that, and see if it is not outrageous that you and I and others, who have been brought up on Shakespeare and Byron and Scott, should have such balderdash as that thrust into our faces!

"Lofty sentiment! Elegance of expression! Grandeur!" continued the indignant scholar. "Elegant

humbug! Why, here is what Byron says on the same subject, Tennyson describes the feeling thus, and Shakespeare alludes to it thus," and he reeled forth from the storehouse of his well-stocked brain half a dozen beautiful quotations upon the subject, far superior to the lines quoted for admiration in the communication before us.

One writer, I remember, said of Byron that he was a selfish libertine, both in life and opinion, and for that reason his works deserve to be forgotten. If, however, condemnation of private character was always to relegate literary productions into obscurity, we should be without some of the greatest works of standard excellence that now adorn literature.

A DROP OF PUNCH

The nautical play of "Black-Eyed Susan," whenever I see it, brings to mind two familiar names, — one that of my old friend, Edward L. Davenport, who was acknowledged to be one of the best impersonators of William in his time, and the other that well-known wit of this century, Douglas Jerrold, who wrote the piece, and who was also author of the famous "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," that appeared in the London "Punch," and who also wrote "Punch's Complete Letter-Writer."

Jerrold's portrait represents a face like the good, substantial visage of a country squire, instead of the mirth-provoker that he was. "Black-Eyed Susan" was written in 1829, when Jerrold was but thirty-two years of age. Some of his later works, that the reader will remember

as quite popular, were "The Story of a Feather," "The Chronicles of Clovernook," and "St. Giles and St. James." Jerrold died in 1857.

EDMUND KEAN

"Edmund Kean as Shylock." I was often told in my youth, when uttering praises of the elder Booth, Forrest, or Macready, that to have seen great acting I should have seen Kean. So the oldsters of to-day refer to the trio above, with a few additions, but who came long after Kean, as vastly superior to those who "strut and fret their hour upon the stage" to-day. One of Kean's admirers said, "He was among actors what Napoleon was among generals and Byron among poets." His great parts were Othello, Shylock, and Richard III.

It was as Shylock that he made his first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre, Jan. 26, 1814. His was the familiar story of continued efforts of an almost starving itinerant actor to get an opportunity to make this début. When, after much effort, he obtained it in an engagement at £8 per week, he was stigmatized as Arnold's (the manager's) bad bargain by the other managers, snubbed by the company, and only allowed one rehearsal of the "Merchant of Venice," with a company he had never seen before, some of whom actually absented themselves from rehearsal.

After all these snubs, insults, and indignities, when the night of his performance came, which had no preliminary advertising, he hastened on foot through the snow,

carrying part of his costume in a handkerchief, to the theatre, and on arrival there found no friendly hand extended to welcome him, but shoulder-shrugging and prophecies of certain failure instead.

A TRIUMPH

The audience at first was inattentive; after his first few sentences, attracted; then quiet and attentive, with occasional approbation, until finally, when the third act was reached, where those fierce interrogatories are made to Salarino, — “Hath not a Jew eyes?” etc., — there came shout after shout of applause, and the astonished actors in the green-room, who wondered what could be the cause, learned to their surprise that it was the triumph of the poor actor they had snubbed and despised.

One cannot help a feeling of gratification at his triumph and the reaction of opinion he caused in the hearts of the managers of Drury Lane Theatre towards the man whose talents became the means of filling their exhausted treasury and giving them at the end of the season £18,000 profit. At the end of the second season, 1816, this poor actor, who had been given the cold shoulder on his first night and had not presumed to enter the green-room, was welcomed there, and presented by the company and management with a splendid cup, valued at three hundred guineas.

Edmund Kean made his first appearance in Boston on the 12th of February, 1821, in the character of Richard. His engagement was for nine nights only;

he played four nights in the week, and shared with the management after \$1,000 a week and had had a clear benefit. His engagement was so successful that he was engaged for six nights more, at \$300 a night and a benefit which gave him \$2,151. High premiums were paid for tickets, and his acting was the all-engrossing topic of conversation.

After playing at the South, Kean returned to Boston in May, and on the second night of his engagement, finding a small audience present, he refused to appear, left the theatre and the city, much to the indignation of the public and the press. Kean again returned to this country in 1825, but on the night of December 21, at the Federal Street Theatre, an immense audience assembled to express disapprobation, for he was driven from the stage by those who resented his former act. He escaped through Theatre Alley to Milk Street, where he took a carriage and was driven to Brighton to escape the mob, which vented its fury upon the interior of the theatre, damaging it to the extent of nearly a thousand dollars.

CELEBRATED ACTRESSES

A portrait, engraved in 1783, of Mrs. Siddons, the great actress, in the character of Zara in "The Mourning Bride," next claims our attention. The pictures of such well-known celebrities as she and Kean bring to mind many well-worn stories of their lives and times that have been so often related as

to leave but little opportunity now of presenting them in any new form. Mrs. Siddons, the daughter of Roger Kemble, it may be worth while to chronicle, made her first appearance at the Drury Lane Theatre in London in the character of Portia, Garrick appearing as Shylock, but made no great success, owing, it is said, to Garrick's jealousy in affording her opportunity. She left London after one season, not to return until six years, when her career became one uninterrupted triumph. Her greatest character was Lady Macbeth. According to all dramatic history, as a tragic actress she has never been equalled in Great Britain, and for thirty years her supremacy was undisputed.

There is a good story of how Mrs. Siddons "got even" with Queen Charlotte, wife of George III. The queen desired the actress to read several scenes from Shakespeare to her, at Windsor Castle. The actress obeyed the royal command, but the scenes selected by the queen were quite long, and, with the interview, consumed more than two hours, and so rigidly was etiquette preserved that the actress was kept standing the whole time. A short time after, the actress received another "royal command" to read at Windsor Castle. To this she returned the decisive reply that her readings and acting were public, and if Her Majesty wished to hear her, Drury Lane Theatre must be the place and no other. Mrs. Siddons died in 1831, with a reputation never equalled, except by that of Garrick, on the English stage.

Here before us is another of that celebrated Kemble family, a brilliant constellation that shone in the theatrical firmament of their time. But this portrait is the one that shone upon the operatic stage for a brief period, — Adelaide Kemble, in the character of Norma. She was the niece of Mrs. Siddons, daughter of Charles Kemble, and sister of Fanny Kemble. The rest of her family may well be said to have been “nourished on Shakespeare,” and now came one who had the genius to interpret the works of the great musical composers. After a short but brilliant career as a vocalist, she married, in 1843, Mr. Edward Sartoris, an Italian gentleman of fortune, and it was her son, Algernon Charles Sartoris, it will be remembered, who married, in May, 1874, a daughter of President Grant.

X

MOZART

I AM glad that I have a proof portrait of Mozart from Bartoni's picture of him in his youthful days, that is, when a boy, for the whole of the life of this wonderful composer was included in thirty-five years. But what a wonderful amount of grand musical composition he accomplished in that brief period. It seems almost incredible that at the age of four years he played well on a musical instrument, and at six his performances were so wonderful that his father took him to Munich and Vienna, and that he performed before the Elector of Bavaria and the Emperor Francis I. At twelve years of age he composed music for religious services and concerts, and in 1769 was, at the age of thirteen, appointed director of the Prince Archbishop of Salzburg's concerts.

As an evidence of the industry as well as the genius of the young musician, it is recorded that at the age of sixteen he had produced two requiems, a "Stabat Mater," four operas, two cantatas, thirteen symphonies, twenty-four pianoforte sonatas, numerous offertories, hymns, and a vast number of concertos for various instruments, trios, quartets, marches, and other minor pieces. From 1779, when he was twenty-three

years of age, until his death, in 1791, his greatest works were produced. The familiar opera "*Il Nozze di Figaro*" appeared in 1776, and his masterpiece, "*Don Giovanni*," in 1787, "*Zauberflöte*" in 1791, and his sublime requiem, composed in anticipation of death, was finished only a few days before his decease, which took place Dec. 5, 1791.

MOZART'S REQUIEM

The story of the composition of Mozart's Requiem, as it appeared in a publication called the "*Scrap Book*," more than sixty years ago, is a romantic one. Ill health had overtaken him and brought with it a melancholy. One day, while sitting in a despondent mood, a carriage stopped at his door, a dignified and gentlemanly personage alighted, and, addressing the composer, said that he had been commissioned by an important personage to request him to compose a requiem to be performed annually in memory of one he tenderly loved.

"Who is he?" inquired Mozart.

"He does not wish to be known," said the stranger.

The composer stared at his mysterious visitor, who continued: "I wish you to call all your genius into requisition, for the work is destined for a connoisseur."

"I am at your service," said the composer, enthusiastically.

“Good!” said the visitor. “What time do you require?”

“One month.”

“Very well; in one month I shall return. What price do you set upon your work?”

“One hundred ducats for such as you require,” replied Mozart.

The stranger counted out the money upon the table, bowed, entered his carriage, and drove off, leaving no clue to his identity.

Mozart called for pen, ink, and paper, and began to write. He wrote constantly almost day and night, despite the entreaties of his wife, until one day he fell fainting from his chair from exhaustion, and was obliged to suspend his work for a few days.

“I am certain that I am writing this requiem for myself,” he said. “It will serve for my funeral service.”

Nothing could remove the impression from his mind.

THE REQUIEM FINISHED

The score advanced slowly, and the month having expired again the carriage drove up promptly at the same hour as on the month previous, and again the stranger presented himself.

“I have found it impossible to keep my word,” said Mozart.

“Do not give yourself any uneasiness,” said the visitor. “What further time do you require?”

"Another month. The work has interested me, and I have extended it beyond what I first designed."

"In that case," said the visitor, "it is proper that the compensation should be increased," and he counted out fifty ducats more.

"Sir!" said Mozart with astonishment, "who are you?"

"It matters not," said the visitor; "pray go on with your work, and in a month's time I will return," and bowing politely he entered his carriage and left as before.

Mozart called one of his servants and bade him follow the carriage and ascertain who this extraordinary personage was, but the man failed to keep the carriage in sight and returned without being able to trace him.

Mozart was seized with a conviction that this was a message to him from the other world, an announcement of his approaching end, and, despite his weakness and failing health, set to work on his requiem with renewed ardor; and although seized with frequent fainting-fits during the progress of the work, he completed it before the expiration of the month. At the time appointed the stranger returned, but Mozart was no more.

FUNNY TOM HOOD

Tom Hood! My earliest knowledge with him was through his "Whims and Oddities" and his "Comic Annuals," that used to be centre-table books when I was a youngster, and were frequently handed to me to amuse

myself with while my maternal parent exchanged courtesies and the talk of the day with the lady upon whom she was making a morning call, permitting me to be with her. In the "thirties" and "forties" we got a good deal of our fun from Tom Hood and from the American actor, H. J. Finn, who also published his "Comic Annual," to say nothing of D. C. Johnston of the same era, who was the American Cruikshank of his day, and whose "Scrap Books" were popular in literary circles on account of their wit and humor.

But Hood, as we all know, beside being a noted punster, was a poet as well, and one of no mean order. His "Eugene Aram," "Bridge of Sighs," and "Song of the Shirt" are considered as among the most perfect poems of their kind. Hood died in 1845, and was buried in Kensall Green cemetery. In 1854 a monument was raised to his memory through the efforts of Miss Eliza Cook, the poetess; and American tourists who visit the cemetery are among those who give it most attention. It consists of a bronze bust of the poet upon a handsome pedestal of polished red granite. On a slab beneath the bust is the epitaph written by himself: "He sang the Song of the Shirt." On the sides of the pedestal are medallions illustrating "The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Dream of Eugene Aram."

LEIGH HUNT AND "ABOU BEN ADHEM"

But few who read of Leigh Hunt know that his name was James Henry Leigh Hunt, and I fancy it was not

so much the celebrity of the author as it was the popularity of the poem "Abou Ben Adhem" that made an autograph copy of it command the price that it did at an auction sale of autographs, in Boston, in 1894.

This poem is a most familiar one, and has often been most admirably parodied for the purpose of satirizing different individuals, a purpose for which it is admirably adapted. Seeing that a copy of the poem in Hunt's own writing, with his autograph attached, was in a catalogue of MSS. offered for sale, I waited on the auctioneer to leave a bid with him, being unable to be present at the auction.

"I think it may bring a good price, for two or three literary men have looked at it," said the auctioneer, "although no bid has been left with me."

"What do you think of a bid of twenty or twenty-five dollars?" said I.

"I should think that might get it," was the reply.

"Very well, you can give even a few dollars more, as I see it is a good, clean copy."

Calling next day for results, the auctioneer remarked:

"Sorry you didn't get that 'Abou Ben Adhem,' sir; it outran your limit."

"But I gave you a margin of a few dollars beyond twenty-five dollars," said I.

"I know it, sir, and I stretched the margin to thirty-five, but it was of no avail. What price do you think it brought?"

"You do not mean to tell me it went for fifty dollars!"

"No, I do not. It was knocked down at ninety dollars; some one wanted it."

I should judge that two or three wanted it, which was probably the case, and one was willing to pay that figure to obtain the literary treasure. Hunt's reputation rests upon his poems and essays; but at the age of twenty-four he gained some notoriety as an editor, in his paper, the "Examiner," in 1813, for calling the Prince Regent, in an article reflecting on him, "a fat Adonis of fifty," for which he was prosecuted for libel and sent to jail for two years. Had Hunt lived in America in these degenerate days he would have found the unexampled facilities for that sort of journalism all that one so inclined might desire, without much risk of going to jail for making use of them.

However, Hunt's incarceration appears to have been of decided advantage to him, for he was visited by Byron and Moore, who dined with him there, and found him writing verses and as happy as if in a shepherd's cot in Arcadia. There is one thing also that may be said of Hunt's essays: they are cheerful and fanciful, and he always appeared to be determined to look upon the bright side of affairs. Hunt died in 1859.

Next in my volume comes an autographic letter of Hartley Coleridge, son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and a poet of some merit, too, in his day. But who reads him now? His sonnets were excellent, but his

prose in the London publications was liked better by many critics.

FRANKLIN

I presume Boston school-boys used to, and perhaps do now, hear as much about Benjamin Franklin and have his example held up to them as frequently as that of George Washington. The Franklin medals, paid for by the fund he left for that purpose, are a continual reminder.

The first Franklin medals, although dated 1792, were not distributed till January, 1793. Among the recipients was Robert Lash, of the North Writing School. About fifty years later, when the writer was a boy in a merchant's counting-house, and sent to the old "Boston Bank" to deposit or draw money, he noticed an old gentleman there who was one of the tellers, who was distinguished for his courtesy to customers, and learned that he was Robert Lash, the recipient of one of the first Franklin medals. Mr. Lash served the bank faithfully for more than fifty years. He was also a member of the Boston Encampment of Knights Templars, and upon one occasion, near the close of his life, when they paraded, the encampment marched to his residence, and he was supported to the window to see a dress parade and salute that was tendered to him by that body.

Then in Boston we have Franklin's statue before our City Hall, a street, a park, a school, a typographical institute, and other institutions bearing his name. There

are few large towns or American cities that have not some Franklin memento. A Franklin Bank, Franklin Hotel, Franklin Lyceum, lodge, or charitable association, and his bust and portrait, are only less universal than those of Washington.

I can remember in my school-days when, failing to receive a Franklin medal, I was privately informed by one of the teachers that I was to receive a volume as a reward for proficiency in certain studies the next day.

That night I spent a sleepless hour or two wondering what the book would be — “The Arabian Nights,” “The Boys’ Own Book,” or one of Peter Parley’s books. It was with a feeling of disappointment, not to say disgust, that on my return home, on opening the parcel that had been handed to me at the close of the school session, I found it contained a somewhat dull and cheap unillustrated “Life of Franklin.” I must confess that I did not devour the contents with avidity.

AN ILLUSTRATED FRANKLIN

The taste of the youth of twelve, however, changes when thirty years or more have been added to his life; and long ere that period had passed I had become as interested in the life of the sturdy old philosopher and patriot as a good American citizen ought to be, so that later on, at one of the book auction-sales in New York, when a large-paper edition of his life, by James Parton, was put up, — an edition of which only one hundred copies were printed, at five dollars or more a volume, —

I could not help raising the bid, which hung fire at one dollar a volume, to one dollar and a quarter, at which price the two volumes were knocked down to me. The cheap cloth binding was a little faded, but otherwise the books were in excellent condition.

Something like a year or two after, when that noted autographile, Judge Mellen Chamberlain, sat with me one evening in my library looking over some Frankliniana, which consisted of many scarce portraits picked up at home and abroad, together with autograph letters of the philosopher and his contemporaries, it was agreed that Parton's book would be a good one to put through the extending and extra illustrated process.

The reader is getting a description of what that is in this "Chat about Celebrities," the volume described being "Yesterdays with Authors." But think what a field was opened in the extra illustrating of the life of Franklin! Suffice it to say that the two volumes were extended to six, each larger than the originals; and the collection of autographic memorials, including those of Franklin, Washington, William Penn, Tom Paine, John Hancock, Lafayette, and other contemporaries, and the curious broadsides and engravings, make it a thing of beauty to the book-lover which is a joy forever.

There are nearly as many different portraits of Franklin as of Washington, and many of the choicest were formerly found by collectors in the bookstores along the *quais* in Paris or in the Latin quarter. Bibliophiles, however, have so ransacked these repositories

that the dealers are now perfectly well posted as to the rarity and value of certain books and engravings ; hence the wonderful bargains that have been often described are now very rarely obtained. Indeed, some of these dealers are collectors of specialties themselves, in their way. I recollect one of them offering me, at a very reasonable price, one hundred different portraits of Lafayette. I was surprised to know that there were so many in existence.

PARTON'S PROFIT

It seems that Parton's "Life of Franklin" was not a source of pecuniary profit to him as an author, for in a correspondence with him he wrote to me, in 1870 :

My Franklin was a labor of love. I dote upon him still. How lucky you are to have time and means to illustrate him ! The whole profit of the enterprise to me would not pay for a large-paper copy, but doing the work was happiness and education.

Many of Boston's citizens to-day recollect when Franklin Street in that city was a place of aristocratic residence, with an enclosure in the centre in which flourished tall shade-trees. In the middle of this enclosure, which was laid out in 1793, stood a wooden monument to Franklin, designed by Charles Bulfinch, architect of the Boston State House. It was a large urn upon a pedestal, supported by a stone base.

One of the greatest tributes ever paid to Franklin

was the inauguration of the statue, by Horatio Greenough, now standing in front of Boston City Hall, which took place Sept. 17, 1856. The project was first suggested by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, in a lecture before the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association in 1853, and was taken up and carried out with promptitude and enthusiasm. Two thousand persons subscribed the requisite funds, in sums varying from five cents to three hundred dollars, and the day of inauguration was made a general holiday.

THE FRANKLIN STATUE

The streets and public buildings were beautifully decorated with flags and mottoes. The place where Franklin was born, in Milk Street, site of the place where he worked, and other localities associated with him, were appropriately marked. Quotations from "Poor Richard's Almanac," with many witty modern applications, portraits, busts, statues, paintings, and transparencies, representing him and scenes in his life, were to be seen in every direction.

The procession was a remarkable one. It was five miles in length. In it were large carts or platforms upon which different artisans were at work at their trades: Bakers scattered hot biscuits among the crowd; two hundred sugar refiners paraded in working costume with a big sugar barrel drawn by eight horses; five hundred piano-makers with a piano made one hundred and eighty-seven years before, and another one hundred and

fifty years after, the birth of Franklin. The coopers appeared with a huge car on which they were making barrels with great activity; the iron-workers with handsome specimens of their work; a car of copperplate printers threw showers of portraits of Franklin to the crowd.

The printers, of course, were out in full force. There was a big car upon which was the press at which Franklin once worked, and another with printers busily engaged setting up type, and a press in active operation, printing a Franklin poem written for the occasion by B. P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington), which, after being struck off, was scattered among the crowd. Kites, lightning-rods, and what electric inventions were then known were liberally represented. It was said that no mechanical trade carried on in Boston was unrepresented.

THE MILITARY PARADE

The trades were preceded by the uniformed militia of Boston: two regiments of infantry, a battalion of dragoons, and battery of artillery. Then came the firemen in uniform, with their fire-engines gayly decorated; then carriages containing the orator of the day and other distinguished personages; after which were the trades, which were the specialty and attractive feature of the affair. An official report gives eighty different trades that were represented in the procession.

The orator was Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, and his effort was worthy the occasion. I well remember him

when at the proper moment, pointing to the monument, he said :

Let it be unveiled ! Let the Stars and Stripes no longer conceal the form of one who was always faithful to his country's flag, and who did so much to promote the glorious cause in which it was first unfurled !

As the loosened flags fell away from the figure, there was at first a clapping of hands, which was followed by cheer upon cheer from the multitude assembled.

In the evening the city was illuminated, and there was a display of fireworks. Such were the honors paid to the memory of Benjamin Franklin by his native city, sixty-six years after his death.

Familiar as the life of Franklin is to the American reader, one does not realize, until they are summarized, the catalogue of good deeds that he performed that were of advantage to those who came after him.

FRANKLIN'S WONDERFUL WORKS

He founded the Philadelphia Library, the leader in the field of hundreds of others of similar character.

He edited the best newspaper in the Colonies, and gave a start to the press of America.

He exemplified the value of advertising in modern business.

His "Poor Richard" maxims were wit and wisdom that brought home valuable truths to readers such as they could understand and make of practical service.

He established the post-office system of America.

It was he who caused Philadelphia to be paved, lighted, and kept clean.

He invented, when fuel became scarce, the Franklin stove, which economized it; and made a free gift of his invention to the public, besides suggesting various other heating inventions, later on, in which this country leads all others.

He was the remover of the once universal nuisance, — smoky chimneys.

He was the first effective promulgator of the gospel of ventilation.

He made important electrical discoveries, and, as is said, “Robbed thunder of its terrors, and lightning of its power to destroy.”

He was instrumental in founding the first high-school in Pennsylvania; and note this important and wise protest, — he protested till his death against using the funds of that institution in teaching youth the languages of Greece and Rome when French, Spanish, and German were so much more required in regular commercial transactions.

He founded the American Philosophical Society, the first organization of the friends of science in this country.

His aid was valuable in founding the Pennsylvania Hospital.

He led that State in its struggle of thirty years against the tyranny of the Penns.

When the Indians were carrying on bloody marauding expeditions within eighty miles of Philadelphia, he commanded and led the troops of the city that were sent against them.

He was author of the first scheme for uniting the Colonies; his scheme contained many features that bind the States in the Union to-day.

More than any other man he was instrumental in causing the repeal of the Stamp Act, and more than any other man he educated the Colonies up to independence.

He discovered the temperature of the Gulf Stream, and that north-east storms begin in the south-west.

It was he who directed attention to the advantage of building ships in water-tight compartments, getting the idea from the Chinese.

In Paris he saved the alliance from being destroyed repeatedly, and brought the negotiations for peace to a successful close.

He labored for the abolition of slavery towards the close of his life and in aid of those emancipated.

These are the acts of his eventful life as discovered by Parton, and many others of importance might be cited, such as his theory of navigation, now in use, for which one who was traitor to his country has the credit, and his work in the Convention of 1787. In fact, he proved the truth of his assertion that it was "incredible the amount of good that may be done in a country by a single man who will make a business of it and not suffer himself to be diverted from that purpose."

My pictures of Franklin are many ; the one illustrating this book is from an original picture by J. A. Duplessis, once owned by Mr. Barnet, Consul General of the United States at Paris.

XI

AUTHOR OF "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL"

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN was eloquent in a famous speech urging the impeachment of Warren Hastings, but his name has always been associated in my mind with the famous old comedy of "The School for Scandal," which he wrote, and which was first produced at the Drury Lane Theatre in 1777, and holds its own on the dramatic stage to-day as one of the most attractive comedies. Sheridan's comedy of "The Rivals," which was his first, was brought out in 1775, and was damned on its first production, owing mainly, it should be said, to the deficiencies of the actors of the piece; but it grew in favor with the public, and became one of the author's most popular productions. Sheridan was also the author of "The Stranger" and "Pizarro," both adapted from the German of Kotzebue; and any reader of dramatic history from 1798 down to 1850 will see, from the constant recurrence of these plays, and the distinguished actors who have appeared in them, how remarkably popular they have been. Immense success attended the production of "Pizarro," which was brought out at Drury Lane on the 24th of May, 1798, with the following cast: Rolla, John P. Kemble;

Alonzo, Charles Kemble; Elvira, Mrs. Siddons; Cora, Mrs. Jordan. Was not that a cast?

No wonder it was immensely successful. Jack Banister says :

In the short period between its first performance (May 24) and the close of the theatre (July 5) it was represented one hundred and thirty times to houses always crowded, to audiences always delighted. Thirty thousand copies of the play were issued from the press, and fifteen thousand pounds flowed into the treasury.

“PIZARRO” IN BOSTON

To record the popularity of these plays in this country, and the American actors and actresses who have successfully appeared in them, would almost involve writing a history of the American stage. Indeed, so popular were they that scenes from them were introduced into the American school readers and speakers of fifty years ago. What Boston school-boy of that time is there that does not remember the scene from “Pizarro” between Rolla and the sentinel, beginning thus :

Rolla. — Inform me, my friend, is not Alonzo, the Spanish prisoner, confined in this dungeon?

Sentinel. — He is.

Rolla. — I must speak with him.

Sentinel. — You must not.

Rolla. — He is my friend.

Sentinel. — Not if he were thy brother.

Then do we not remember, the one of us who took

the part of Rolla, how we presented vigorously this passage :

Rolla. — Look on this wedge of massive gold — look on these precious gems. Take them — they are thine ! Let me pass but one minute with Alonzo.

Then the boy who sustained the character of the sentinel — how he would bring out that indignant speech :

Sentinel. — Away ! — wouldst thou corrupt me ? Me ! an old Castilian ? I know my duty better.

Hadn't we seen "Pizarro" acted at the Tremont, or the old Warren Theatre, from our seats in the pit, and didn't we know the fire that the old stagers of those days used to put into the characters ? Of course we did, and imitated them as closely as possible.

MADAME DE STAËL

How familiar is that portrait of Madame de Staël, painted by Gerard and engraved by Finden, which represents her in the turban head-dress, the short-waisted gown of the Empire, and holding in her hand a twig of poplar, which, when talking, she would turn and twist between the fingers in the belief that its crackling stimulated her brain ! During the season when the poplar was not in leaf a piece of rolled paper was used as a substitute for the twig, and in winter her flatterers and admirers always had a supply of these

papers ready for her. Her hands were small and handsome, and some ill-natured people asserted that the poplar twig was an excuse for keeping them constantly in view.

Madame de Staël, it was urged, during her banishment by Napoleon, had small claims to consideration, for, though born in France, she was the daughter of a Swiss and wife of a Swede. Despite what has been said against Napoleon for what was called his persecution of Madame de Staël in banishing her from France, any one who will read of her acts and influence in Paris will see that she could not be tolerated by the head of a government such as his, and that he acted on the dictate of a sound prudential policy. He said to her son, who pleaded that his mother might return to Paris: "I do not say that she is a bad woman, but her mind is insubordinate and rebellious. She was brought up in the chaos of a falling monarchy and of a revolution running riot, and it has turned her head. As long as I live she shall not again set foot in Paris."

During her exile she lost no opportunity of exercising her wit at the expense of Napoleon's government, and used to call him "Robespierre on horseback." She welcomed with delight his overthrow and abdication, and at once returned to Paris, attaching herself to the party advocating representative government under Louis XVIII.

“CORINNE” AND “GERMANY”

Madame de Staël was the most distinguished authoress of her time. “Corinne” and “Germany” were two of her most notable works. The former won for her a European reputation, and the latter was first issued in Paris in 1810, where, after ten thousand copies had been printed, the whole edition was seized at the publisher’s by gendarmes sent by Savary, the Minister of Police, and Madame ordered to quit Paris in eight days. The book was afterwards published in London in 1813. Her last work was the “French Revolution.” She died in 1817, at the age of fifty-one.

Some of the authors that Fields visited remembered Wellington and talked much of him, so we must needs place a good portrait of “The Iron Duke,” as the English loved to call him, in among our celebrities. Wellington’s remarkable military career, from the time he entered the English army as ensign in the Forty-first Regiment until his victory on the field of Waterloo, is a familiar story to all readers of English history. He reached the summit of martial glory in his splendid and important series of victories in Spain over the French.

WELLINGTON’S WINDOWS

Later in his life, in the thirties, he became unpopular on account of his opposition to the Reform Bill, and a London mob hooted and pelted him in the streets and broke the windows of Apsley House, his residence.

These he had boarded up, and would not suffer them for a long time to be repaired, keeping them there in that condition as a monument of the ingratitude of the English people. But honors were showered upon him. He had a seat in the Cabinet in 1841, the Queen visited him in 1842, and a halo of popularity surrounded him the remainder of his life.

The London "Punch" found in Wellington a prolific subject for caricature, and during the latter years of his life scarcely a number of that journal appeared that did not have a picture of the Duke in it, all easily recognized by the Wellington nose. He would be depicted as approving "Punch" for some of his acts, marching in grand processions of caricatured celebrities, and various other ways.

His statue, that was placed upon the arch at the entrance of Green Park, near Hyde Park corner, was a most prolific subject for "Punch's" caricaturing, as will well be remembered. The statue was a colossal affair, weighing forty tons, thirty feet in height, and cost thirty thousand pounds. "Punch" ridiculed it as a colossal failure, and inappropriately placed upon the arch.

GENIAL TOM MOORE

Tom Moore! It is pleasant to look upon his good-natured face; and how pleasantly memory dwells upon his beautiful melodies! The beautiful "Last Rose of Summer"! How often have I heard the most celebrated

of prima donnas, who have entranced vast audiences with their glorious renditions of the great Italian or German composers, come forth and sing this beautiful melody and words while the whole assembly listened in breathless silence, to burst forth in tumultuous applause, at its close, at its exquisite tenderness and beauty so enhanced by the wonderful voice of a great artist!

Then there is "The Harp that Once through Tara's Halls," and "Believe Me, if All those Endearing Young Charms," adapted to the same melody that the famous class-odes of Harvard College are adapted, — "Fair Harvard;" a melody to which a poet of every class writes words that are sung by the graduating class, and repeated at its future class-meetings or festivities. I have heard these old songs sung to the air by old graduates, with the tears streaming down their cheeks, at a reunion, as their thoughts went back more than a score of years to the days of their Alma Mater.

The air did not originate with Moore, as many have supposed. It is an old English one, over two hundred years old, and the earliest preserved words begin —

My lodging is on the cold, cold ground.

Moore's first publication of his poetical works was in 1802, under the title of "Poetical Works of the Late Thomas Little." In 1830, when his "Life of Lord Byron" was published and under criticism, there was a caricature issued of a person asking if the author were a man of any note, and the answer given by the

one questioned was: "Once he was Little, now he is Moore."

Moore's "Lalla Rookh," which used to be quite a favorite in my boyhood days with young people, was first published in 1817, by Longmans, of London, who paid Moore three thousand guineas for it. There were a good many regrets that the manuscript autobiography of Byron, which he handed over to Moore on the condition that it should not be published till after the author's death, never saw the light. Byron died in 1824, and, at the earnest request of his relatives, Moore destroyed the manuscript, but afterwards entered into an agreement with Murray, the London publisher, to write his "Life of Lord Byron" above referred to, which was published in 1830, in two volumes.

HANNAH MORE

Another More, — Hannah More, the authoress of "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain;" and a good, motherly old soul she is represented to be in her picture by Pickersgill, of the Royal Academy, from which Finden has engraved her portrait. Hannah More wrote a couplet on receiving as a gift from Mrs. Garrick the shoe-buckles that once belonged to the great actor:

Thy buckles, O Garrick, another may use,
But none shall be found who can tread in thy shoes.

Mention of Mrs. Garrick makes it imperative that her portrait should be placed in our book, and a very good

one we have of her in her youth, from an original picture by Reid, and published in London in 1802 by Moltenno. The wife of the great actor was a young dancing-girl named Violette, born in Vienna, and who appeared at Drury Lane in 1746 with great success, supported by a male dancer named Salomon. Garrick loved and valued her, and provided handsomely for her in his will.

She lived to the advanced age of ninety-eight years, and I have a picture of her at the age of ninety-seven, taken from a scarce etching by George and Robert Cruikshank. She kept up two houses: at the Adelphi and at Hampton. Hannah More, whom she called her chaplain, came to live with her, and round her hospitable board came Boswell, Johnson, Colman, and Dr. Burney. She always maintained her connection with the theatre, and had her box at Drury Lane. The only actor that she would admit approached her husband was Edmund Kean, in the character of Richard III. Another criticism of Kean by her is somewhat familiar. After witnessing Kean one night play Abel Drugger, she sat down and wrote to him as follows:

DEAR SIR : You cannot act Abel Drugger.

Yours,

M. GARRICK.

The great actor's reply was equally concise and to the point :

MADAM : I know it.

Yours,

E. KEAN.

THE RICH POET

Here comes the picture of another celebrity who lived to a good old age, — Samuel Rogers, the poet, who lived to be ninety-three; a man who read Goldsmith's "Traveller" when it was published, and Tennyson's "Maud," and who published his first book before Burns' first volume appeared. But Rogers' poetry has lost its favor. The reader to-day demands something stronger and grander than quiet descriptions and everyday reflections. Rogers' "Italy" and "Pleasures of Memory," however, were both warmly received on their appearance. Byron praised the latter, which appeared in 1792, as "one of the most didactic poems in our language," and in 1813 dedicated his poem of "The Giaour" to Rogers.

Rogers was styled a banker, poet, and art collector. He was the son of a banker, and inherited a profitable business, from which, however, he retired when but little over thirty years of age. The remainder of his long life he passed in company with literary celebrities, whom he gathered about him at his "breakfasts," which were said to be more famous than his poems. He was also a collector of pictures and articles of *vertu*. With regard to his "breakfasts" and poems it was remarked that critics might find fault with the latter, but never with the former. He was devoted later in life to epigram and anecdote at these "breakfasts," and after his death "Rogers' Table Talk" was published.

Book-lovers will remember the choice edition of his "Italy," which was published in 1836, with elaborate steel illustrations similar to those engraved for bank-notes, an edition which is now exceedingly scarce and commands a high price. This edition was got out with great care by the poet, and illustrated by the best artists, and cost, it is said, ten thousand pounds.

Rogers was a bachelor, and died in 1855. He enjoyed life to the end, being in his latest years a stroller in the parks, a visitor to the picture galleries, and a constant attendant at the opera. His house in St. James Place, London, was the resort of a vast number of the most celebrated men of his time: Byron, Scott, Moore, Crabbe, Fox, Campbell, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and others. His house was filled with handsome paintings, pictures, engravings, vases, and statues, selected with rare good taste.

My picture of Rogers is a copy of the one painted by Samuel Lawrence, of the Royal Academy.

The autograph letter of Rogers in my volume refers to alterations in one of his books, is dated in 1835, and is to Moxon, the publisher.

AN OLD FRIEND

Ah! here comes an old friend, a picture that every American will recognize,—Trumbull's "Battle of Bunker Hill," and I am fortunate in having an excellent example of it. There is Major Pitcairn falling back into the arms of two soldiers after being shot by the negro

soldier in the foreground; there falls Warren into the arms of the barefooted, shirt-sleeved provincial, while the British officer pushes aside the threatened bayonet-thrust of the grenadier; and there is old General Putnam, bareheaded and waving his sword, as he endeavors to rally the retreating soldiers.

I think I first saw the picture when a small boy, in my first book of history. But once when travelling in Switzerland, many years ago, after ascending Mt. Rigi, most of the way on foot, we sat down, a party of three Americans and two Englishmen, in a little room in the hotel at the tip-top of the mountain to rest and refresh ourselves, — when what should greet our eyes but a large-sized copy of this picture, conspicuously displayed upon the wall.

The thing was neither rich nor rare,
But how the devil it got there!

at the top of one of the Alps.

WASHINGTON AND HAMILTON

As I write, there is before me an autograph letter of George Washington, dated Nov. 13, 1799, just a month before his death, in which he speaks of sending a check for fifty-six dollars for his subscription to Mr. John Trumbull's prints. Among Trumbull's works, besides "The Battle of Bunker Hill," which he painted in 1786, were a series of historical pictures, fifty-seven in number, and several portraits of Washington.

A good picture which follows this is the portrait of Alexander Hamilton, engraved from the original miniature by A. Robertson. There is so much that is interesting in the life of this patriot, able statesman, and truly great man inscribed on the pages of American history that volumes of essays might still be written upon his life and character. We all know what an important part he played in the formation and administration of the national government. In conjunction with Madison he had an important share in drawing up the Constitution at the Convention in 1787, at Philadelphia, which was afterwards adopted, and he was a strong supporter of the Federal as opposed to the Democratic party. He showed himself a financier of rare ability in his position of Secretary of the Treasury in reëstablishing public credit, founding a national bank, funding the domestic debt, and rearranging the system of duties.

Looking at Hamilton as a great financier, his military services to the country are lost sight of by many. Hamilton enlisted as a soldier as early as 1776, when he was but nineteen years of age, and was at the battles of White Plains, Trenton, and Princeton, and, after being appointed on Washington's staff, was at Brandywine and Germantown. Hamilton, who was at West Point when Arnold's treachery was discovered, pleaded hard with Washington to yield to André's request to be shot and not hanged.

One thing that should be set down to Hamilton's credit was his successful resistance to every scheme for

repudiating the national debt, and thus establishing our national credit upon firm foundation.

The sad death of Hamilton at the hands of Aaron Burr in 1804 is a well-known fact of recorded history, but his death had the effect of arousing a public sentiment against duelling such as had not before existed in the Northern States. Burr lived for thirty-two years after, but with a stigma upon his character from which he never recovered. Talleyrand, when in New York, on seeing Hamilton at work late at night in his office, remarked: “I have seen one of the wonders of the world, — a man laboring all night to support his family who has made the fortune of a nation.”

“THANATOPSIS ”

If Hood's appropriate epitaph was “He sang the Song of the Shirt,” certainly with equal appropriateness may be that of William Cullen Bryant, “He was the author of ‘Thanatopsis,’ ” which, in my humble opinion, is one of the grandest poems in the English language; and this splendid production was composed in 1812, when he was but eighteen years of age. As an evidence of the power of a name, it may be mentioned that about 1850 there appeared a poem entitled “‘A Vision of Immortality,’ by William Cullen Bryant,” which was so close an imitation of Bryant's style that it deceived many critics, and was copied into the newspapers all over the country. It began thus :

I, who essayed to sing in earlier days
 The "Thanatopsis" and the "Hymn to Death,"
 Wake now the "Hymn to Immortality;"

while such passages as these occur throughout the poem:

Each towering oak that lifts its living head
 To the broad sunlight in eternal strength
 Glories to tell thee that the acorn died.
 The flowers that spring above their last year's grave
 Are eloquent with the voice of life and hope.

.
 The broad, green prairies of the wilderness,
 And the old cities where the dead have slept,
 Age upon age, a thousand graves in one,
 Shall yet be crowded with the living forms
 Of myriads, waking from the silent dust;
 Kings that lay down in state and earth's poor slaves
 Resting together in one fond embrace.
 The white-haired patriarch and tender babe
 Grown old together in the flight of years.

If these lines remind the reader of "Thanatopsis," how much more so do these concluding ones call to mind the close of that immortal poem:

So live, that when the mighty caravan,
 Which halts one-night time in the vale of death,
 Shall strike its white tents for the morning march,
 Thou shalt mount onward to the eternal hills,
 Thy feet unwearied and thy strength renewed,
 Like the strong eagle's, for the upward flight.

After this poem had for several months gone the rounds of the press and received the most unqualified

praise, and the statement that the author had produced a poem that was a worthy companion to “Thanatopsis,” and in many respects its equal in grandeur of thought and beauty of expression, Mr. Bryant came out and disavowed the authorship of it. The writer, it appears, was a school-master in Connecticut; I am sorry that I have not his name, although I am the happy possessor of his poem. But after this discovery of its authorship, notwithstanding its merit, all allusion to it was dropped, and it appears to have drifted into obscurity.

My own acquaintance with Bryant was during his later years, when he was editor of the New York “Evening Post,” which he conducted with manliness and purity of tone well worthy of imitation. His last letter to me, which I have placed in the volume we are describing, is opposite his portrait, is dated March 12, 1878, three months before his death, and gives the facts of his connection with the “Post.” He writes :

I was first employed on the “Evening Post” in the summer of the year 1825. Not long afterwards I became a partner, owning a small share of the concern.

I became in 1827, I think, a proprietor of a larger share, and have been one of the principal proprietors ever since.

I feel vexed with myself that I did not improve the opportunity of his acquaintance in obtaining from him an autographic copy of “Thanatopsis.” With that of “America,” by S. F. Smith, “Old Ironsides,” by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, and “Excelsior,” by Longfellow, which I have, it would have completed a splendid quartet.

XII

BOSWELL AND PIOZZI

ONE cannot look upon the portrait of James Boswell without at once conjuring up Sam Johnson ; in fact, his acquaintance with Johnson was an event of decisive importance in his life. It was in 1773 that he was admitted into the literary club of which Burke, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Garrick, and Johnson were members, and from that time he made it his business to note down the sayings and doings of Johnson, with whom he became most intimate, and the result, in his "Life of Johnson," has gone through numerous editions down to the present day. Boswell was certainly a most faithful biographer.

Mrs. Piozzi's portrait comes next—a woman who will also be remembered as long as the memory of Johnson remains, for as Mrs. Thrale, before marrying Piozzi, the Italian music-teacher, she was his close and intimate friend, and by her beauty and lively manners was most valuable to him in brightening his widowed life and hours of despondency and hypochondria. Her marriage with Piozzi was considered by her friends a *mésalliance*, and excited the ire of Johnson to such a degree that a rupture of friendly relations was the result. Indeed, such was Johnson's rudeness to the lady

in some of his correspondence that some of his friends ascribed his ire to the fact that he had an eye to the widow himself. She wrote "Anecdotes of Johnson," and other books that are now forgotten, as she herself would be were she not a conspicuous figure in the life of Johnson.

FOUNDER OF THE METHODISTS

A portrait of the Rev. John Wesley, the founder of the Methodists. He was one of a family of nineteen children, and his life is a history of Methodism. Wesley made a visit to this country, being induced to do so in 1735, coming out to Georgia with General Oglethorpe to preach to the Indians and colonists; but he returned to England after two years' stay. In Wesley's evangelistic work in England and in organizing the Methodist body he was indefatigable, frequently travelling forty miles a day on horseback till near the close of his life, when he used a chaise. He was a voluminous writer, chiefly on religious subjects, and a man of great benevolence, giving away all his living to the poor.

In a perusal of his life the reader can but be impressed with the wonderful influence he had on the religious condition of the people of England, and that influence also extended to remote parts of the world. Wesley lived to be eighty-seven years of age, and was an incessant laborer to the last, — travelling, preaching, and writing. It is recorded that during his ministry of

fifty-three years he travelled two hundred and twenty-five thousand miles, a great part on horseback, and preached more than forty thousand sermons. His printed works, published immediately after his death, which took place in 1791, filled thirty-two volumes 8vo; a condensed and revised edition, printed later, was included in fourteen volumes 8vo.

Methodism, which was the greatest religious movement since the Reformation, got its name from a term applied in derision to the association formed by Wesley and his brother Charles for the promotion of greater personal holiness. They were at first styled "The Holy Club," then "Bible Bigots," and finally "The Methodists."

LORD NELSON

I rarely see the portrait of Nelson without recalling an anecdote of him, undoubtedly designed by his biographers to show his bravery and fearless character even at a very tender age, but which, to any thinking reader, bears no such evidence. It is the well-worn story that Nelson, when a very little boy, had rambled away from home one afternoon, and not returning at a late hour his parents became alarmed and sent out servants to search for him. He was found, after some time, sitting quietly by a brookside, having missed the pathway home. On being brought back he was told by his grandmother that it was so late she wondered that fear had not driven him home.

“Why, grandmother,” said the little fellow, “fear never came near me.”

He evidently understood that “fear” was an individual, and as no such a one had attempted to drive him home, remained away unconcerned. But his biographers seem to construe his reply into a precocious display of courage. His after-life gives color to this assumption, for Nelson’s bravery and daring seemed at times to touch temerity. This was strikingly exemplified at the naval battle at Copenhagen, in 1801, in which, after a terrible contest, he shattered the naval power of Denmark.

In the height of the engagement his superior officer, in view of what seemed to be a useless conflict, signalled him to cease action. When this was reported to Nelson, he replied: “Damn the signal! keep mine for closer battle flying;” and with the certainty of the ruin and disgrace that would be his in case of failure, he persevered and triumphed.

Nelson was the greatest of English admirals, and his stupendous victory on the Nile, where the enemy’s forces were completely annihilated, in 1796, and his victory, Oct. 21, 1805, in the bay of Trafalgar over the combined naval forces of France and Spain, were his two greatest achievements; and, as is well known, he died amid the thunders of the last, his mightiest, victory. I find in my autographic portfolio some memorials of Nelson and of this last-mentioned contest. The first is a letter written by Scott, his secretary, who was

killed at Trafalgar, and signed by Nelson. It is as follows :

VICTORY, GULPH PALMA,

30th March, 1805.

SIR: I have received your letter of the 20th of February acquainting me that the Commissioners of the Navy had disapproved of your paying the expenses of postage incurred for bringing the public letters by land from Lisbon to Faro. In answer to which I am not only very much obliged by your adopting this measure and the forwarding of his Majesty's service in this essential point, but very highly approve of your having done so, and beg to acquaint you that I have transmitted your said letter to the Admiralty, that their lordships may be satisfied with the propriety of your conduct. I have the honor to be, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

NELSON AND BRONTÉ.

Bronté, it will be recollected, was the title he obtained on receiving from the Neapolitan king the dukedom of Bronté as a reward for his services in the expulsion of the French from Naples, after the battle of the Nile.

A DRAMATIC CELEBRITY

How transitory is dramatic fame, and how few there are who have won worthy and distinguished honors that hold place for any length of time in the popular mind! How many are there, other than close dramatic students, who know anything of Miss O'Neill, afterwards Lady Beecher, one of the most natural and beautiful actresses that ever trod the English stage, and who first appeared at Covent Garden, in Juliet, always her

best part, Oct. 6, 1814? She was of Irish birth, and styled the "Irish Siddons." Her grace, beauty, and simplicity were the theme of every tongue. Macready, who often performed with her, was one of her enthusiastic admirers. Speaking of her in his "Reminiscences," he says:

Crowds were nightly disappointed in finding room in the theatre to witness her enchanting impersonations. Juliet, Belvidera, Mrs. Beverly, and Mrs. Haller were again realities upon the scene, attested with enthusiasm by the tears and applauding shouts of admiring thousands.

Critics almost unanimously pronounced her a worthy successor of Mrs. Siddons; her chief merit was that of a total absence of any approach to affectation. There was in her look, voice, and manner an artlessness and apparent unconsciousness foreign to the generality of stage performers that claimed the spectator's attention at once; and as Juliet, Macready says she was the living exponent of Shakespeare's text, and through his whole experience hers was the only representation of Juliet he had seen.

Very soon, however, this beautiful woman changed the public triumphs of her laborious profession for the felicity of domestic life by marriage with Sir William Beecher. Her last performance was on July 13, 1819, as Mrs. Haller in "The Stranger," and it is in this character that I have her portrait.

DR. SAM JOHNSON

From this delightful picture we turn to a reminder of that bluff old lexicographer, Sam Johnson, in the form of an autographic letter from him, dated March 26, 1774, and directed to Rev. Dr. Taylor. I have also inserted a picture of Johnson's sitting-room, at his house in Bolt Court, with himself and Boswell seated at a table covered with books and writing materials. I am aware that little can be written that has not already been presented about Johnson. The Doctor appears to have been rather a slovenly old fellow, of exceedingly brusque, if not rude, manners. He was blessed with a biographer who has made him as celebrated as any literary man who ever lived, for Boswell's "Life of Johnson" is certainly a wonderful specimen of biographical writing.

After the death of Alexander Pope, in 1744, Dr. Johnson came into the field of literature as its most important figure, occupying it as such for nearly forty years. Really he was at the height of his literary supremacy between 1760 and 1785. This period of his life includes among its great events the trial of Warren Hastings and the American Revolution. He numbered as his personal friends such men as Goldsmith, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Garrick, and Gibbon, and he appears to have been the royal high-priest of literary opinion in his time.

It is said that Johnson knew nothing of the science of language, was not a linguist, and knew next to

nothing of lexicography, as now understood; and yet in his English Dictionary he produced a great and lasting work, and the most important single literary contribution of the age in which he lived. Critics applaud the great clearness with which he, in most cases, expressed the meaning of his definitions. In fact, his work has been the basis of subsequent efforts of a similar character.

“Rasselas,” which used, in my boyhood, always to be given to young people to read, is a reminder of a touching episode in Johnson’s life, for it was written in 1759 to pay the expenses of his mother’s funeral, and was composed, as he tells us, “in the evenings of a week.” Boswell’s “Life of Johnson,” however, seems to be more imperishable than any of the Doctor’s own writings. Johnson died in 1784, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, close by the grave of Garrick.

GRISI

A portrait of Giulia Grisi represents her in the character of Norma, a part in which she was unsurpassed, and in which she first appeared at La Scala, Milan. Her début subsequently in Paris, in 1832, was a success, but London was the scene of her greatest triumphs. Her second husband was Signor Mario, whose magnificent tenor voice is well remembered by the American public as well as Grisi’s superb vocalization, which was heard during their visit to this country. Grisi died in 1869, aged fifty-nine.

XIII

JENNY LIND

AH! here is the picture of another glorious singer whom I well remember, and who enchanted this country with her magnificent vocal powers, — Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale.

There are many who read these lines who will well remember her triumphal tour in this country in 1850; made triumphal, as well as most remunerative, by the skilful management of P. T. Barnum, the great showman.

It may not be generally known, but in 1843, when she made her first appearance at the Grand Opera in Paris, her failure was so mortifying that she returned to Stockholm, her native city, and resolved never to sing in France again. She was most successful, however, in Stockholm, in "Robert le Diable," was engaged in Berlin in 1845, and after singing two years in Prussia visited Vienna and other German cities, and made her *début* in London, in 1847, with great success. Her return to Stockholm, soon after, was greeted with an ovation.

But it was in 1849, when she again returned to London, that her great triumph was won, when the royal family and court were present at nearly every

representation, and her splendid voice and many charitable acts won for her immense popularity.

It was then that Barnum, although he had never heard her sing, conceived the idea of bringing her to this country, if it could be done, as he said, "by paying any amount within" what he thought "reason."

P. T. BARNUM'S ENTERPRISE

He therefore sent over an agent with authority to engage her at any rate not exceeding one thousand dollars a night, for any number of nights up to one hundred and fifty, with all her expenses, including servants, carriages, secretary, etc., besides also engaging such musical assistants, not exceeding three in number, as she would select, let the terms be what they might. Furthermore the bold Barnum stipulated that he would place the entire amount of money named in the engagement in the hands of London bankers before she sailed.

Barnum's agent was successful, although others were in the field, including the Chevalier Wyckoff, who had previously visited America in charge of the celebrated danseuse, Fanny Ellsler. By the agreement the vocalist was to sing at one hundred and fifty concerts within one year or eighteen months after her arrival in New York, for one thousand dollars a performance, and that if after seventy-five concerts had been given a clear profit of fifteen thousand pounds had been gained beyond the outlays and expenses, then Miss Jenny should have in addition one-fifth part of the profits arising from the

remaining seventy-five concerts. If the first fifty concerts were not successful, a reorganized plan for the remaining ones was to be made.

LIBERAL EXPENDITURE

Furthermore, Barnum agreed to pay Jules Benedict £5,000 and Giovanni Belletti £2,500, and their expenses, to accompany the Swedish singer. This was certainly a liberal offer, and an enterprise that required considerable nerve to carry out, as well as energy and money. This Barnum discovered when he found that he would be required to deposit the entire amount stipulated, \$187,500, in the hands of the London bankers.

Barnum immediately began to prepare the public mind by a liberal use of printer's ink, which he knew so well how to employ, and moreover he was popular with newspapers on account of his liberal patronage in the way of advertising and courtesy in the distribution of complimentary tickets.

But he found the raising what money he required a matter of some difficulty. A bank president, who had frequently accommodated him, laughed in his face, and said it was general opinion that the scheme would ruin him, and asked him if he was so absurd as to think he could ever receive as much as three thousand dollars for a single concert. Others were equally incredulous, but the great showman persevered, mortgaged several pieces of his property all they would bear, sold others, and

borrowed of friends, until at last the amount was raised and deposited.

Meantime the press of the country was alive with marvellous stories of the engagement and the wonderful vocal powers of the coming singer, who at last arrived in New York, Sept. 1, 1850.

BARNUM'S TRIUMPH

Thousands of persons congregated on the wharf at Canal Street to see her disembark. Two triumphal arches were there, on one of which was inscribed "Welcome, Jenny Lind," and the other "Welcome to America." She entered Barnum's private carriage with Belletti and Benedict, and Barnum mounted the box at the driver's side, and the party were driven to the Irving House amid the cheers of the crowds. An enormous crowd congregated about the hotel, hoping to catch a view of the vocalist from the windows, and at night she was serenaded by the New York Musical Fund Society, of two hundred musicians, escorted by three hundred firemen in uniform, bearing torches.

In response to the cheers of the multitude, she was obliged to appear for a few minutes upon the balcony, which she did, hand in hand with Mr. Barnum.

Among other advertising schemes, Barnum offered a prize of \$200 for a poem, "Greeting to America," to be sung at her first concert. The prize was awarded to Bayard Taylor, although many thought his lines inferior

to others that were presented, notably so those of Epes Sargent, of Boston.

Then came another move as to who should be the purchaser of the very first ticket offered at the auction sale, giving the purchaser his choice of seat for the first performance. There were twenty-five hundred people at the auction sale of tickets at Castle Garden, and the first ticket was knocked down to John N. Genin, a hatter, whose store was quite near Barnum's Museum, for \$225. It was a profitable advertisement for Genin, for it made him known the length and breadth of the land. On the first day a thousand tickets were sold for an aggregate sum of \$10,141, and those who had laughed at "Barnum's crazy scheme" were astonished.

A MAGNIFICENT RECEPTION

Barnum wisely sent complimentary tickets to the first concert, with passes to and from New York, to leading newspapers in Philadelphia and Boston, and the writer of these lines was the recipient of one of them, and present at the début of the great songstress in this country, which was an occasion and a scene never to be forgotten. It took place on Wednesday evening, Sept. 11, 1850, at Castle Garden. The great building was divided off into compartments, each designated by lamps and cards of different colors. One hundred ushers, many of whom gladly served gratuitously for an opportunity to hear the singer, wore rosettes of the colors of the different sections, and the tickets and checks were

of the color of the section where the seats were that they indicated. By these means, which had been freely advertised, the vast audience of five thousand persons was easily and conveniently placed.

It was a magnificent sight, the parterre and galleries filled with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen, all in eager expectancy, which was at its highest pitch when the orchestra entered. After they were quiet in their positions, Signor Benedict entered, leading Jenny Lind by the hand, and as they advanced towards the footlights, I think I never saw such a magnificent reception. The whole of the vast audience seemed to rise to its feet; a perfect tempest of cheers and a waving of hats and handkerchiefs followed, continuing for several minutes.

The songstress was evidently much agitated, and as she began "Casta Diva" a tremulousness of voice was noticeable; but as she proceeded she gained confidence, and her sweet, musical tones rang through the great building with such power and effect that the audience was completely carried away by its enthusiasm, and there were shouts of acclamation and more waving of handkerchiefs and hats, and a fine one of the latter was launched forth by its owner from the back part of the house far up towards the ceiling and the stage, falling among the orchestral performers.

It was a magnificent triumph, and the singer was recalled again and again at the close; and the audience shouted also for Barnum, no doubt much to his gratifi-

cation, for he appeared and bowed his thanks in response to three tremendous cheers that were given for him.

JENNY LIND'S MUSICAL CAMPAIGN

If it were a sight to see the audience inside the building, it was another, as well as an experience, to see it outside with the crush of carriages and omnibuses. No electric lights and street cars in those days, and the crush and confusion in the comparatively dimly lighted space, notwithstanding extra gas-lights had been placed at different points, was fearful. But I had seen the *début* of the Swedish Nightingale in America, and I think it was the grandest affair of the kind in my experience.

Jenny Lind's concert campaign was one continued series of triumphs. Her name was upon every tongue, the newspapers filled with accounts of her singing, and, moreover, of her many most liberal acts of charity; for she gave away a very large amount in charity while in this country.

Many were the articles to which her name was attached. There were Jenny Lind bonnets and hats and gloves, mantillas, ice cream, ladies' boots, and a new style of chaise called a Jenny Lind chaise.

The purchase of the first ticket affair was carried out in many other cities besides New York, and as the buyers were most extensively advertised by Barnum, I presume it paid them well. In Boston the first choice was sold to Ossian E. Dodge, a comic vocalist, who

announced the fact to me personally an hour after its purchase, and the next day showed me his check for \$625 that he had paid for it, bearing Barnum's endorsement, and added, exultingly, that Boston led New York \$400. Col. W. C. Ross, however, of Providence, R.I., went \$25 better than Dodge, by paying \$650 for the first ticket sold in that city.

When Barnum came to Boston to arrange for the Lind concerts, the first newspaper office that he chanced to enter was where I was employed. After making some inquiries and arranging some details respecting advertising, he asked if there was any one acquainted with the newspaper editors of Boston present, who would accompany him to the different offices. I offered my services, and taking a seat with him in his carriage visited the sanctums of the editors of different Boston newspapers of that time with him, and introduced him to them. At parting he thanked me very cordially and presented me with an order for the first concert, and, shaking hands, bade me make myself known to him in the future at any of the exhibitions that he was conducting, that I might meet, in any part of the country, for a like favor.

I gave little heed to this invitation at the time, supposing it to be a mere compliment and an invitation that, in his multifarious affairs, would soon be forgotten. Such, however, was not the fact, as I found within the next twenty years on various occasions, without having to jog his memory or personally address him.

Jenny Lind gave ninety-five concerts in America, the total receipts of which were \$712,164; her share of this was \$176,675, and Barnum's gross receipts, after paying Miss Lind, were \$535,486.

A CLEVER IMPOSITION

Barnum related an instance of an ingenious fraud that was practised upon him soon after his engagement of Jenny Lind had been announced, and before she had reached our shores.

One day a foreigner waited on him at his office in the Museum in New York, and informed him, in broken English, that he was a Swedish artist who had just arrived from Stockholm, where Jenny Lind had kindly given him a number of sittings, and that he had brought over a portrait of her painted on copper which he wished to dispose of. He unfolded the package and displayed what appeared to be a good picture, and, as he said his necessities were great, offered it for fifty dollars, which was immediately paid. Barnum the next morning called in an artist friend to inspect his newly acquired and only known portrait of Jenny Lind, but was much chagrined when the artist showed him that he had purchased a cheap lithograph pasted on a tin back, skilfully varnished and made to look like a picture on copper; its net value being about three dollars.

But we will leave Barnum and Jenny Lind, and from the portrait of the Swedish songstress turn to that of the

celebrated English actress, Fanny Kemble, painted by Sully and engraved by Cheney.

FANNY KEMBLE

Fanny was the daughter of Charles Kemble and niece of Mrs. Siddons. This latter fact she always kept in mind, especially in her later years. I was not old enough to go and see her when she visited Boston at the zenith of her popularity as an actress, but it was generally admitted that she was a beautiful woman as well as an accomplished actress. Julia in Sheridan Knowles' play of "The Hunchback" was written expressly for her, and in that character and those of Portia, Bianca, Juliet, and Lady Teazle she shone unrivalled. She married Pierce Butler in 1834 and retired from the stage, but in 1847 returned to it in Manchester, England, appearing as Lady Teazle.

In the fifties she gave readings from Shakespeare and other dramatic authors in the principal cities of the United States with great success, and I think inaugurated, if I may so express it, "readings" from great authors—which has since become so recognized a literary entertainment. I saw her several times at her readings. She then had a fine presence, a full and flexible voice, and remarkable self-possession in thus keeping entertained a large audience solely by her own performance—a novelty, certainly, in those days.

She evidently was well acquainted with the story of her aunt (Mrs. Siddons) being a tragedy queen in

private life to such an extent that "she seemed to stab the potatoes;" for in her readings she would turn over the broad page of her quarto Shakespeare with the air of a queen who had just read a proclamation, and at the conclusion of a part for an intermission would stalk off the stage with the genuine tragedy stride and an expression of countenance of one that was

Not born to sue, but to command.

She became somewhat imperious in her manners and commands. In the latter I had some experience in a correspondence with her respecting the admission of a dramatic critic to her readings, in which the vastness of the condescension of granting such a favor was sought to be impressed, but with little effect, upon one who looked upon the attendance and task of criticising her readings as simply an arduous act of professional duty.

"I DINE AT FIVE"

Some anecdotes of her imperious acts about this time at the Tremont House are amusing. She was wont to dine privately in her rooms at that hotel at 5 P.M.

On one occasion the hotel servant chanced to enter with the tray containing her dinner at ten minutes before the hour.

Madam was standing at the other end of the room as the door opened.

"What is this?" she demanded, with a heavy tragedy frown and extended arm, pointing to the intruder.

"Dinner, madam," was the reply.

"Take it away! I dine at five."

"But, madam, it is only ten minutes of" —

"Do as I bid you, sir! Take it away. I dine at five."

The crushed menial was obliged to leave with his tray and not return until the clock had chimed the appointed hour.

On another occasion, calling in a servant, she gave out a quantity of soiled clothing for the laundry.

"When can these be returned to me, washed and ironed?" she inquired.

"The day after to-morrow, madam, at noontime."

"Be it so," was the dramatic reply, "at twelve on Wednesday."

But on the day and at the hour appointed the clothes had not been returned, and at ten minutes past noon a servant stood before her in response to the sharp summons of her bell.

"My clothes that were to be returned at twelve to-day — bring them."

"But, madam, we have not been able to get them ready, owing to difficulty in the laundry. You shall have them to-morrow."

"Bring them now — they were promised to-day."

"I know it, madam, but they are not ready."

"It matters not to me, bring them just as they are."

(Exit servant hastily.)

In a few moments later enter two men bearing between

them a huge wash-tub full of soap-suds and wet clothes, preceded by the servant.

Servant. — Madam, the clothes just as they are.

(Exit clothes-bearers, after setting the tub down in the middle of the room; followed by the servant, closing the door with a bang.)

A SPOILED EXIT

The last time I saw Mrs. Kemble was in 1879, at Stressa, Lake Maggisre, Italy. Coming in rather tardily at the table d'hôte I was shown by the servant to a position nearly opposite to that in which she was sitting, engaged in animated conversation with a meek little English curate who sat opposite her. He was modestly praising Milan Cathedral, which he had recently visited for the first time, the beauty of the structure and its architecture.

"Architecture! Its architecture is a mixture of different styles," she said, with emphasis. "Have you seen the cathedrals of Spain, sir?" she inquired.

"No, indeed, madam; this is my first visit to the Continent," piped the little churchman.

"Wait, then, till you see the cathedral of —— [and she mentioned one I have forgotten], and then you will see something worth praising — an architectural poem, sir."

Rising from her seat as she said this, she whirled away from her chair evidently with the intention of making a dramatic exit, but in the movement an unlucky fold of

her dress caught the chair, and the first step of the dramatic stride brought it round directly in front of her with a crash to the floor, and but for the fortunate presence of a servant my lady might have followed it.

Fanny Kemble, it will be recollected, obtained a divorce from her husband, Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia, in 1849, and after that resided in Lenox, Mass., during the summer seasons, when not on her reading tours, and attracted considerable attention by her skill as an equestrienne, managing the spirited steed she rode gracefully and skilfully.

MACAULAY

I believe I got my first knowledge of T. B. Macaulay from reciting his beautiful ballad, "The Battle of Ivry," beginning:

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts,
From whom all glories are,
And honor to our sovereign liege,
King Henry of Navarre;

a most inspiriting piece of versification, and brought to mind forcibly when I visited the Uffizi Gallery in Florence, in 1867, and saw the beautiful painting of "King Henry at the Battle of Ivry."

The King has come to marshal us
In all his armor dressed,
And he has bound a snow-white plume
Upon his gallant crest.

The "snow-white plume" and armor said to have

been worn by Henry of Navarre at the battle, in 1590, are exhibited in the Arsenal at Venice. They were presented to the Venetian Republic in 1603.

Macaulay was in his day one of the most brilliant writers of literary criticism, and indeed appeared great in all he undertook. He was a fine parliamentary orator, an admirable essayist, occupies a prominent position among the great poets, and as a delineator of historical scenes and personages is unexcelled. The sale of his "History of England" bears evidence of this fact. Many will recollect that when issued in this country there was a race to see which publisher would get it out first. Phillips, Sampson, & Co., of Boston, I recollect, got out an edition of the first two volumes, I think, in 1849, and they sold with the rapidity of a sensational novel. Indeed, the sale of his works, especially his History, has been enormous.

More than sixty thousand copies of his Essays were published in Philadelphia alone within the first five years, and the sale of the third and fourth volumes of his History within the first four weeks of their publication was over one hundred and fifty thousand copies. His splendid biographies of Clive and Hastings are by many esteemed the finest productions of the kind in the English language, and all his literary efforts bore evidence of a mind richly stored with ancient and modern lore, poetry, and history.

His "Lays of Ancient Rome," which were composed while he was holding office as war secretary in 1842,

contain that ballad, dear to school-boy recollection, "The Battle of Lake Regillus." Macaulay in the British Parliament appears to have been a courageous and unflinching advocate of religious freedom; his first speech in the House of Commons was in support of the bill to repeal the civil disabilities of the Jews. His miscellaneous literary acquisitions were something prodigious, and a critic of his day said of him, "He wears all his load of learning lightly as a flower."

My picture of him is engraved by J. Rogers from a photograph by Claudet; and his autograph letter, dated Sept. 21, 1855, informs the person written to that he can find a concise and popular account of the troubadours and some specimens of their poetry in Simonds' "Literature of the South of Europe."

Macaulay died in 1859.

XIV

CHARLES SUMNER

TURNING the leaf I find an autograph letter I received many years ago which revives memories of its distinguished writer. It is but a little note which, when written, enclosed some bits of political news, and reads thus :

4 COURT STREET, Monday.

DEAR SIR: I take the liberty of sending a couple of items for your paper — for the substantial accuracy of which I vouch.

Yours truly,

CHARLES SUMNER.

Sumner, it will be recollected, was a native of Boston, and a Latin-school boy. He first attracted marked public attention in 1845, at the age of thirty-four, by his oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations." Sumner had the honor of succeeding Daniel Webster as Senator from Massachusetts. It was in May, 1856, that he made his celebrated speech on Kansas, which excited the ire of Preston S. Brooks, Representative from South Carolina, who brutally assaulted him unawares in the Senate Chamber while seated at his desk, striking him over the head with a heavy cane, which was broken by the blows, and injuring him so severely that it was years before he recovered. This exhibition of Southern

chivalry was a powerful incentive to the antislavery cause. South Carolina, after Brooks' expulsion from Congress, endorsed his brutality by reëlection, and personal friends presented him with a fine cane to replace the one used in his cowardly assault.

Sumner was active in procuring the election of Abraham Lincoln, and, as is well known, was for years the acknowledged leader of the Republican party in the United States Senate. His speeches always, when announced, caused the galleries and Senate Chamber to be thronged with eager listeners. His speech on "The Barbarism of Slavery," in 1860, was far more bitter than that of 1856; but public opinion had changed largely at the North, and the time was rapidly approaching when the question was to be settled with different weapons than canes and speeches.

Sumner was a man of great force and indomitable will, and his speeches had great effect on the popular mind. He kept constantly in view "that freedom was national and slavery was sectional." His last important act, after the war, was to press his civil rights bill, which placed the negro on perfect equality with the whites in every State of the Union, so far as personal rights under the law were concerned.

Sumner, it was thought, never fully recovered from the effects of the attack made upon him by Brooks. He died March 11, 1874.

I had the pleasure of meeting him on several occasions. He was a light-haired, light-complexioned man,

of agreeable presence and kindly manner. The last time I met him was in Washington, in 1860, I think, when I called on him in company with Charles O. Rogers, the proprietor of the Boston "Journal," at his rooms, where we were hospitably entertained for nearly an hour to the exclusion of other visitors; and he exhibited the greatest interest in the drift of public opinion in Massachusetts and the outcome of the struggle of which there were already ominous indications was approaching. "And if it come," said he, "it will end in this being a free country in reality, instead of one only in name."

Sumner's oratorical efforts were the result of careful preparation, and his speeches he carefully wrote out to the last. His orations, chiefly on political topics, fill eight large volumes.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

Harriet Beecher Stowe! Here is the portrait of a woman whose book achieved a success unprecedented in the annals of literature. Her "Uncle Tom's Cabin" not only appeared just at the time such a book was needed, but it handled the subject in just the right manner, and as no one else had or has since been able to handle it. It is absurd, however, to attribute its extraordinary success entirely to its antislavery character. There must have been other attractions to it that caused it to be translated into Arabic, Armenian, Chinese, and Japanese, and to fascinate

millions of readers in every part of the known world.

“Uncle Tom’s Cabin” was published in 1852, and in less than nine months after its appearance more than a million copies had been sold. It made the fortunes of both author and publisher; over thirty rival editions were published in London alone; and it was translated into every living language that possessed a popular literature. The first publishers were John P. Jewett & Co., of Boston, whose store was on Cornhill, and I well remember visiting their premises and seeing the hundreds of boxes and packages of the book, which an increased force were continually hard at work upon to supply the orders; which increased in amount every day to such an extent that it was a difficult matter, even with several sets of stereotype plates and an increased number of eight power-presses, running night and day, to keep up with the demand; and the demand has not ceased yet, for editions of modern date are still called for and read.

There have been various dramatizations of the story, and the play of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” is a good drawing-card on the road now; many travelling companies within two or three years past have performed nothing else, but travelled as “The Uncle Tom’s Cabin” troupe, and played the piece successfully everywhere.

I have before me a somewhat remarkable copy of this remarkable book. It is the illustrated edition, published

by John P. Jewett & Co. in 1853, extended by extra illustrations and autographic letters from Mrs. Stowe to two large volumes. Among the illustrations are three admirable portraits of Mrs. Stowe, finely engraved. The edition has also inserted in it the twenty-six Cruikshank plates which were originally issued in London to illustrate an edition of the work published there in thirteen numbers, at twopence a number, and afterwards issued in a bound volume for three shillings.

A good set of these plates now commands fifteen dollars in this country, and they are scarce even at that price. A great many other illustrations of the work that I obtained in this country and abroad are also inserted. I have also placed in it a complete bibliography of the work, by George Bullens, F.S.A., keeper of the Department of Printed Books, British Museum, the gift of my friend of many years, Hon. H. O. Houghton, then of the firm Houghton & Osgood, and taken from the introduction to their edition of the story published in 1879.

A WONDERFUL BOOK

By this bibliography it appears that in the library of the British Museum there are thirty-five editions of the original English, the complete text, and eight of abridgments or adaptations. The library also has translations of the work in nineteen different languages, viz.: Armenian, one; Bohemian, one; Danish, two different versions; Dutch, one; Finnish, one; Flemish,

one ; French, eight different versions and two dramas ; German, five versions and four abridgments ; Hungarian, one complete version, one for children and one abridged in verse ; Illyrian, two ; Italian, one ; Polish, two different versions ; Portuguese, one ; Romaic or Modern Greek, one ; Russian, two distinct versions ; Spanish, six distinct versions ; Swedish, one ; Wallachian, two distinct ones ; and Welsh, three.

This list is, however, by no means complete, as there are other versions in other languages which are not in the possession of the Museum. Those mentioned, however, are sufficient to show the wide circulation of the book and its universal popularity. My illustrated edition is also enriched with autograph memorials of the author, preserved from personal correspondence with her in 1880, one of which is this extract from her original preface, in her own handwriting, with her signature attached :

A time shall come when sketches similar to these shall be valuable only as memorials of what has been, but has long since ceased to be.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Her autographic letter to me in "Yesterdays" relates to the publication of "The Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin." In 1853, when "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was at the acme of its renown, Mrs. Stowe visited Europe, and was the recipient of many courtesies from the most distinguished persons ; on her return she published a very interesting

record of her travels, in two volumes, entitled "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands." Her other principal works, that will be well remembered, are "The Minister's Wooing," "Pink and White Tyranny," "My Wife and I," "Agnes of Sorrento," and "Old Town Folks," besides several volumes for young folks.

TRIBUTE TO AN AUTHOR

A very handsome tribute was paid to her on her seventieth birthday by the publishing firm of Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., in the shape of a literary symposium and meeting at "The Old Elms," Ex-Governor Claflin's country seat in Newtonville.

The invitation, of which I was happy to be one of the recipients, read as follows:

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. request the pleasure of your presence at a Garden Party in honor of the birthday of

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,

at The Old Elms (the residence of the Hon. William Claflin), Newtonville, Mass., on Wednesday, June 14, 1882, from three to seven P.M.

The day was delightful and a large number of guests were present, including many well known in literary circles. Mrs. Stowe received many congratulations and several floral tributes. I had the pleasure of showing her my extra illustrated copy of "Uncle Tom," which seemed to please her very much as she turned the leaves over again and again, with the query of "Where did all

these nice pictures come from?" and closed the volumes with the expression that she was "glad to see Uncle Tom so handsomely treated."

FAVORITES WITH ILLUSTRATORS

It seems to me that the two works that are the most popular with extra illustrators, or "Grangerites," as some writers persist in calling them, are "Nell Gwynne" and "The Complete Angler." Let me give a few instances of what has been done with the latter by extra illustrators.

First, it should be known that since the appearance of the first edition of the "Angler," in 1655, more than sixty different editions of the work are known to have been issued, some of them quite costly and tasteful; but the illustrators, as will be seen, have made them elegant, sumptuous, and luxurious.

At a book sale in New York, not long ago, an edition of the "Angler," extended to four volumes by the insertion of two hundred and sixty portraits, forty-eight head and tail pieces on India paper, besides a number of original drawings, sold for six hundred dollars. But this is nothing to the copy owned by Mr. E. G. Assay, of Chicago, which is a large-paper Pickering edition, extended to six volumes by the insertion of an enormous number of prints, portraits, and water-colors, and valued at fifteen hundred dollars.

Mr. Hamilton Cole, of New York, has extended the Pickering edition of 1836 of two volumes to seven royal

quarto by the addition of two thousand prints, portraits drawings, and water-colors, — a magnificent piece of work.

Mr. William T. Horn, a well-known lawyer of New York and owner of a choice and elegant library, has in it no less than seven different editions of the “Angler” that he has extra illustrated.

The large-paper Boston edition has been extended to four volumes by the insertion of seven hundred prints, one hundred and sixty of which are proof before letter, and two hundred India proof after letter. He has the Bagster edition of 1808, extended to two volumes with two hundred India-proof prints; Pickering’s edition of 1836, to five volumes with seven hundred and fifty extra illustrations, mostly India proofs; a large-paper copy of the Major edition of 1824, extended with one hundred and fifty-four prints to two volumes; besides Westwood’s “Chronicle” and Walton’s “Lives,” also illustrated in an equally liberal manner. Mr. Horn has in all no less than twenty-four editions of Walton’s “Angler,” all of which are enclosed in splendid specimens of the binder’s art.

“KING OF WALTONIANS”

Robert Hoe, Jr., of New York, however, has been styled the “King of Waltonians.” In his superb collection of extra-illustrated books is the first Nicolas edition of Walton in royal octavo, large paper, which Mr. Hoe has extended from two to ten volumes by the insertion of one thousand three hundred and three illustrations,

prints, and water-colors. He has also extra illustrated the Bagster edition of 1815, and Dr. Bethune's, by Wiley, the large-paper edition by Major in 1815, the edition of Bagster, 1808, the Hawkins first edition of 1760, and others which I will not enumerate, making in all about thirty volumes of illustrated Waltons, all superb specimens of private book-making, and all perfect and complete, with broad margins, and without a single folded or imperfect print in the whole collection, which is a wonder in its way. I might mention many others, but the above instances, which may be found recorded at length in Tredwell's "Plea for Bibliomania," will suffice to show how popular Walton is with the extra illustrators.

I had heard and read so much about Izaak that I looked round Fleet Street and Chancery Lane on my first visit to London, and found the "spot on the north side of Fleet Street, two doors west of the end of Chancery Lane," where one old history put him down as dwelling, while another chronicles him as living "in Chancery Lane, seven doors from Fleet Street, from 1627 to 1644."

TENNYSON AND BOOTH

From Walton to Tennyson is something of a step, but here is before us a portrait of the poet, and it will be remembered in an early portion of these sketches we had a chat about an autographic letter of Tennyson. Tennyson, if we are to believe newspaper accounts, was extremely averse to giving his autograph, would not

reply to applications for it, and inveighed in unmeasured terms against autograph collectors; and yet I know of one instance, at least, where he solicited an autograph himself from a distinguished individual, and the circumstance was related to me by that individual, who chanced to be one of my personal friends, — Edwin Booth, the actor.

Booth once, in speaking to me of a visit made to the poet by invitation, said that as they sat alone, chatting together, Tennyson suddenly said:

“Mr. Booth, I am going to ask you to do me a favor, — to leave me a memento of this visit. I would like very much to have you write a quotation from any one of your Shakespearean characters for me and sign your name beneath it.”

“Certainly,” replied Booth; “and will you in return write for me a quotation from one of your poems and sign your name thereto?”

“I will,” was the reply. “What poem do you prefer?”

“Now, this was in some respects a poser,” said the actor, “for I was not very familiar with the poet’s works, but I answered, ‘The Brook.’”

“Then as he repeated after me the words ‘The Brook?’ the thought crossed my mind was it Bryant who wrote ‘The Brook’ and Tennyson ‘The Fountain,’ or *vice versa*, and had I not made a mistake? but my mind was at once set at ease by his adding, as he grasped the pen, ‘A good selection, Mr. Booth,’ and writing me the verse ending with the lines:

For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

Tennyson was one of the few poets laureate who really deserved that distinction. His first volume of poems we read was published in 1830, when he was but twenty years of age, and nothing more till 1847, when "The Princess" appeared; next "In Memoriam," in 1849, which many critics consider his masterpiece. "Maud" came next, in 1855; then "The Idylls of the King;" then later works, with which all are familiar, among them "Enoch Arden," in 1864, a most finished and successful work, and one which had an immense popularity in this country.

Here is an autographic letter that I own that carries one back to the days when our Boston authors were busy and popular:

APRIL 8, 1864.

DEAR SIR: The Saturday Club propose to hold their April meeting on the 23d inst., and to invite several friends of Shakespeare to dine with them on that day. In their behalf we request the honor of your company at dinner, at the Revere House at 4 o'clock, P.M. With great regard, your obedient servants,

R. W. EMERSON, of Concord, Mass.,

J. R. LOWELL,

O. W. HOLMES,

Committee.

The above letter is in the handwriting of Emerson and addressed to James T. Fields, who doubtless felt it an honor to dine in such company on Shakespeare's birthday.

XV

WHAT IS IT WORTH?

THE reader has now reached with me the end of our volume, or, rather, I may say our volumes, for the field we have gone over is occupied by four volumes, which, by the extending or extra-illustrating process, grew out of the one volume presented to the writer by his friend, James T. Fields.

In these sketches the reader has had described to him in some degree the process of extra illustrating; the prints and autographs used in that process have also been described; and, moreover, we have had pleasant "Chats" about each one of the "Celebrities."

Now, what is all the labor worth, and what has the extra illustrator to show for all his trouble? may be asked.

Well, first he has had the pleasure of gratifying his taste, which, to say the least, is one calculated to elevate and instruct. In seeking for the portraits required, experience soon teaches the illustrator how to judge of the character of engravings and to select proofs of good, sharp, and clear impressions, also to get those that are contemporaneous with the text illustrated, and when portraits are referred to in the text to obtain a copy of the one that is mentioned. Moreover, in the seeking

for and collection of these portraits or autographic letters, the illustrator is constantly acquiring facts and information respecting the celebrities whose pictures he seeks. An evidence of this is in some degree shown in these sketches.

When finally brought together in a perfect whole, the illustrator has an unique and valuable volume, with literary or historic facts vouched for by original documents, that is a source of pleasure to himself as well as delight to students of literature.

“But the cost of such a work?” asks the reader.

COUNTING THE COST

Well, let us examine “Yesterdays with Authors.” First, the original cost of the book, without illustrations, was about \$2. Here are two hundred fifty steel portraits and one hundred eight original autograph letters. The portraits cost, say, from ten cents up to \$1.50 each, but a few of the rarest reaching the latter figure, and it is safe to say ten cents is a very low average for the cheapest. The autograph letters range in price from \$3 to \$25; comparatively few selling at the highest and lowest prices.

There is a regular market-price for these documents, readily understood by dealers and collectors, and the one hundred and eight in these volumes could be extracted and sold to-day to dealers who would gladly take the round lot at \$3 each. The cost of binding of the four volumes will, of course, depend on what kind of a

dress the owner decides to put his literary treasure into. The one we are describing is handsomely bound in maroon leather, full gilt, with beautiful tooling work upon its covers, and, of course, had to be put together by expert workmen, care being taken that no illustrations were soiled or misplaced. This work cost, I think, \$25.

Now, then, we have : cost of original copy of the book, \$2 ; portraits, say, \$38 ; autographs, \$325 ; inlaying and preparing autographs and plates to fit, say, \$10 ; binding, \$25 ; a total of \$400. Looks large for an illustrated work in four volumes, crown 8vo, does it not ? But, then, so does \$1,000 for a very small oil-painting, \$60 a dozen for choice brands of wine, or \$5,000 for a fast trotter ; and yet those who pay these prices think they have the worth of their money in the gratification each of his particular hobby, and it is well, perhaps, that all tastes are not alike.

Of course, the question may arise whether the extra illustrator, in the production of the valuable volumes of which he is the happy possessor, pays too dearly for his intellectual amusement ; in which case it may be said that there are those who expend much larger amounts for their own recreation and amusement, in a different manner, who have much less to show for the expenditure.

A CHAT ABOUT ACTORS

Lives of celebrated actors, stories and anecdotes of them, have been given, like those of other celebrities

mentioned in these papers, by abler pens than mine, so that anything that here appears, my interested dramatic readers must take simply as another individual opinion and another record of personal experiences.

Looking at dramatic art as it is to-day, I can but think it a great privilege to have witnessed in their prime the performances of Ellen Tree, Edwin Forrest, J. B. Booth, Sr., J. H. Hackett, Charles Kean, G. V. Brooke, Charlotte Cushman, John Vandenhoff, E. L. Davenport, J. W. Wallack, Jr., Lester Wallack, John Gilbert, John Brougham, William Warren, and Edwin Booth. With many of these I was personally acquainted, and some of their representations, to my mind, still remain unrivalled.

Ellen Tree's *Ion* was magnificent, Forrest as *Macbeth* and the *Gladiator* superb, and J. B. Booth, — many who remember his performance of fifty years ago are ready to agree that he was the best *Richard III.* of modern times. His *Pescara*, in "*The Apostate*," was also a great performance.

That wonderful eye of his, and the emotion and passion that he brought into action upon his features, I never saw equalled. It thrilled one through and through, and in the latter piece excited an audience as I never saw another artist capable of doing.

The elder Booth's *Shylock* was also a wonderful piece of acting. I recall one masterly bit of stage business in it, in the trial scene, where *Shylock* makes his final exit. The text runs :

Shylock. — . . . Send the deed after me and I will sign it.

Duke. — Get thee gone, but do it.

Then, as the crushed and utterly defeated old man is tottering off, apparently unable to support the burden of his sorrow and really exciting some pity at his defeat and indignation at the jibes of Gratiano, he suddenly looked up and caught a glance of the triumphant merchant and his friends ; and, as if inspired by the fire of devilish hate, he straightened up his bent form, and his whole countenance was lighted up with such an expression of fiendish hate and revenge shining through the glistening eyes and expressed in every line of the malignant features, that the audience gazed almost breathless at him as the last three paces carried him out of view ; then, with lengthened sigh as the tension was withdrawn, burst forth in tumultuous applause, a just tribute to the genius of the impersonator.

THE OLD TREMONT THEATRE

In the old days of the Tremont Theatre in Boston, fifty years ago, the stage entrance was from School Street, about where the ladies' entrance to the Parker House is now located. Standing upon the spot now occupied by the latter building, in those days was an old wooden hotel kept by one Bascom, father of Henry Bascom, the comedian, now an inmate of the Forrest Home.

In the bar-room of this hostelry the actors and their

friends were wont to refresh themselves, and access could also be had to the passage leading to the stage door by passing through this house. I chanced to enjoy the personal acquaintance of a member of the Tremont orchestra in my young days, a Mr. Robert Beatty, who played the clarinet; and as there was room for two on the seat upon which he sat, next the stage, I availed myself of the privilege I enjoyed of an invitation to sit beside him occasionally and see some of the grandest efforts of the greatest of dramatic artists.

Then was the time when Ostinelli led the orchestra, Dorn played the French horn, "Shad" Pierce the trombone, Beatty the clarinet, Bartlett the trumpet, and old Gear the double bass.

Such actors composed the stock company as Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith, Mrs. H. Cramer, Mr. and Mrs. Ayling, Mr. Muzzy, George H. Andrews, W. F. Johnson, S. D. Johnson, etc.

ANECDOTE OF J. B. BOOTH

On one occasion, when passing *via* the stage entrance of the Tremont with Mr. Beatty to the orchestra, we heard a commotion in the hotel bar-room, and looking in to discover the cause found Mr. William R. Blake and another actor endeavoring to get Booth into the theatre. The tragedian was terribly intoxicated, and the effort appeared a hopeless one.

The orchestra was, however, rung in as usual, and

played away for some time after the hour for raising the curtain. The large audience that assembled to witness the representation of "Hamlet" at last were impatient, and finally the green curtain slowly rolled up.

Sitting, as I did, close to the stage, I could easily look off at the wings, and there saw three men, two of whom were supporting Booth, and the other finishing and adjusting his costume upon him. When his cue came he was pushed upon the stage. Standing somewhat unsteadily upon his feet, he went on with his part correctly, and then, as he made his exit, I saw the means that the attendants used to keep him up.

Directly when he came off, one applied a wet towel to his head, while another gave him a steaming cup of coffee from a big pitcher. The wet towels and hot coffee seemed to be efficacious, for as the play progressed he received round after round of applause, and all evidence of unsteadiness disappeared. I noticed that the orchestra, contrary to their usual custom of leaving their places when the curtain was rung up, remained and paid close attention to the performance.

GREAT ACTING

"I wish you to pay particular attention to the play," whispered Beatty to me, "for you will probably never see Hamlet better acted."

And as my young recollection serves me, I certainly never saw it more effectively rendered.

In the graveyard scene, where Hamlet apostrophizes

Yorick's skull, his emotion was of as genuine a character as though he were really holding the skull of a beloved companion. I shall never forget the emotion with which he pronounced the words, "He hath borne me on his back an hundred times," and his "Alas, poor Yorick!" when he pressed the relic of mortality to his breast, and the great, genuine tears rolled down his cheeks. The excitement of intoxication was such as was frequently the case in the latter years of his life, to make him probably imagine himself the character he was impersonating.

I used to think the Hamlet of James E. Murdoch an admirable one; it was certainly a well-read part, and his fine presence, high forehead, dark eyes, and raven locks, as far as appearance went, rendered him a beau ideal picture of the character. Murdoch, after leaving the stage, gave Shakespearean and other readings with great success. In my younger days the members of a young men's literary club, myself among the number, took lessons in dramatic reading and elocution of him, and he certainly was a most competent instructor and kind-hearted man.

DAVENPORT AND BROUGHAM

So was my good friend "Ned" Davenport. I cannot call him "Mr. E. L. Davenport," for "Ned" expressed just the kind-hearted, good-natured fellow he was. Light hair, fair complexion, blue eyes, and cheery smile were his. A man of correct habits and always warmly

greeted by Boston audiences, he might, with good business tact, have turned his talents as a tragedian to more account than he did. But he was of an obliging nature, ready to play anything: Sir Giles Overreach in a most masterly style one night; and the next, William in "Black-Eyed Susan," dancing a hornpipe during the play.

Davenport and John Brougham used to have great sport in the representation of Brougham's burlesque of "Pocahontas" at the Howard Athenæum in old times. Brougham played Powhatan and Davenport John Smith. In a scene when Smith's head is placed upon the block and Powhatan is about to dash out his brains when prevented by the entreaties of Pocahontas, the dialogue used to be "gagged" fearfully by both the actors. Some of these puns were so good that they were afterwards incorporated into later publications of the play.

One of these was where Brougham stopped Davenport with the sentence:

" Oh, cut it short, I'll hear no more debate,
You must die early, so you can't dilate."

On another occasion a clumsy actor in crossing trod heavily on Powhatan's foot as he was about to utter the words "I am amazed," but catching sight of Brougham's expression of pain as he writhed under the infliction he "stuck" in the middle of the sentence with:

" I am amaze " —

"And I am Indian corn," interpolated Brougham, grasping the suffering member in his hand.

FANNY DAVENPORT'S DÉBUT

I often used to visit Davenport in his dressing-room and behind the scenes at the old-time "Howard," when he was the manager. It was in this very piece of "Pocahontas" that his daughter, Fanny Davenport, made her first appearance on any stage, and it was one of the first appearances that I had the fortune to witness.

Standing near the prompter's desk, and talking with Davenport, we were interrupted by a little girl about seven years of age, bearing a banner, who said:

"Oh, papa, I want to tell you something."

"But what are you doing here, my child? Has not the prompter placed you for the next act?"

"Yes, papa, but it's not quite ready yet, I heard them say so."

"Go right back to your place, and when you come off at the end of the act I will hear you. Always do what the prompter tells you."

As the little one ran back to her place in the procession that was waiting to go on when the scene opened, the father turned to me, saying:

"That's my little daughter Fanny, and this is her first appearance on any stage."

Years after, when "Ned" had made his final exit from the stage of life and his daughter was playing a star engagement in New York, in a brief correspondence

with her I mentioned this incident and received in reply a most interesting letter, acknowledging her memory of thus first treading the board as a banner-bearer, and referring to her father in a most affectionate manner.

YOUNG JIM WALLACK

Another actor, who often played in the same pieces with Davenport, was J. W. Wallack, Jr., or "young Jim Wallack" as he was known; a capital King James in the "King of the Commons," and also in a dramatization of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," in which he played Roderick and Davenport Fitz James.

Wallack boarded, in "the fifties," at that well-known actors' boarding-house kept by Miss Amelia Fisher in Bulfinch Place.

On Sunday evenings a few friends would drop into Wallack's rooms for a social chat, and I recall one occasion when both he and Davenport were present with one or two other actors, when, as the editor of one of our Boston papers and myself entered, we were greeted by Davenport with the exclamation:

"Ah, here come the boys that (heaven save the mark!) will teach us how to act; sit down, you blessed paper-stainers, and tell us what you think of the new piece this week."

"Very good, very good," was the reply. "Capital stage effects and grand chance for points for both of you which you were quick to improve."

"Do you hear that?" said Wallack. "Praise from Sir Hubert Stanley."

"Yes," remarked my companion, "fine effect, that whistle of yours and the Highland warriors rising as you struck an attitude with

" ' These are Clan Alpine's warriors true,
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu.' "

"Good enough," remarked Wallack; "but then Ned has the sympathies of the audience, you know, for he is the gallant knight who defies the host:

" ' Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I ! ' "

"Yes, well given!" said my friend.

ACTOR AND CRITIC

"Ah! glad you acknowledge it. And now, my boy," said Davenport, giving me a thump on the back, "how did you like that combat scene of Jim's and mine, eh?"

"Very good as far as it went, but it was not correct."

"Not correct! Ah, now we have it! Now comes the fly in the amber! Not correct! Now, see here: you may know something about writing for the press, but hang me if I think you are up in fencing or a broadsword bout."

"Perhaps not," I replied, "but the fight was not according to the text of the story."

"Not according to the text," said Davenport; "why,

bless you, man, Fitz James, that's me, gets the better of Roderick, that's Jim; I fight with him, get him down, blow my horn, and then enter my men."

"Precisely so, but the combat was not correctly carried out. You had two 'bouts' or set-tos, did you not?"

"Certainly. First cut and thrust, one up and two down, half-way across the stage and back, till out of breath, then at it again, up and down, right and left, till

"Backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud chieftain to his knee.

Yes, yes, two regular good rounds; our old 'cut and thrusts' struck fire and brought down the house."

"Still, I say the combat was incorrect."

"Indeed! Sir Critic," said Wallack, dramatically.

"Ay, and indeed again," was the reply.

"Will your highness deign to instruct two of your subjects how to wield their weapons?" said Wallack.

"Oh, your weapons were wielded well enough," I answered; "but do you not know that every school-girl has read the 'Lady of the Lake,' and many know the combat scene by heart. The poem runs thus:

" *Three* times in closing strife they stood,
And *thrice* the Saxon sword drank blood.

Now you had but two bouts, as you admit, and the Saxon sword only had two drinks instead of three."

"I vow you are right," shouted Wallack, "and we will have the missing drink ourselves if Miss Fisher has

anything lubricating in the house, and next time the Saxon sword shall not be cheated of its dues."

OLD-TIMERS

Among the old-timers who are left of the Boston stage are Joseph Proctor and Wyzeman Marshall, both good representatives of melodramatic as well as tragic acting as it used to be given at the old Warren, afterwards National, Theatre.

Mr. Proctor is an instructor in elocution and of pupils who are preparing to enter the dramatic profession. Wyzeman Marshall, I think, lives quietly in retirement. Both these gentlemen, however, may be met occasionally in Boston upon the street, and I often enjoy a chat with them upon the times when they were both leading dramatic lights and starring it there and in other cities.

Joe Proctor, it will be remembered, was celebrated as the impersonator of the Jibbenainosay in the drama of "Nick of the Woods."

Proctor, as will be seen by the following autograph letter that I received from him in 1883, made his début over sixty years ago:

MANCHESTER BY THE SEA,

Aug. 15, 1883.

CURTIS GUILD, ESQ.:

MY DEAR SIR: In answer to your inquiries, I would say I made my histrionic début as Damon in the play of "Damon and Pythias," at the Warren Theatre, Boston, Nov. 29, 1833, at the age of seventeen years. I was born May 7, 1816; therefore, at the corresponding date, 1883, I will have been fifty years upon

the stage. Is it a dream? The result of my first effort may be inferred from the fact that I repeated the character on two other occasions, soon afterwards; also appearing as Rolla, in Kotzebue's "Pizarro" and as Carwin, in John Howard Payne's "Therese."

"The Jibbenainosay" was written for me by Miss Medina, and is a dramatization of Dr. Bird's novel, "Nick of the Woods," and first produced at the Bowery Theatre, New York, May 6, 1839.

As ever, yours truly,

JOSEPH PROCTOR.

A FUNNY MISTAKE

Proctor was very successful in this piece, and I have before me a bill of its performance that I witnessed in 1861, in which Charles Barron, W. H. Curtis, W. J. Lemoyne, Dan Setchell, and Mrs. J. R. Vincent were in the cast. Among his curious experiences in the representation of this character that he related to me was one that occurred in a Portland theatre, where, for some unaccountable reason, one of the actors found it impossible to pronounce the word "Jibbenainosay." As he was obliged to repeat the word in his part and make it a point, it was quite important that it should be done correctly. Proctor labored with him at rehearsal, where the puzzled Thespian shouted "Jib-benny-see," and "Jib-bene-see," and writhed the word into all sorts of shapes except the right one, till Proctor, after taking him alone into his dressing-room and making him repeat it slowly, syllable by syllable, finally succeeded in getting him to speak it correctly.

When, however, he rushed on to the stage at night, in his eagerness to give the word correctly he completely "lost his head;" and in attempting to frantically announce, "The Jibbenainosay is up!" he shouted, "The Jibby-Jibby-the Jib" — and "stuck."

"Jibbenainosay is up," whispered the prompter.

"The Jib-benn-o-say has got up," responded the perspiring actor desperately, eliciting shouts of laughter from the audience.

I once saw a representation of "Nick of the Woods" where the part of an Indian chief, Wenonga, was represented by an Hibernian, who, in the excitement of the scene, so far forgot himself as to give an excited speech in a rich brogue:

"Shpake! shall Wenonga see the white man's divil?" which had such an effect upon the Jibbenainosay that it was with the greatest difficulty that he could keep his countenance and go on with his dialogue with this Irish Indian.

Proctor was a forcible and capable actor; his representations of Damon, Virginius, and Alexander the Great were excellent specimens of Thespian power. In private life he has always been unimpeachable and his acquaintance valued by all who knew him.

Close after Proctor's letter in my collection comes one of a bright actor of genteel comedy and juvenile tragedy who was quite a favorite in Boston in the fifties.

GEORGE VANDENHOFF

He was at one time looking over with me some of my dramatic autographs and mementos, and was quite pleased to note those of Garrick, Cooke, J. B. Booth, Forrest, and T. A. Cooper.

“Why, my boy, these are shining lights in the profession, and you do well to preserve these letters! They will improve with age, like good wine.”

“Will you not add something from your pen to the collection?”

“Well, I do not mind — yes, I will, for the sake of being in such good company; that is, if you will promise to keep it.”

“Most certainly I will.”

“Agreed!”

Seizing a pen he sat down and dashed off the following, impromptu:

Dear Guild, you desire me to write you a line,
I believe with the grand autographic design
Of posting it up with some comrades of mine,
Most of whom are renowned in theatrical line;
A collection, no doubt, which will be very fine,
And in which it will be quite an honor to shine,
So I've written what's here, and

Sincerely am thine,

GEORGE VANDENHOFF.

XVI

OLD TIMES

LOOKING back through the telescope of time, many a well-remembered form appears. There was bright and versatile W. H. Smith, stage manager of the Boston Museum in its early days, and before that, one of the stock at the old Tremont, where himself and wife, and "Gentleman George Barrett" and wife, were, in themselves, a host. "Harry" Smith, every one called him; he died long since in San Francisco. John Gilbert, stately, gentlemanly, and polite, who, although beginning his career at the old Tremont Theatre, in 1828, at the age of eighteen years, comes down to our own times; for, although he began to play old men at the age of nineteen, he was ready to go on the stage at the age of seventy-nine, in Jefferson's company, where he was engaged in the fall of 1889, but the summons for his exit from the stage of life came in June of that year.

JOHN GILBERT

Those who knew John Gilbert well, know that he was one of those dramatic artists who was not only admired, but loved, in his impersonations; a man who made

himself felt through all the costume, artifices, and accessories of the parts he represented.

He did not play Sir Peter Teazle, Sir Anthony Absolute, Sir Robert Bramble, — he was those characters ; and to many who have seen him in such characters they will still on the stage wear the face and form of John Gilbert.

One characteristic of Gilbert was that off the stage, in his manner and courtly bearing, there was that which impressed you as if he were one of those gentlemen of the old school whom he so grandly represented — courtly, stately, polite, with now and then a touch of fire ; but kindhearted, genial, and well bred.

One of the most successful of his later engagements in Boston in the representation of the old comedies was filled at the Boston Museum, in October, 1884, when he was supported by an excellent stock-company, and when his performances attracted an unusually large number of elderly people, — those who in the freshness of their youth and beauty had graced the dress circle of the old Tremont Theatre forty years before. A reception given by me to my old friend of forty years' standing, at the conclusion of that engagement, brought together also a great many of his former admirers and friends, who united in giving to Gilbert their heartiest congratulations and renewing their recollections of the drama as it was in the heyday of their youth.

On the 17th of June, 1889, the veteran actor, who had been declining for about two weeks, passed peacefully away.

“With John Gilbert,” said one chronicler of his death, “has gone a part of Boston: not Boston covered with shops and factories, shrivelled into a dry-goods market, owned and obstructed by street cars; not Boston redolent of Italians, Irish, and Portuguese; but old Boston, with its detached dwellings, standing in sweet-smelling gardens, its streets sunny in winter and shady in summer; sea-girt Boston, with its wharves lined with ships whose hardy navigators formed an important element in its neighborly population, proud of their birth and their traditions. Into this old town, before it was developed into a city, John Gilbert was ushered; he made his *début* upon the stage at the time of the elder Quincy.”

Gilbert's funeral occurred on June 20, 1889, at the Church of the Unity, Rev. M. J. Savage officiating. The assemblage was a large one, and such as the actor might have chosen.

The pall-bearers were Col. Henry Lee, Col. W. W. Clapp, author of “History of the Boston Stage,” Col. Samuel Hatch, Joseph Proctor, the tragedian, Curtis Guild, and G. S. Winston.

GILBERT MEMENTOS

The bronze bust of Gilbert in the character of Sir Peter Teazle is a prized adornment of the hall of the Players' Club in New York; and the writer of these sketches finds it a source of gratification that his proposition for membership in that institution, forwarded

by Edwin Booth, its founder, was seconded by the honored old actor, John Gilbert. As I write I have before me his letter referring to the above-mentioned bust:

THE WINCHESTER,
NEW YORK, April 11, 1889.

MY DEAR FRIEND GUILD:

I suppose you think I did not intend to answer your last letter. It came duly to hand, and I make no other excuse than negligence. No doubt your good-nature will pardon it. I have been busy every morning in sitting to a sculptor for a bust of myself as Sir Peter Teazle, and it promises to be a good likeness; the other artists in the same studio building are in raptures over it.

The artist is Mr. J. S. Hartley, who has *busted* Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett; that of Booth is intended for the Players' Club. By the bye, I am glad to say to you that our friend Booth is well, and will resume his work on Monday next. Poor Barrett lost his head when he announced to the public that the attack was the beginning of the end; long may he live to be an honor to the stage!

Ever very sincerely yours,

JOHN GILBERT.

The following letter from William Winter, the well-known dramatic critic of the New York "Tribune," will be also interesting to many readers:

NEW BRIGHTON, L.I.,
Oct. 16, 1884.

MY DEAR GUILD:

I deeply regret that I cannot be in Boston to participate with you and other friends in offering a tribute of affection and honor to John Gilbert. My heart is with you, however, in all that you

feel and in all that you say and do of perfect sympathy and kindness to that renowned and beloved name.

Undimmed by cloud, bedewed by tears,
So may his laurel last,
While shines o'er all his gentle years
The rainbow of the past.

Faithfully yours,

WILLIAM WINTER.

MRS. JOHN GILBERT

Gilbert's first wife, like himself, was a member of the old Tremont Theatre stock. She was an admirable impersonator of the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet," Mistress Quickly in "Henry IV.," and "Merry Wives of Windsor," her representations of those characters being as perfect Shakespearean portraits as that of Falstaff by J. H. Hackett.

William F. Johnson, who played a capital Mark Meddle to W. R. Blake's Sir Harcourt Courtley when "London Assurance" was brought out at the Tremont Theatre, was also a member of the stock company. His Wormwood in the farce of "The Lottery Ticket" was a great bit of eccentric comedy-acting. George H. Andrews, who was a member of the company, did the low comedy, and W. H. Muzzy played the fops.

En passant: One of the best representatives of fops that ever trod the Boston stage was J. A. Smith, of the old Boston Museum Company, better known among his friends as "Smithy." He was also noted as being one of the best dressers in the profession, his costumes

always being of rich material, correct, and carefully made.

WALTER M. LEMAN

Apropos of the old Tremont Theatre, I enjoyed the acquaintance of one of the original members of the stock company of that theatre in his later days, who may be remembered by some of the older readers of these sketches.

Leman returned to Boston after many years' absence, to play at the old National Theatre, under the management of Wright & Fenno. He was not only a good general stock actor, but a good writer, and was the author of several poetical addresses delivered at the opening of theatres and on other occasions. He was a member also of the National Theatre Company, under the management of Joseph Leonard, and on its opening, Nov. 1, 1852, delivered the opening address, which was written for the occasion by W. O. Eaton, brother of C. H. Eaton, the tragedian, and at that time an attaché of the press of this city.

The play for that evening was "The Heir at Law," and the writer of these lines, who was present, witnessed the début and utter failure of E. H. Sothern, under the name of Mr. Douglas Stuart, in the part of Dr. Pangloss.

Stuart or Sothern, I do not know which was his true name, was heralded by a grand flourish of trumpets as a talented artist from the Theatre Royal, Birmingham,

and great were the expectations respecting the newly imported English actor; but his failure was complete. His subsequent hit and great success in the part of Lord Dundreary, in the play of "Our American Cousin," is well known.

Leman wrote a very readable book, entitled "Memoires of an Old Actor," which was published in San Francisco in 1886, in which city he made his home the latter part of his life. He was very highly esteemed there, and on Dec. 1, 1890, the eightieth anniversary of his birth, a complimentary testimonial was tendered to him by Senator Leland Stanford, Mayor E. B. Pond, Senator Hearst, Judge S. S. Wright, Judge MacFarland, and many other of the leading and prominent men of the city. It was a magnificent affair, and fully attended, and consisted of a grand concert, interspersed with dramatic dialogues and recitations. The beneficiary appeared in a scene from "School for Scandal," as Sir Peter Teazle, and as Sir William Fondlove in a scene from "The Love Chase."

ONE OF THE OLD GUARD

In a letter to me soon after (Jan. 18, 1890) he refers to his early connection with the Tremont Theatre. He writes:

You may truthfully call me one of the old guard of the theatre, for I am certainly the oldest of all. There is not one survivor of the many attached to the old Tremont, either in connection with

the stage or auditorium, who saw the curtain rung up on the opening night in August, 1827, excepting myself.

Gilbert came a year after me and Murdoch several seasons later. The rest, male and female, have all — managers, actors, musicians, and officials — passed over the dark river, and I alone remain, not “lagging superfluous,” for ten years have elapsed since I last regularly appeared as an actor. An octogenarian, I still live. . . . Born at the base of Bunker Hill, my best remembrance of the Boston school-boys is associated with those of them who lived at the North End. Without doubt there are some in Boston who remember me as well as yourself, although I began my theatrical career, I think, before you made your entrance upon the world’s stage. My kind regards to all.

Mr. Leman began his theatrical life as call-boy on the opening night of the Tremont Theatre in Boston, in August, 1827. His last appearance in Boston was made at the Boston Theatre in 1870, under the management of Booth, Tompkins, & Thayer.

JOHN BROUGHAM

“Did you ever know John Brougham the actor?” asked a friend of me one day, in a conversation about actors.

Know Brougham? Well, I did, and the very embodiment of wit, *bonhomie*, and good-fellowship he was. His presence in any company was like a burst of sunshine: it put every one in the best of humor, for his good-nature and hilarity were contagious, and the whole atmosphere seemed pervaded with wit, repartee, and jollity. The first time I saw him was away back in the

forties, when he made his appearance on the Boston stage at the Tremont Theatre, in “The Married Rake.” He was a fresh-complexioned, light-haired, blue-eyed man; a capital impersonator of Irish characters and an unrivalled “genteel comedian.” He had a rich endowment of mother-wit, an exuberant vitality, and an inexhaustible flow of spirits, which pervaded all his acting. It was always a pleasure to hear his jolly, hearty voice; and his face, glowing with humor, was always cordially welcomed.

“LONDON ASSURANCE”

Brougham’s first appearance in this country was at the Park Theatre, New York, in “His Last Legs,” in October, 1842.

His Dazzle, in “London Assurance,” which I saw brought out at the old Tremont Theatre in Boston, was a brilliant bit of acting, and the cast of the piece took in John Gilbert as Max Harkaway, Mrs. H. Cramer as Lady Gay Spanker, Sam D. Johnson as Dolly Spanker, and William R. Blake as Sir Harcourt Courtley. Brougham’s vivacity, impudence, and assurance in Dazzle were excellent. J. M. Field, father of Kate Field, was accounted by many as the best Dazzle on the stage, although opinion was divided between him and Brougham.

There was a story that went the rounds, at the time of the production of “London Assurance,” that Brougham was the real author of much of the dialogue in which Dazzle figured, and that he was entitled to a

joint credit with Boucicault in the authorship of the piece. Brougham was well known as a capital writer of burlesques, such as "Pocahontas," "Life in the Clouds," etc.; moreover, he was a good story-writer, and a clever artist, as well as a poet.

When he and Humphrey Bland fitted up a little box of a theatre on Court Street, Boston, called "Brougham & Bland's Adelphi," in 1847, the interior decorator, for some cause or other, left before completing his work; and on looking in a couple of days before the opening I found a rehearsal going on on the stage, and Brougham mounted on a ladder, brush and palette in hand, decorating the panels of the only row of boxes with dramatic and other emblems. Some of his best burlesques were brought out at this little theatre. Among the members of the company were Miss Wagstaff, Mrs. Brougham, Mrs. A. W. Benson, Mr. H. Bland, Mr. David Whiting, Mrs. Bland, Miss Anna Cruise, and Mrs. W. H. Smith. He was most skilful in the art of what is known as "gagging;" that is, in introducing speeches not in the text of the piece.

READY WIT

On one occasion, when playing with Billy Florence, where each wore a tall peacock's feather in his cap, as they turned to walk down the stage one of the plumes was seen upon the boards. In response to Florence's look of inquiry at Brougham's involuntary halt, the latter interpolated:

My liege, I was only looking to see whether
'Twas you or I had lost his feather.

I was present at a performance at the old National Theatre on an occasion where he was performing; and at a point in the play where the characters were bemoaning that there was no way out of a difficulty, and no sign of relief, a stage carpenter, who was at work in the flies above, accidentally dropped an auger, which fell with a crash upon the stage, narrowly missing one of the female characters, who sprang aside with a shriek, while many in the audience arose in alarm. Brougham, however, was equal to the occasion. Springing forward, he raised the offending instrument with:

“Be not alarmed, this augers well.”

The house responded with laughter and applause, many supposing that the whole affair had been previously planned.

It was great sport to get Brougham before the curtain to make one of his impromptu speeches, which was frequently interrupted by queries from the audience, to whom he was prompt to reply, and the whole was of such an amusing character as to elicit roars of laughter.

But to enjoy Brougham one had to meet him at a dinner of a few actors and literary men. He was the author of that familiar story respecting the dream, where he represented that St. Peter at the gate refused him entrance because he was an actor, and soon after, seeing Lester Wallack enter, he made a second application,

calling Peter's attention to Wallack's uninterrupted entrance, when Peter replied:

"Wallack? Why, Wallack is no actor!"

This story was told at a dinner in New York where Wallack presided at the table and Brougham had been bantered to sing a song or tell a story to follow one that Wallack had related of an Irishman's blunder.

Brougham's relation was inimitable; and the *dénouement* in Peter's reply was brought out so unexpectedly that a shout of laughter occurred, in which Wallack had the good sense to heartily join.

Besides his acting, when in Boston, Brougham started a comic paper called "The Lantern," and the writer of these lines occasionally contributed to its columns during the few months of its existence.

XVII

"THIS HOUSE TO BE SOLD"

I WAS witness to one of Brougham's dramatic practical jokes, which, with its sequel, is quite amusing and worth chronicling in these papers. It was during Brougham's engagement at the Howard Athenæum that he announced for his benefit two attractive comedies, and between these the announcement was made that a new and original production would be brought out, entitled "This House to be Sold."

As usual at Brougham's benefits, the house was crowded.

After the representation of the first comedy, and when the orchestra had played an *entr'acte*, the audience were surprised by loud voices and an unwonted disturbance behind the curtain, which increased, and the stage manager rushed in an excited manner before the curtain.

AN INTERRUPTION

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I regret to state that a member of the company, who was to appear in the next piece, has come to the theatre in such an after-dinner condition that" —

He got no further, for a well-known member of the

company rushed upon the stage in an excited manner with :

“Ladies and gentlemen, am I in an after-dinner condition?”

“No! no!” “Yes!” “Go on with the play,” and various other responses came from the audience. Then enter the manager himself, who, addressing himself to the speakers, said:

“Gentlemen, I insist that you retire.”

“Not till I have an apology from him,” said the irate actor.

“Go off, all of you,” said a respectable elderly-looking man, rising in the private boxes; “this audience came to see the play and not settle actors’ quarrels.”

“Oh, father, sit down, do!” said a young lady with the speaker who attracted the attention of the whole audience.

For myself, I recognized in the voice of the elderly gentleman W. H. Curtis, one of the stock company, and the daughter as Miss Josephine Orton, another, and I at once began to scent a joke. Just then an uproarious, evidently intoxicated Irishman in the parqu岸 jumped up and, flourishing a stick, shouted:

“Bedad, I’ll perform a part meself if ye don’t bring out Brougham.”

“Will the officer remove that man?” said the manager, from the stage.

A policeman came down, seized the offending Pat by

the collar, and began to drag him away, when the elderly gentleman again interposed :

“ The Irishman is all right ; let him alone ! ”

By this time the audience were beginning to get in confusion, cries of “ Go on ! ” “ Put him out ! ” resounding, and some of the ladies begging their escorts to leave, for fear of a disturbance. At this juncture the manager, addressing himself to the elderly speaker, said :

“ Perhaps you would like your Irish friend to appear here.”

“ I have no doubt he would make a better job of it than you do,” was the reply, amid a peal of laughter.

A GENUINE SURPRISE

At this point the Hibernian, who had extricated himself from the officer's clutches, ran down the aisle, climbed over the orchestra, hitting the kettledrum a tremendous thump *en route*, and, amid laughter and shouts of the auditors, mounted and stood upon the stage, hat in hand, in an easy attitude.

The moment he did so, and uttered the words “ Ladies and gentlemen,” the confusion ceased and gave way to shouts of laughter and applause as he was recognized as John Brougham, who spoke thus :

Ladies and gentlemen, I promised you an original production on the occasion of my benefit ; it was “ This House to be Sold,” and if this house has not been sold, please inform me, and the sell shall be more complete on some other occasion.

FUN IN NEW YORK

The sequel to this was quite amusing. Several months afterwards Brougham was interested with Burton in the management of the Chambers Street Theatre, New York, where they were both very successful, especially in a dramatization of "Dombey and Son," in which Burton did Captain Cuttle; Brougham, Joe Bagstock and Jack Bunsby; Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Skewton; George Jordan, Carker; etc.

When Brougham's benefit-night came round he proposed to repeat for a New York audience his "House to be Sold," but, on explaining it to Burton, that worthy objected to it as "a piece of illegitimate nonsense;" however, after some discussion, he said:

"Well, go ahead, Brougham, it is your benefit, and it will not be my fault if you spoil it with such trash."

Brougham "went ahead," the announcement was made, a full house was in attendance, and all went on as it had previously in Boston.

The audience was thoroughly deceived, but it chanced that when the police officer in front was summoned to eject the supposed Irishman from the audience, that official, not having been sufficiently posted, supposed the party in question to be a genuine disturber, and dragged him with considerable violence towards the door.

"Let me go! Let me go!" said the actor, in an undertone. "I am Mr. Brougham."

"No, yer don't," said the officer; "you go out of here."

And it was not until the comedian was dragged nearly to the door, and a couple of ushers had come to his assistance, that he was released from the clutches of the officer whom he had so cleverly deceived.

Next morning in the green-room Brougham, in speaking of the success of his sell, plumed himself upon his deceit of the officer.

"Fudge!" said Burton; "the fellow is an ass — ought to have known you were an actor. I can always tell an actor after seeing him on the stage, as far as I can see him."

Brougham shrugged his shoulders and said nothing.

THE MANAGER SOLD

Burton was very strict in his prohibition of any smoking in or about the theatre, and especially in the entrance lobby. In those days the cigarette nuisance had not been invented, and young men did not have to go out between the acts of the play to smoke them, so that "No smoking" was enforced and respected.

The stage door to the old Chambers Street Theatre in New York was within twenty paces of the principal entrance, two steps led up to it, and a little jog or niche at one side was at the corner of the building.

A few days after the conversation above recited Burton came down one evening to the theatre just after dark, and, as he was about to enter the stage door, found

to his surprise the niche at the side occupied by a burly Irishman in a big, rough coat and slouch hat, smoking a short black pipe — of all things, Burton's especial abomination. Drawing back in intense disgust, he shouted :

“Here, my man, get away from here — move away!”

“Divil a bit!” growled the intruder, emitting a cloud towards Burton that made him draw further back in disgust.

“What do you want here?” ejaculated the manager.

“Sure, I'm in waiting for Mr. Brougham,” was the growled reply.

“Well, Mr. Brougham does not play till the second piece. Go away, and come back at nine o'clock.”

“Divil a bit,” growled the intruder, “till I see Mr. Brougham.”

“If you do not start, I will call the officer,” said the now irate manager, as two or three bystanders paused to see what was the matter.

“Call him, and bad luck to yez!”

This was passing all bounds of endurance. Stepping to the outer corridor of the theatre, Burton summoned the officer, the same one whom Brougham had so successfully deceived.

“Here, Bilkem, haven't I told you to always keep this stage door clear, and yet here is an infernal Irishman smoking his nasty pipe directly across the threshold!”

The officer came out promptly. “Now, then, start out of this,” said Burton.

"Divil a bit!" was the gruff reply.

"Pull him out," said Burton to the officer, who approached, cane in hand, and laid his hand upon the shoulder of the offender.

Much to their surprise, however, he started up, threw his pipe into the gutter, and, pulling off his slouch hat and a wig as he advanced into the glare of the gas-lights, said to the astonished manager, in well-known and familiar tones:

"Mr. Burton, do you think, after seeing him on the stage, you can always tell an actor as far as you can see him?"

"Upon my word," said the surprised Burton, "that was very well played."

"Thanks," replied Brougham; "sometimes a manager can be sold as well as an audience."

Brougham died June 7, 1880, in New York. He was buried in Greenwood cemetery, and the following epitaph, by William Winter, was placed upon the monument erected to his memory:

Humor that every sorrow could beguile,
The tear that trembles just before the smile,
The soul to pity and the hand to cheer, —
Virtue and wit and kindness slumber here.
His love made sunshine wheresoe'er it shone,
And life is darkened now that he is gone.

OLD-TIME ACTORS AND ACTING

Now let us take a glance at actors and acting antedating somewhat those already referred to. Turning

over a number of old portraits of actors and old play-bills brings to mind the stage heroes of old times who strutted and fretted their lives upon the stage, and though most of them are now heard no more, yet some did much in their way to advance and elevate dramatic art, while many that could be mentioned acted so well their part that we well may wish to look upon their like again.

The Wallack family are among those who have done much for dramatic art in America.

Let us look at a few of these old actors whose names are familiar to dramatic students, and whose acting many middle-aged and elderly persons have seen and enjoyed.

THE WALLACK FAMILY

Here is a portrait of Henry Wallack, a white-haired, fine-looking old man, who was nearly as good an actor as his brother, James William Wallack, Lester Wallack's father. He was the original Robert Macaire in England. He managed the Chestnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia, and with his brother helped to make the reputation of the old National Theatre at Church and Leonard Streets, New York. He was the founder of Wallack's Theatre.

He was probably one of the best general actors in Europe or this country, and a man of great versatility; in many parts no actor has been his equal. He was superior, for instance, as Benedick in "Much Ado About

Nothing," which was probably his best part. Among his other celebrated characters were his Don Cæsar de Bazan, Martin Heywood in "The Rent Day," Rolla in "Pizarro," Alessandro in "The Brigand," Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice," and Dick Dashall in "My Aunt." He was equally clever in tragedy or light comedy and melodramatic parts. Indeed, he probably did as much to elevate the drama in this country and England as any other man. As an actor, manager, and man his name will live in theatrical history. James W. Wallack, Jr., who was named after his famous uncle, was a very good actor, and will be remembered for his wonderful performance in the "King of the Commons." He was capital, too, as Fagin, the Jew, and was the only man who was successful in the "Man of the Iron Mask," which he played for many years. He was good, also, in the title rôle of "Henry Dunbar."

Lester Wallack, the last of the Wallacks, is well remembered both as actor and manager. A handsome man, of fine presence, he was especially excellent in genteel comedy. His own play of "Rosedale" was well calculated to display his peculiar power.

By the bye, a picture of Mrs. John Hoey, as she appeared in this comedy when it was first produced, represents her in hoops so big as to give a balloon-like appearance to her dress. So Fanny Ellsler and Isabella Cubas' portraits look strangely old-fashioned, the dress reaching below the knee instead of the outstanding circle of gauze skirts worn by the *danseuse* of to-day.

XVIII

A GLANCE AT OLD PLAY-BILLS

AMONG theatrical treasures of a New York collector is a huge book in which there are many old play-bills dating back nearly fifty years, which form a quaint and interesting collection. Many of the bills are those of the old Park Theatre, which stood in Park Row and was under the management of Edmund Simpson. Singularly enough, the bills are all headed by the one word "Theatre," and there is nothing to indicate that they are the announcements of the Park.

"Simpson, however," says a New York writer "believed that his was the only theatre worthy of the name in the city, and so thought the word 'Park' was entirely superfluous." He carried out this odd conceit with much persistency. In these days the salary list of his theatre for the "fourteenth week of the forty-ninth season, ending Saturday, Nov. 21, 1846," is a genuine curiosity. It includes the stock company of actors, the musicians, and, in fact, every one in the pay of the theatre. It is as follows, and gives the weekly salary of each performer:

1. Edmund Simpson (les- see)	\$50	3. Mr. Bass	\$35
2. Thomas Barry (stage manager)	50	4. Mr. Dyott and wife . .	34
		5. Mr. Barrett	30
		6. Mr. G. Andrews . . .	25

7. Mr. Sutherland and wife \$25	31. Miss Horn \$12
8. Mr. Fisher 20	32. Miss Denny 10
9. Mr. Bellamy 18	33. Miss Mills 6
10. Mr. Pearson 16	34. Mr. Chubb 25
11. Mr. A. Andrews 15	35. Mr. Saun 12
12. Mr. Povey 15	36. Mr. Goodwin 10
13. Mr. Stark 15	37. Mr. Snelling 10
14. Mr. Jones 14	38. Mr. Shell 10
15. Mr. Gallot 12	39. Mr. Gordon 10
16. Mr. Anderson 10	40. Mr. Rephune 10
17. Mr. McDugal 10	41. Mr. Spotti 10
18. Mr. Sprague 10	42. Mr. Wohnung 10
19. Mr. Heath 8	43. Mr. Willis 10
20. Mr. Matthews 8	44. G. 8
21. Mr. Minot 8	45. Mr. Herschmer 8
22. Call-boy 8	46. Mr. Kachler 8
23. B. 25	47. Mr. Nidds 8
24. Mr. Hillyard 25	48. Mr. Speier 8
25. Mr. Culbert 10	49. Mr. Murray 8
26. Mr. Dejonge 15	50. D. B. & wife 9
27. Mrs. Knight 25	51. Ash 6
28. Mrs. Vernon 20	52. Mr. Davis 31
29. Mrs. Abbott 18	53. Mr. Chanfreen 15
30. Miss Gordon 12	Total \$836

THESPIANS OF THE PAST

Of the members of the company, Charles Bass was a great actor of Shakespeare's old men. Dyott died years ago. He was with Wallack at the latter's old house. Barrett was known as "Gentleman George," and George Andrews was a good low comedian. Sydney Pearson

was a singer as well as an actor, and Anderson grew rich in California, where he went in '52. Hillyard was one of the best scene-painters of his day. Mrs. Knight, whose husband was "Tom Hinds," was the leading lady and once played in the Boston Museum. Mrs. Vernon was another clever leading-lady, afterward with Wallack and later at Burton's theatre as Mrs. Skewton in "Dombey and Son." "Pretty Kate Horn," as she was called, was thought to be the handsomest woman in New York.

Under the date of April 22, 1839, one of the Park Theatre bills announces the last night of Mr. Hamblin as Richard Darvil in "Ernest Maltravers," and as Arbaces, the Egyptian, in the "Last Days of Pompeii," with Mrs. Shaw as Alice Darvil and Nydia in the respective plays. The cast also included Messrs. Hield, Richings, Fisher, and Mrs. Hughes and Charlotte Cushman, the latter in the character of Saga, the Mountain Witch, in the "Last Days."

Another bill announces Thomas Barry in "Masaniello, or the Dumb Girl of Portici," introducing also Messrs. Wheatley, T. Placide, Woodhull, and others. The first half of the evening was devoted to "The Grecian Daughter," with Barry as Evadne and Mrs. Barnes as Euphrosia.

Thomas Barry, who was the first manager of the present Boston Theatre on Washington Street, was originally a member of the old Tremont Company soon after the theatre's opening. He played Gobble in "Paris and London, or a Trip to Both Cities."

NOTABLE PERFORMANCES

At Charles Kean's second appearance, when he was fresh from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, seats in the boxes sold for one dollar each, in the "pit" fifty cents, and in the gallery twenty-five cents. He played Sir Giles Overreach in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." The entertainment concluded with the farce of the "Turnpike Gate," with old Joe Cowell as Crack.

On Jan. 27, 1838, Miss Cushman made her third appearance as Constance in "The Love Chase," after which the melodrama "Aladdin" was given, with Miss Cushman in the title rôle. "Yankee" Hill, as Si Saco, a travelling Yankee from Provincetown, Cape Cod, played in the "Knight of the Golden Fleece; or, A Yankee in Spain."

The cast of "Oliver Twist," which was played on Feb. 16, 1837, included Charlotte Cushman as Nancy Sykes; she also took the part of Miss Squeers in the farce of "Nicholas Nickleby," which followed. This part was also famously done later on by Mrs. W. H. Smith in Boston.

On Nov. 20, 1834, Tyrone Power, famous for his Irish character-parts, played Sir Patrick O'Plenipo in "The Irish Ambassador." After this piece came "The Nervous Man and the Man of Nerve."

The price of the dress-circle seats was seventy-five cents, of the pit thirty-seven and a half cents, and of the gallery twelve and a half cents. John Gilbert's

name is found on the cast of the farce, "Founded on Facts," and in "The Irish Ambassador." Miss Cushman's voice was also heard in a musical extravaganza which went under the unpronounceable name of "Zazezi-zozu," she having the part of Zuzu.

Another bill gives the casts of "Much Ado about Nothing" and "Perfection," which were announced to be given on April 12, 1837, with Ellen Tree as Beatrice and Kate O'Brien. The performance of "Ion," with Miss Tree in the title rôle, was referred to as an event of the future. Still further back, on Sept. 29, 1830, Edwin Forrest played Damon in "Damon and Pythias," Mrs. Barnes being the Hermione.

An interesting bill is that giving the programme for the farewell benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Wood, who sang on Nov. 27, 1840, in the "Beggars' Opera," the evening concluding with "Masaniello." The cast of the "West End" on May 17, 1842, includes Dion L. Boursecault, a spelling somewhat unfamiliar, and Charlotte and Susan Cushman.

COMBINATION AND STOCK

W. J. Lemoyne, not a very old-time actor either, in an interview with a newspaper reporter, speaking of the stock-company system which used to prevail, says:

"In those days the combination system, so called, was unknown. Stars travelled over the country as they do now, but they did not carry carloads of scenery or people to support them. Every theatre had its own

stock company, which supported the star of the week, or appeared in legitimate plays when there was no star engagement.

“Of course, the old-fashioned stock company worked harder, in some respects, than the organizations of to-day. That is to say, every member played in one season more parts than the average performer of to-day will play in a lifetime; but then they only had to play six nights a week, with no matinées, while to-day we act eight and sometimes nine times a week, which is drudgery. Then fully one-half the season was taken up with ‘legitimate’ plays, in which every member of the company was supposed to be well up. He had to be up in his own line of business to secure an engagement. Perhaps we would be called on to appear in six different plays during the week, but we were simply called on to ‘recover’ a part, not to study a new one.

“The rehearsals, too, were never tedious. If Forrest was coming, we all knew in advance what he would play and the parts we would have to assume. We were supposed to know our ‘business,’ and no acting was ever attempted at rehearsals. We simply ran through the lines, receiving occasionally an instruction from the star about some particular ‘business,’ and we were ready for the performance.

“I have seen a rehearsal of ‘Othello’ run through in an hour and a half, and it was sufficient, because every member of the company had played his part probably

scores of times before. They were actors, and didn't need to act at rehearsals.

"I read the other day about five thousand actors having been idle last season. Rubbish! I don't believe there are half that number of actors in the United States to-day! The stage is filled with amateurs and 'students.' A man is drilled into walking through a part, and after playing it five or six years he is called an 'actor.' Rubbish!"

AGED ACTORS

Actors are, as a general rule, a long-lived race, the exceptions being those indulging in excesses. This is owing, in all probability, to the fact that the profession they pursue involves that combination of mental with bodily activity which the personal experience of a good many of us has proved to be one of the essential conditions of health and happiness.

Charles Macklin, of whose Shylock Pope said that it was "the Jew whom Shakespeare drew," lived to be one hundred and seven, and he appeared upon the stage after he was ninety. It is true that by this time he had lost most of his physical energy, but tradition reports that when he was about to rush upon the scene, prior to his vehement colloquy with Tubal, he used to call out to the prompter, "Kick my shins — kick my shins!" and that the real pain which this occasioned him inspired him with the necessary passion.

Thomas Gray, the clown *par excellence* of the days of

Queen Anne, died at the age of one hundred. The charming Mrs. Bracegirdle, whose intelligence was equal to her beauty, and whose goodness exceeded both, spent twenty-seven years upon the boards and died at eighty-five.

David Garrick's wife, who turned the heads of all the young fellows about town by her fascinating dancing in her young days, and who lived to witness the performances of Edmund Kean, reached the age of ninety-seven.

Dowton, of whom Buckstone says that "he had a five-act comedy in each eye," retained his frolic spirit until he was eighty-eight. Fanny Abington, whom Reynolds painted as the Comic Muse, maintained a high position on the stage for forty-three years, and lived to be eighty-three.

Betterton died at seventy-five, Roger Kemble at eighty-one, Kitty Clive at seventy-four, Mrs. Harlowe at eighty-seven, Jack Johnstone at seventy-eight, Colley Cibber at eighty-seven, Paul Bedford at seventy-eight, John Harley at seventy-two, Robert Keeley and William Farren at seventy-five, Liston at seventy, Jack Bannister at seventy-seven, Miss Foote, James Quinn, James Hackett, John Collins, Samuel Phelps, and Mrs. Glover at seventy, the two Placides at seventy-three, Charles Kemble at seventy-nine, Charles Mathews at seventy-four, Buckstone at seventy-eight, Thomas King, the original Sir Peter Teazle, at seventy-four, Bartlett, the finest Falstaff of his time, at seventy-four, William

Betts at eighty-two, William Cullenford at seventy-seven, and T. P. Cooke at seventy-eight, Chippendale and Benjamin Webster both over eighty, and James R. Anderson, Mrs. Sterling, William Creswick, and Barry Sullivan over threescore and ten.

Vestris, the famous ballet-dancer, lived to be eighty-three, and Garvel, after fifty years of service in the same capacity at the Opera House in Paris, died at eighty-two. Taglioni, a charming old lady of eighty, died in 1884. She was the idol of the upper ten thousand in every capital in Europe over sixty years ago.

So "ends this strange eventful history."

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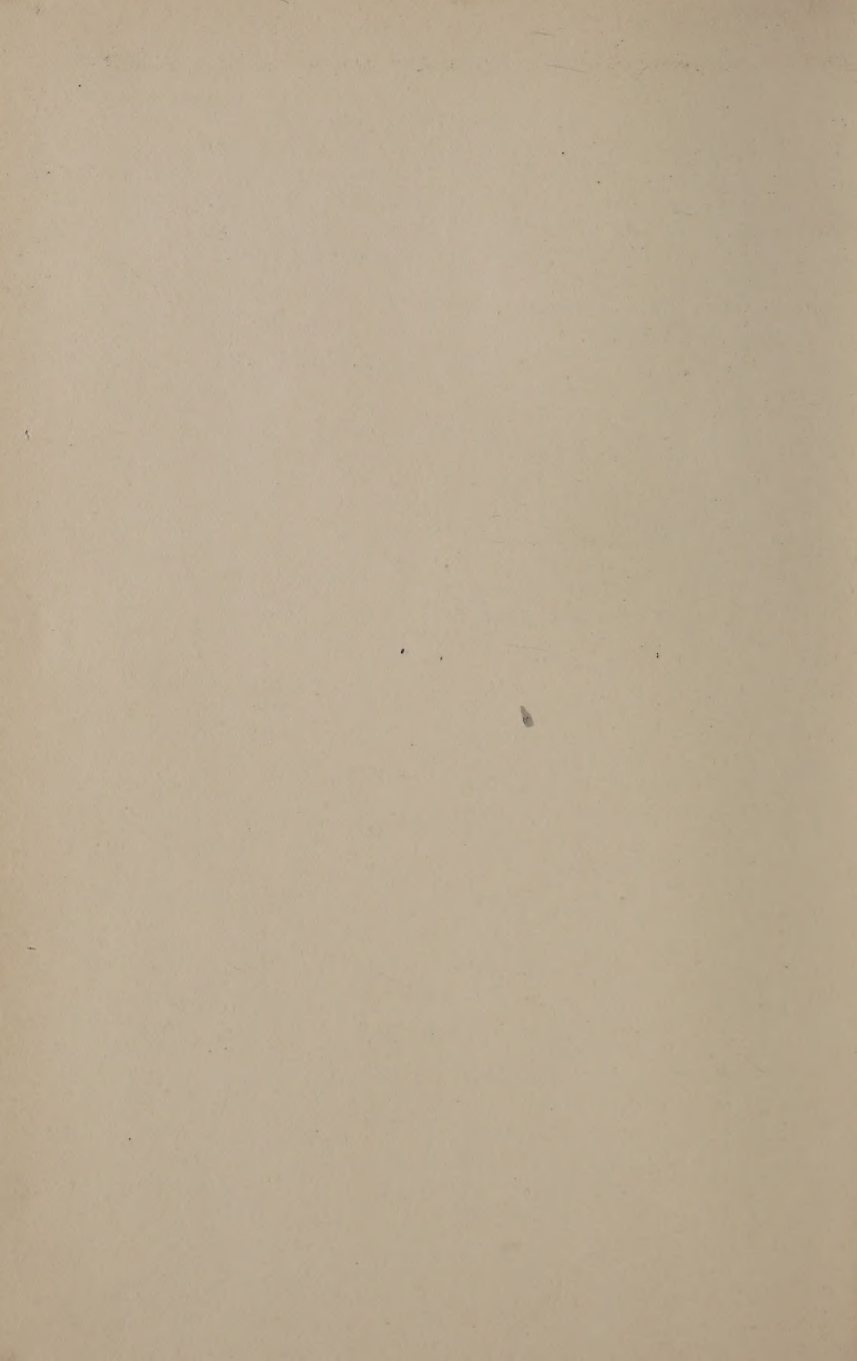
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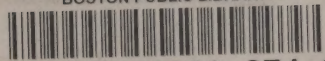
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